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Count Tolstoi.

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WAR AND PEACE.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

UNIFORM WITH THIS SERIES.

A RUSSIAN PROPRIETOR.
THE COSSACKS.
IVAN ILYITCH.
THE INVADERS.
MY RELIGION.
LIFE.
MY CONFESSION.
CHILDHOOD, BOYHOOD, YOUTH.
THE PHYSIOLOGY OF WAR.
ANNA KARENINA. (2 VOLS.)
WHAT TO DO?
WAR AND PEACE. (4 VOLS.)

WAR AND PEACE.

OFFICE OF
DIR. MILY. EDUCATION IN INDIA.

Simsa, March 1897

BY

COUNT LYOF N. TOLSTOI.

FROM THE RUSSIAN BY

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

AUTHORISED TRANSLATION.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

LONDON:

WALTER SCOTT, 24 WARWICK LANE,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

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WAR AND PEACE.

VOL. IV.—PART FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

IN Petersburg at this time in the highest circles was raging with greater violence than ever before the complicated battle between the parties of Runyantsef, the French, Marya Feodorovna, the Tsesarevitch, and others, absorbing, as always, the energies of the court drones. But Petersburg life went on in its old channels—tranquil, sumptuous, engrossed only in phantoms and reflections of life, and any one in the current of this life had need to exercise great energy to recognize the peril and the difficult position in which the Russian nation was placed. There were the same levees and balls, the same French theatre, the same court interests, the same official interests, and the same intrigues.

It was only in the very highest circles that any efforts were made to realize the difficulties of the actual situation. It was told in a whisper how differently the two empresses behaved in such trying circumstances. The Empress Maria Feodorovna, concerned for the safety of the charities and educational establishments of which she was the patroness, made her arrangements to have all these institutions transferred to Kazan, and the effects of these institutions had already been removed.

The Empress Elizabeth,* on the other hand, when the question arose, what she wished done, replied, with that genuine Russian patriotism characteristic of her, that she had no orders to give in regard to the governmental institutions, since that was the province of the sovereign; while, as far as what depended upon her personally, she declared that she should be the last to leave Petersburg.

On the seventh of September, the same day as the battle of Borodino, Anna Pavlovna gave a reception, the flower

* Yelizavieta Alekseyevna, the consort of the emperor, in contradistinction to the empress dowager.

of which was to be the reading of a letter from his exalted metropolitan, sent to the sovereign together with a picture of his holiness Saint Sergii. This letter was considered a model of patriotic, spiritual eloquence. It was read by Prince Vasili himself, who was famous for his skill as a reader. (He had even read at the empress's!) His art of reading consisted in decanting the words now in a loud tone and now in a sweet tone, now giving a desperate roar now a tender murmur, absolutely independent of the significance of the words, so that it was wholly a matter of chance whether the roar or the murmur fell on one word or another.

This reading, like everything that happened at Anna Pavlovna's receptions, had a political significance. This particular evening there were to be present a number of important people whom it was necessary to put to shame for attending the French theatre, and to stir to a patriotic state of mind.

Already a considerable number of guests had gathered, but Anna Pavlovna did not yet see in her drawing-room all whose presence was deemed necessary, and accordingly she postponed the reading and permitted general conversation.

The chief item of news that day in Petersburg was the Countess Bezukhaya's illness. The countess had been unexpectedly taken ill several days before; she had missed several assemblies of which she was the adornment, and rumor had it that she received no one, and that, instead of the famous Petersburg doctors who had usually prescribed for her, she had intrusted her case to an Italian doctor, who was treating her by some new and extraordinary method.

All knew perfectly well that the charming countess's illness arose from the difficulty of marrying two husbands at once, and that the Italian's treatment consisted in the removal of these difficulties; but in Anna Pavlovna's presence no one even dared to think about this; it was as though it were not known by any one.

"They say the poor countess is very ill. The doctor says it is angina pectoris."

"Angina? Oh, that is a terrible illness."

"They say the rivals are reconciled, thanks to this angina. The word *angine* was pronounced with great emotion."

"The old count, I am told, is very pathetic. He wept like a child when the doctor told him that it was a dangerous case."

"Oh, it would be a terrible loss! She's a bewitching creature!"

“In were speaking of the poor countess,” said Anna Pavlovna, joining the group. “I sent to hear how she was. They told me that she was a little better. Oh, unquestionably the most charming woman in the world,” said Anna Pavlovna, with a smile at her own enthusiasm. “We belong to different camps, but that does not prevent me from esteeming her as she deserves. She is very unhappy,”* added Anna Pavlovna.

Supposing that Anna Pavlovna by these words slightly lifted the veil of mystery that shrouded the countess's illness, one indiscreet young man allowed himself to express his amazement that physicians of repute had not been called, but that a charlatan, who might very easily administer dangerous remedies, was treating the countess.

“You may be better informed than I am,” suddenly said Anna Pavlovna, with a cutting tone, to the inexperienced young man. “But I have been told on very good authority that this doctor is a very learned and very skilful man. He is private physician to the Queen of Spain.”†

And having thus annihilated the young man, Anna Pavlovna turned to Bilibin, who, in another circle, having wrinkled up his skin, and evidently made ready to smooth it out again preliminary to getting off a witticism, was speaking about the Austrians.

“I find it charming,” said he, referring to a diplomatic document, which had been sent to accompany some Austrian standards captured by Wittgenstein — the hero of Petropolis, *le héros de Pétropol* — as he was called in Petersburg.

“What, what is that?” said Anna Pavlovna, turning to him with a view to causing a silence so that the *mot* which she had already heard might be more effective.

And Bilibin repeated the following authentic words of the diplomatic despatch which he himself had drawn up.

“The emperor returns the Austrian flags,” said Bilibin, “friendly flags that had lost their way when he found them.”

* “On dit que la pauvre comtesse est très-mal. Le médecin dit que c'est l'angine pectorale.” — “L'angine? Oh, c'est une maladie terrible!” — “On dit que les rivaux se sont reconciliés grâce à l'angine.” — “Le vieux comte est touchant à ce qu'on dit. Il a pleuré comme un enfant quand le médecin lui a dit que le cas était dangereux. — Oh! ce serait une perte terrible. C'est une femme ravissante.” — “Vous parlez de la pauvre comtesse. J'ai envoyé savoir de ses nouvelles. On m'a dit qu'elle allait un peu mieux. Oh! sans doute, c'est la plus charmante femme du monde. — Nous appartenons à des camps différents mais cela ne m'empêche pas de l'estimer comme elle mérite. Elle est bien malheureuse.”

† “Vos informations peuvent être meilleures que les miennes. Mais je sais la bonne source que ce médecin est un homme très-savant et très-habile.”

"Delightful, delightful!" exclaimed Prince Vasili.

"The way to Warsaw, perhaps,"* said Prince Ippolit unexpectedly, in a loud voice. All looked at him without understanding what he meant. Prince Ippolit also looked round with a complacent smile. He had just as little idea as the rest had of what the words he had spoken meant. During the time of his diplomatic career, he had more than once observed that a few words thus unexpectedly thrown in seem very smart, and at every chance he made such remarks, the first that came to his tongue. "It may be capital," he thought, "but, even if it isn't a success, still they will be able to make something out of it."

In fact, the awkward silence that ensued was broken by the appearance of the insufficiently patriotic individual whom Anna Pavlovna was expecting and hoped to convert, and she with a smile, and threatening Prince Ippolit with her finger, beckoned Prince Vasili to the table, and, placing two candles and the manuscript before him, invited him to begin.

General silence:—

"*Most gracious Sovereign and Emperor,*" declaimed Prince Vasili sternly, and gave his audience a look as much as to ask, "Who had anything to say against that?" "*Our chief capital city, Moscow, the new Jerusalem, receives ITS Christ,*"—he gave a sudden emphasis on the pronoun ITS. "*Like as a mother embracing her fervently devoted sons, and catching sight through the gathering muck of the splendid glory of thy realm, she sings in her rapture, 'Hosanna! Blessed is he that cometh!'*"

Prince Vasili uttered these final words in a voice suggestive of tears.

Bilibin attentively gazed at his finger-nails; and several evidently felt abashed, and seemed to be asking, "What have we done amiss?" Anna Pavlovna, in a whisper, went ahead with the next sentence like an old woman repeating the prayer at communion:—"If the insolent and brazen Goliath," she began.

Prince Vasili read on:—

"If the insolent and brazen Goliath from the confines of France bring his homicidal horrors upon the lands of Russia, humble faith, that sling of the Russian David, shall smite unexpectedly the head of his bloodthirsty pride. This image

* "L'empereur renvoie les drapeaux autrichiens, drapeaux amis et égarés qu'il a trouvés hors de la route."—"Charmant, charmant!"—"C'est la route de Varsovie. peut-être."

of Saint Sergii, the ancient zealot of our country's good, is sent to your imperial majesty. I regret that my failing powers prevent me from rejoicing in the sight of your beloved face. Earnest prayers I shall raise to heaven: may the Almighty increase the generation of the righteous, and fulfil your majesty's pious hopes."

"*Quel force! Quel style!*" were the encomiums passed upon reader and author alike.

Animated by this discourse, Anna Pavlovna's guests for a long time still discussed the condition of the country, and made various predictions about the result of the battle which it was known was to be fought about that time. "*Vous verrez* — you will see," exclaimed Anna Pavlovna. "We shall have news to-morrow: it's the sovereign's birthday. I have a happy presentiment."

CHAPTER II.

ANNA PAVLOVNA'S presentiment was in fact justified.

On the following day, during the *Te Deum* chanted at the palace in honor of the emperor's birthday, Prince Volkonsky was called out from the chapel and handed an envelope from Prince Kutuzof. This contained Kutuzof's report written from Tatarinov on the day of the battle. Kutuzof wrote that the Russians had not fallen back a step, that the French had lost far more than ours, that he made his report in all haste from the field of battle, without having had time, as yet, to receive all details.

Of course it was a victory. And instantly, without dismissing the audience, a thanksgiving was sung to the Creator for his aid and for the victory.

Anna Pavlovna's presentiment was justified; and throughout the city there reigned, all the morning, joyfully festive enthusiasm. All considered the victory complete, and many went so far as to talk about Napoleon himself being a prisoner, and of his overthrow and the choice of a new sovereign for France.

Remote from the scene of action, and in the midst of court life, it was thoroughly difficult to realize events in their completeness and real importance. Involuntarily, events in general grouped themselves around some special incident. Thus, in the present instance, the chief joy of the courtiers was included not so much in the fact that we had won a victory,

as in the fact that the news of this victory had arrived precisely on the sovereign's birthday. It was a sort of successful surprise.

In Kutuzof's report mention was also made of the losses suffered by the Russians, and especially singled out for mention were Tutehko, Bagration, Kutaisof. Accordingly, also, the melancholy side of the occurrence, as it presented itself there, in the Petersburg world, was made concrete in the one fact of Kutaisof's death. All knew him: he was a favorite with the sovereign; he was young and interesting. On this day all who met said to each other: "How wonderfully it all came about! Right in the midst of the mass! And what a loss, Kutaisof! Ah! what a shame!"

"What did I tell you about Kutuzof?" now exclaimed Prince Vasili, with all the pride of a prophet. "I always said that he was the only one capable of beating Napoleon."

But on the following day no news was received from the army, and the general voice began to be anxious. The courtiers suffered from the painful state of ignorance in which the sovereign was left.

"What a position for the sovereign!" said the courtiers; and before the third day had passed they already began to pass judgment on Kutuzof, who was regarded as the cause of the sovereign's uneasiness.

Prince Vasili on that day ceased to boast of his *protégé* Kutuzof, but maintained a discreet silence when the commander-in-chief was mentioned.

Moreover, on the evening of this same day, as though all conspired together to alarm and disquiet the Petersburgers, another terrible piece of news was announced. The Countess Elena Bezukhaya suddenly died of that terrible disease which her friends found it so pleasant to name.

Officially, in all the great coteries it was declared that the Countess Bezukhaya had died of a terrible attack of *angine pectorale*, but in select circles details were forthcoming: how *le médecin intime de la reine d'Espagne* had prescribed for Ellen small doses of some medicine so as to bring about certain effects, and how Ellen, worried because the old count had some suspicion of her, and because her husband, to whom she had written (that miserable, depraved Pierre), did not reply to her, suddenly took a tremendous dose of the drug prescribed, and died in agony because help could not be got to her. It was said that Prince Vasili and the old count had at first blamed the Italian; but the Italian had showed them such letters

from the late unfortunate countess that they had instantly let him go.

Gossip in general was confined to these three unhappy events: — the ignorance in which the sovereign was left, the loss of Kutaisof, and Ellen's death.

On the third day after Kutuzof's despatch had been received, a landed proprietor arrived at Petersburg from Moscow, and soon the whole city was ringing with the news that Moscow was abandoned to the French.

This was terrible! What a position it placed the sovereign in! Kutuzof was a traitor, and Prince Vasili, while receiving *visites de condoléance* for the death of his daughter, speaking of that same Kutuzof whom he had but shortly before been praising (it was pardonable that in his grief he should forget what he said before), declared that it was idle to expect anything else from a blind and lewd old man. "I am only amazed that the fate of Russia should have been intrusted to such a man!"

This news being as yet unofficial, there was still room for doubt, but on the following day the following despatch came from Count Rostopchin: —

"Prince Kutuzof's adjutant brought me a letter wherein he demands of me police officers to conduct the army to the Riazan road. He protests his regret at abandoning Moscow. Your majesty, Kutuzof's act decides the fate of the capital and of your empire. Russia will thrill when she learns of the abandonment of that city, which is the focus of the greatness of Russia, where lie the ashes of your ancestors. I follow the army. I have sent everything away. It remains for me only to weep for the misfortune of my fatherland."

On receiving this letter, the sovereign sent Prince Volkonsky with the following rescript to Kutuzof: —

"Prince Mikhail Iliaronovitch! Since September 9 I have had no report from you. Meantime I have received, by the way of Yaroslavl, under date of September 13, from the Governor-General of Moscow, the melancholy tidings that you and the army have decided to abandon Moscow. You may imagine the effect which these tidings produced upon me, and your silence deepens my amazement. I send General-Adjutant Prince Volkonsky with this to learn from you the condition of the army and what reasons compelled you to such a melancholy decision."

CHAPTER III.

NINE days after the abandonment of Moscow, a messenger from Kutuzof arrived in Petersburg with the official confirmation of the abandonment of Moscow. This courier was the Frenchman Michaud, but, though a foreigner, yet a Russian in heart and soul * — as he himself declared.

The sovereign immediately gave the courier audience in his cabinet in his palace on the Kamennui Ostrof. Michaud, who had never seen Moscow before this campaign and could not speak Russian, nevertheless felt greatly agitated when he appeared before "*notre très-gracieux souverain*" (as he expressed it in a letter) with the tidings of the burning of Moscow — the flames of which lighted up his way. Though the source of Mr. Michaud's chagrin must have been very different from that from which the grief of the Russian people proceeded, Michaud drew such a melancholy face, as he was ushered into the sovereign's cabinet, that the sovereign instantly asked him: "Are you bringing me sad news, colonel?"

"Very sad, sire," replied Michaud with a sigh, and dropping his eyes, "*l'abandon de Moscou!*"

"Can they have surrendered my ancient capital without a battle?" exclaimed the emperor, an angry flush suddenly rising in his face.

Michaud respectfully delivered the message with which he had been intrusted by Kutuzof; to wit, that it was a sheer impossibility to accept an engagement at Moscow, and that as but one choice was left, to lose both the army and Moscow, or Moscow alone, the field marshal had felt it his duty to choose the latter alternative.

The sovereign listened in silence, not looking at Michaud.

"Has the enemy entered the city?" he demanded.

"Yes, your majesty, and it is a heap of ashes by this time. When I left it, 'twas all on fire," † said Michaud resolutely; but when he glanced at the emperor, Michaud was horror-struck at what he had said. The sovereign was breathing with quick, labored respirations; his lower lip trembled, and his handsome blue eyes for an instant overflowed with tears.

But this lasted only a moment. The sovereign suddenly

* *Quoique étranger, russe de cœur et d'âme.*

† "*L'ennemi est-il entré en ville?*" — "*Oui, sire, et elle est en cendres à l'heure qu'il est. Je l'ai laissée toute en flammes.*"

scowled as though annoyed at himself for his weakness. And, raising his head, he turned to Michaud with a steady voice:—

"I see, colonel, from all that is happening to us," said he, "that Providence demands great sacrifices of us—I am ready to submit to his will; but tell me, Michaud, how did you leave the army which saw my ancient capital thus abandoned without striking a blow? Did you not see any signs of discouragement?"

Michaud, seeing this calmness of his "very gracious sovereign," instantly recovered his own presence of mind, but he was not yet ready to reply to the emperor's straightforward and unequivocal question, which demanded a straightforward answer.

"Your majesty, will you allow me to speak freely, like a loyal soldier?" he asked for the sake of gaining time.

"Colonel, that is what I always demand," said the emperor. "Conceal nothing from me: I wish to know absolutely how matters stand."

"Your majesty," said Michaud, with a shrewd but scarcely perceptible smile on his lips, having now collected himself sufficiently to formulate his answer in a graceful and respectful *jeu de mots*: "Your majesty, I left the whole army, from the chiefs down to the last soldier, without exception, in a state of terrible, desperate alarm"—

"How is that?" interrupted the sovereign, darkly frowning. "My Russians allow themselves to be cast down by misfortune? Never!"

This was all that Michaud wished so as to complete his *jeu de mots*.

"Your majesty," said he, with a respectful but mischievous expression, "their only fear is that your majesty, through kindness of heart, will be persuaded to make peace. They are burning to fight," said the accredited representative of the Russian people, "and to prove to your majesty by the sacrifice of their lives how devoted they are." *

"Ah!" said the sovereign, re-assured, and with an affectionate

* "Je vois, colonel, par tout ce qui nous arrive, que la Providence exige de grands sacrifices de nous. — Je suis prêt à me soumettre à toutes ses volontés; mais dites-moi, Michaud, comment avez-vous laissé l'armée en voyant ainsi, sans coup férir, abandonner mon ancienne capitale? N'avez-vous pas aperçu du découragement?" — "Sire, me permettrez-vous de vous parler franchement en loyal militaire?" — "Colonel, je l'exige toujours. Ne me cachez rien; je veux savoir absolument ce qu'il en est." — "Sire! j'ai laissé toute l'armée, depuis les chefs jusqu'au dernier soldat, sans exception dans une crainte épouvantable, effrayante!" — "Comment ça? Mes Russes se laisseront-ils abattre par le malheur? Jamais!" — "Sire, ils craignent seulement que votre majesté par bonté de cœur ne se laisse persuader de faire la paix. Ils brûlent de combattre et de prouver à votre majesté par le sacrifice de leur vie, combien ils lui sont dévoués."

gleam flashing from his eyes, as he tapped Michaud on the shoulder, "you relieve me, colonel."

The sovereign then dropped his head and remained for some time lost in thought. "Very well! Return to the army," said he, drawing himself up to his full height, and turning to Michaud with a gentle but majestic gesture. "And tell our brave men, tell all my good subjects everywhere you go, that when I have no soldiers left, I will place myself at the head of my beloved nobles and of my worthy peasants, and thus I will exhaust the last resources of my empire. It will furnish me yet with more than my enemies think," said the sovereign, growing more and more moved. "But if ever it were written in the decrees of Divine Providence," he went on to say, raising to heaven his beautiful, kindly eyes gleaming with emotion, "that my family should cease to reign on the throne of my ancestors, then, after having exhausted all the means that are in my power, I will allow my beard to grow to here" (the sovereign placed his hand half-way down his chest) "and I will go and eat potatoes with the humblest of my peasants sooner than sign the shame of my country and of my beloved nation, whose sacrifices I can appreciate."*

Having said these words in a voice full of emotion, the sovereign suddenly turned round, as though he wished to hide from Michaud the tears that filled his eyes, and walked to the end of his cabinet. After standing there a few moments, he came back to Michaud with long strides and gave his arm a powerful squeeze below the elbow. His handsome, kindly face was flushed, and his eyes flashed with decision and fury:—

"Colonel Michaud, forget not what I have said to you here: perhaps some day we shall recall it with pleasure—either Napoleon or I," said the sovereign, laying his hand on his chest. "We can no longer reign together. I have learned to know him; he shall never deceive me again!"† And the sovereign, with a frown, relapsed into silence.

* "*Eh bien, retournez à l'armée et dites à nos braves, dites à tous mes bons sujets partout où vous passerez, que quand je n'aurais plus aucun soldat, je me mettrai, moi-même, à la tête de ma chère noblesse, de mes bons paysans, et j'usurai ainsi jusqu'à la dernière ressource de mon empire. Il m'en offre encore plus que mes ennemis ne pensent. Mais si jamais il fut écrit dans les décrets de la Divine Providence que ma dynastie dût cesser de régner sur le trône de mes ancêtres, alors, après avoir épuisé tous les moyens qui sont en mon pouvoir, je me laisserai croître la barbe jusqu'ici — et j'irai manger des pommes de terre avec le dernier de mes paysans plutôt de signer la honte de ma patrie et de ma chère nation, dont je sais apprécier les sacrifices.*"

† "*Colonel Michaud, n'oubliez pas ce que je vous dis ici: peut-être qu'un jour nous nous le rappellerons avec plaisir. Napoléon ou moi! Nous ne pouvons plus régner ensemble. J'ai appris à le connaître, il ne me trompera plus.*"

Michaud, though a foreigner, yet a Russian in heart and soul, felt at that solemn moment "*enthousiasmé*" by all that he had just heard (as he said afterwards), and in the expressions that followed, he uttered not only his own feelings but also the feelings of the Russian people, whose representative he considered himself:—

"Sire!" said he, "your majesty at this moment seals the glory of the nation and the safety of Europe."*

The sovereign with an inclination of the head dismissed Michaud.

CHAPTER IV.

At the time when Russia was half conquered, and the inhabitants of Moscow were fleeing to distant provinces, and levy after levy of the landwehr was being raised for the defence of the fatherland, we, who were not alive at the time, involuntarily presuppose that all the men of Russia, from small to great, were solely occupied in sacrificing themselves in saving the country or in bewailing its ruin.

Stories and descriptions of that period, all without exception, speak of self-sacrifice, love for the fatherland, the desperation, sorrow, and heroism of the Russians.

In reality, this was not so at all. It merely seems so to us from the fact that we are occupied with the general historical interest of the time and fail to see all those personal individual interests which occupied private individuals. But, in reality, those personal interests seemed to the men of that day so much more significant than the general interests, that the general interests were never felt at all, and were scarcely regarded. The majority of the men of that time paid no attention at all to the general course of events, and were merely guided by the personal interests of that present. And those very men were the most important factors of that time.

Those who strove to comprehend the general course of events, and were anxious by their self-sacrifice and heroism to take part in it, were the most useless members of society. They saw everything in a wrong sense; and all that they did, in spite of their good intentions, proved to be profitless waste, like the regiments organized by Pierre and Mamonof, which pillaged the Russian villages; or like the lint picked by high-

* "*Sire, votre majesté signe dans ce moment la gloire de la nation et le salut de l'Europe.*"

born young ladies, which never reached the wounded, and so on.

Even those who, in their fondness for subtilities and the expression of their feelings, talked about the actual state of Russia, involuntarily gave to their speeches the stamp of their impressions, or pretences, or falsehoods, or profitless criticisms and animosities against men who were blamed for that for which no one could really be held responsible.

In historical events more strictly than elsewhere holds the prohibition against tasting the fruit of the tree of knowledge. Only unconscious activity brings forth fruit, and a man who plays a part in any historical event never realizes its significance. If he tries to realize it, he is astounded by his barrenness.

The significance of the event that took place at that time in Russia was proportionately incomprehensible according to the part which any man took in it. In Petersburg and the provinces remote from Moscow, ladies and men in militia uniforms mourned over Russia and the capital, and talked about self-sacrifice and other such things; but in the army which was retreating from Moscow, almost nothing was said or thought about Moscow; and as they looked at the conflagration no one dreamed of wreaking vengeance on the French, but they thought of the next quarter's pay, about the next halting-place, about Matrioshka the sutling-wench,* and the like.

Nikolai Rostof, without any pretence of self-sacrifice, but fortuitously, the war having surprised him while he was still in the service, took a genuine and continuous part in the defence of his country, and accordingly looked without despair and without sombre forebodings on what was then happening in Russia.

If any one had asked him what he thought about the condition of Russia at the time, he would have replied that it wasn't for him to think about it, that Kutuzof and the others were for that, but he had heard that more regiments were mobilizing, and that there would be still more fighting, and that if nothing happened it would not be astonishing if in a couple of years he were given a regiment.

It was because he took this view of affairs that he not only felt no compunction at being deprived of participation in the last engagement, having received word that he was appointed commander of a remount expedition to Vorónezh

* *Marketantka*

after horses for his division, but was even perfectly delighted, and took no pains to hide it from his comrades, who were generous enough to sympathize with him.

A few days before the battle of Borodino, Nikolai received the money and the necessary papers, and, sending a hussar on in advance, he started for Voronezh by post relays.

Only a man who has experienced this, that is, who has spent several months in succession in the atmosphere of military campaign life, can comprehend the delight which Nikolai experienced when he passed out of the circle beyond which there were no more foraging parties, provision trains, and ambulances; when he ceased to see soldiers, army wagons, the dirty traces of a camp, and his eyes were greeted by villages with peasant men and women, with country landholders, mansions, fields with pasturing cattle, post station-houses with their sleepy agents, he felt such joy as though he saw it all for the first time in his life.

One thing especially kept him in a perpetual state of surprise and delight, and this was the sight of young and healthy women, who did not each have a dozen officers tagging after her all the time, and women who found it a flattering novelty to have an officer, as he passed by, stop and chatter with them.

In the most jovial frame of mind, Nikolai reached Voronezh at evening, put up at the inn, ordered all that he had so long been lacking at the front, and on the next day, after getting a clean shave, and putting on his long unused dress uniform, he went to pay his respects to the city officials.

The commander of the landwehr was a civil general, an old man who evidently took great delight in his military title and rank. He received Nikolai sternly, — thinking that this was proper in a military man of his importance; — and questioned him in a very significant way, approving or disapproving as though it were his special prerogative, and as though he were the judge of how the general course of the war was directed.

Nikolai was so happy that this merely amused him.

From the commander of the landwehr he went to the governor. The governor was a lively little man, very friendly and simple-hearted. He told Nikolai of several establishments where he might obtain horses, recommended to him a horse-dealer in the city and a landed proprietor twenty versts from the city, who kept good horses, and he promised him any sort of co-operation.

"Are you Count Ilya Andreyevitch's son? My wife used

to be very good friends with your *mátushka*. On Thursdays I always have a reception: to-day is Thursday: do me the favor to come informally," said the governor as Nikolai took his leave.

Immediately on leaving the governor's, Nikolai took post-horses, and, accompanied by his quartermaster, drove rapidly the twenty versts so as to see the stud owned by the landed proprietor.

Nikolai found everything jolly and comfortable during this his first visit at Voronezh, and, as is usually the case when a man is in a good frame of mind, everything was easily and satisfactorily settled.

The landed proprietor whom Nikolai went to see was an old bachelor, formerly a cavalryman, a connoisseur of horses, a huntsman, the master of spiced vodka* a hundred years old, of old Hungarian, and of marvellous horses.

Nikolai, in two words, bought, for six thousand rubles, seventeen stallions, "assorted," as he expressed it, "for the show pieces of his remount." After a good dinner, and drinking considerable of admirable Hungarian, Rostof, exchanging kisses with the proprietor, with whom he was already on the most intimate terms of friendship, drove back over the horrible road (which, however, did not affect his spirits), constantly urging his *yamshchik* to do his very best to get him back to the governor's in time for the reception.

Having changed his clothes, scented himself, and wet his hair down with cold water, Nikolai, though rather late, but with the proverb "better late than never" ready for use, appeared at the governor's.

It was not a ball, and it was not formally announced that there would be dancing; but Katerina Petrovna, as all knew, would play some *valse*s and *écossaises* on the harpsichord, and there might be some dancing; and all the guests took this for granted, and came in ball costumes.

Provincial life in 1812 was pretty much the same as ever, with this sole difference, that it was unusually gay in the little city, owing to the presence of a number of wealthy families from Moscow, and to the fact that, as a general thing, at this time there was unprecedented luxury of living observable (the sea being but knee-deep to drunken men), while the small talk that is a necessity among people, and which, hitherto, had been concerned merely with the weather and petty gossip, now turned on the state of Moscow, the war, and Napoleon.

* *Zapekanka*: vodka and honey boiled with spices.

The society that met at the governor's was the best society of Voronezh.

There were any number of ladies, there were several of Nikolai's Moscow acquaintances; but there was not a man who could in any way compare with the Georgievsky cavalier, the gallant hussar, the good-natured, well-bred Count Rostof!

Among the men was an Italian, who had been an officer in the French army, and was now a prisoner, and Nikolai felt that this prisoner's presence still further enhanced his consequence as a Russian hero. It was a kind of a trophy! Nikolai felt this, and it seemed to him that this was the way they all regarded the Italian, and so he treated him cordially, but with a certain dignity and reserve.

As soon as Nikolai entered the room in his hussar's uniform, diffusing around him an odor of perfumes and of wine, and he himself said, and heard others say, again and again, the words *vaut mieux tard que jamais* — better late than never, — he became the centre of the gathering; all eyes were fixed upon him, and he immediately felt that the position of general favorite, which he had taken in the province, was exceedingly appropriate to him, and pleasant, and, after such long deprivation, really intoxicating in its agreeableness. Not only at the post stations, the taverns, and the residence of the landed proprietor, were the servant maids flattered by his attentions, but here, at the governor's reception, it seemed to Nikolai that there was an inexhaustible array of young married women and pretty girls who were impatient to have him give them a share of his attention.

The ladies and young girls coquetted with him, and the old people, from the very first moment, took it upon themselves to find a wife for this mad-cap young hussar, and bring him to his senses. Among the latter was the governor's wife herself, who received Rostof like a near relative, and called him "Nicolas" and addressed him with the familiar *tui*, "thou."

Katerina Petrovna, as was expected, began to play her *valse*s and *écossaises*, and the dancing began, and, by his graces in this accomplishment, Nikolai still more captivated all the governmental society. He surprised every one by his peculiarly free and easy manner of dancing. Even Nikolai was somewhat surprised at himself by his manner of dancing that evening. He had never danced so at Moscow, and he would have been disposed to call such extravagance of freedom unbecoming, and *mauvais genre*, had he not felt the necessity upon him of surprising them all by something extraordinary, something which

they must be taught to regard as the proper thing in capitals, but as yet unknown in the provinces.

All that evening, Nikolai devoted the most of his attentions to a blue-eyed, plump and pretty little blonde, the wife of one of the governmental *chinovniks*. With that *naïve* persuasion with which young men flatter themselves that other men's wives were created especially for their diversion, Rostof staid by this lady, and treated her husband in a friendly, somewhat *conspiratorial* way, as though it were to be quite taken for granted, though as yet nothing had been said about it, that they would get along splendidly, that is, Nikolai with this man's wife!

The husband, however, it seemed, did not share in this persuasion, and did his best to treat Rostof with marked coldness. But Nikolai's unaffected frankness was so unbounded, that more than once the husband was obliged, in spite of him, to give way to Nikolai's geniality.

Toward the end of the evening, however, in proportion as his wife's face grew more and more flushed and excited, her husband's face grew ever more and more set and melancholy, as though there were a common fund of vivacity shared by the two so that in proportion as it waxed in the wife, it waned in the husband.

CHAPTER V.

NIKOLAI, with a beaming smile on his lips, sat in his easy-chair, leaning over as near as possible to the pretty *blondinka*, whispering mythological compliments into her ear.

Briskly shifting his legs in their tight riding-trousers, exhaling the odor of perfumes, and contemplating his lady and himself, and the handsome shape of his calves under his top-boots, Nikolai was telling the pretty blonde that, while he was there at Voronezh, he intended to run away with a certain lady.

"Who is she?"

"Charming, divine! Her eyes" (Nikolai looked closely at his neighbor) "are blue; her lips, coral; her complexion" — he gave a significant look at her shoulders — "her form, Diana's!"

The husband rejoined them, and asked gloomily what she was talking about.

"Ah! Nikita Ivanuitch," exclaimed Nikolai, politely ris-

ing. And, as though he were anxious for Nikita Ivanuitch to share in his jokes, he confided to him his intention of eloping with a certain pretty blonde.

The husband smiled chillingly, the wife rapturously. The governor's worthy wife came up to them with a disapproving look on her face.

"Anna Ignatyevna is desirous of seeing you, *Nicolas*," said she, and by the tone in which she mentioned the name Anna Ignatyevna, Rostof instantly realized that Anna Ignatyevna was a very important individual. "Come, let us go, *Nicolas*. You permit me to call you so, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, *ma tante*. But who is she?"

"Anna Ignatyevna Malvintseva. She had heard of you through her niece;—how you rescued her!—Can you guess?"

"But I rescued so many there!" said Nikolai.

"Her niece the Princess Bolkonskaya. She is here with her aunt in Voronezh. Oho! how he reddens! What does that mean, now?"

"I could not imagine, — there, there, *ma tante*!"

"Pretty good, pretty good! Oh, what a boy you are!"

The governor's wife led him to a tall and very stately old lady with a blue toque on her head, who had just finished a hand at cards with the most consequential personages of the city. This was Malvintseva, the Princess Mariya's aunt on her mother's side, a rich, childless widow, who had always lived in Voronezh. She stood settling her card account when Rostof was brought to her. She was blinking her eyes with a stern and important expression, gave him a glance, and went on berating the general who had won her money.

"Very glad to see you, my dear," said she, extending her hand. "Pray come and see me."

After speaking a few words about the Princess Mariya and her late father, whom, evidently, Malvintseva had not loved, and asking a few questions as to what news Nikolai had to give about Prince Andrei, who also seemed not to enjoy her good graces, she dismissed him, repeating her invitation to visit her.

Nikolai promised, and again reddened as he took his leave of the widow.

At the remembrance of the Princess Mariya, Rostof experienced a feeling of bashfulness, even of fear, which he could not understand.

After leaving Malvintseva, Rostof intended to return to

the dancing again, but the little *gubernatorsha* laid her plump little hand on his sleeve and said that she wanted to have a talk with him, and led him into the divan-room, which was instantly evacuated by those who were in it and who did not want to be in her way.

"You must know, *mon cher*," said the governor's wife, with a serious expression on her good little face, "I have found exactly the right wife for you; do you want me to arrange the match?"

"Who is it, *ma tante*?" asked Nikolai.

"I propose the princess. Katerina Petrovna advises Lili; but that's not my idea—I say the princess. What do you say? I am sure your *maman* would be very thankful. Truly, she is a charming girl, and, after all, she is not so very plain!"

"Indeed, she isn't!" exclaimed Nikolai in an injured tone. "As for myself, *ma tante*, I do as a soldier should: I never intrude, and I never refuse anything," said Nikolai, without stopping to consider what reply he ought to make.

"But remember! This is no joke."

"What is no joke?"

"Yes, yes," said the governor's wife, as though speaking to herself. "And see here, *mon cher*, you are quite too attentive to that other lady, *la blonde*. Really, it's pitiful, her husband!"

"Oh, no; he and I are very good friends," replied Nikolai, who, in his simplicity of soul, never once dreamed that such a jolly way of whiling away time could be aught else than jolly to any one.

"What foolish nonsense did I speak to the governor's wife?" Nikolai suddenly asked himself while at supper. "She is trying to make a match—but Sonya?"

And on bidding the governor's wife good-night, when she with a smile said to him, "Now remember"—he drew her to one side.

"*Ma tante*, I have something which I really ought to tell you."

"What can it be, my boy? Come in and let us sit down here."

Nikolai suddenly felt a desire and an irresistible impulse to confide in this almost perfect stranger all his private thoughts—thoughts which he would never have told his mother, his sister, his friend. Afterwards, when he remembered this outburst of needless, inexplicable frankness, which nevertheless

had very important consequences, it seemed to him as it always seems to people—that he had acted very foolishly; this outburst of frankness, together with other trivial circumstances, had for him and for his whole family portentous results.

"This is what I mean, *ma tante*. *Maman* has for a long time been anxious for me to marry a rich young lady. But the idea of marrying for money has always been extremely repugnant."

"Oh, yes, I understand," assented the governor's wife.

"But the Princess Bolkonskaya: that is another thing. In the first place, I will tell you honestly, she pleases me very much; I like her extremely. And besides, after meeting her in such a way, in such a terrible position, the thought has often occurred to me that it was fate. You may remember, *maman* long, long ago thought about this, before I ever happened to meet her, and somehow it happened so: we never met. And then when my sister Natasha was engaged to her brother, why, of course, then it became out of the question to think of marrying her.* And now, just as Natasha's engagement is broken off, it must needs happen that I meet her; well, it's all—this is the trouble—I have never told any one about this, and I don't intend to. Only to you."

The governor's wife gave his elbow an encouraging pressure.

"You know Sophie, my cousin. I love her, and I have promised to marry her and I shall marry her.—And so you see there is nothing to be said about this other matter," explained Nikolai, incoherently and reddening.

"*Mon cher! mon cher!* how can you have such ideas? Why, you know Sophie has nothing, and you yourself have told me that your papa's affairs were in a wretched state. And your *maman*? This would kill her surely! Then, Sophie, if she is a girl with any heart, what a life it would be for her! Your mother in despair, your property all dissipated!—No, *mon cher*, you and Sophie must see things as they are."

Nikolai made no reply. It was pleasant for him to hear this reasoning.

"Still, *ma tante*, this cannot be," said he with a sigh, after some little silence. "Then, do you suppose the princess would marry me? and besides she is in mourning. How can such a thing be thought of?"

* The marriage sacrament according to the Greek Church makes marriage relationship blood relationship.

"What? do you suppose I would have you marry her instantly? *Il y a manière et manière!*" said the governor's wife.

"What a match-maker, *ma tante!*" said Nikolai, kissing her plump hand.

CHAPTER VI.

THE Princess Mariya, on arriving at Moscow after her meeting with Rostof, found there her nephew and his tutor, and a letter from Prince Andrei, who enjoined upon them to go to Voronezh, to her aunt Malvintseva.

The labors consequent upon this move, her anxiety for her brother, the regulation of her life in her new home, new acquaintances, the education of her nephew, — all this tended to quench in the Princess Mariya's heart that seductive longing which had tormented her during her father's illness, and after his death, and especially after her meeting with Rostof.

She was unhappy.

The impression of her father's loss, associated in her mind as it was with the ruin of Russia, now, after a month spent in the conditions of a calm, equable life, grew more and more vivid to her. She was anxious; the thought of the perils to which her brother was exposed — the only man who was closely related to her — constantly tormented her.

She was occupied with the instruction of her nephew, but she felt all the time that she was peculiarly unfitted for it. Nevertheless in the depths of her soul there was a certain sense of quietude arising from the consciousness that she had crushed out the personal hopes and dreams that had sprung up in her heart, and were connected with the appearance of Rostof.

When, on the day following her reception, the governor's wife went to call upon Malvintseva, after a private conversation with her in regard to her scheme (making the reservation that, though under present circumstances it was impossible to think of a formal courtship, still the young people might be brought together and made acquainted), and when, after receiving the aunt's approval, the gubernatorsha spoke in the Princess Mariya's presence of Rostof, praised him, and told how he had reddened at the mere mention of the princess's name, the Princess Mariya experienced a feeling not of pleasure but of pain; her inward calm had entirely vanished,

and again arose her desires, doubts, self-reproaches, and hopes.

During the two days that intervened between hearing this news and her interview with Rostof, the Princess Mariya did not cease to think how it behooved her to behave toward him. At one moment she made up her mind that she would not go into the drawing-room when he came to call upon her aunt, that it was not becoming for her to receive callers when she was in deep mourning; then again she thought that it would be rude after all that he had done for her; then it occurred to her that the governor's wife and her aunt must have some designs on her and Rostof—their glances, and certain words that they had dropped, it seemed to her, confirmed this supposition—then she said to herself that nothing but her inborn depravity made her have such thoughts; they could not help remembering that, in her situation, she not having yet taken off her "weepers,"—such a wooing would be an insult to her, as well as to her father's memory.

Assuming that she should go down to meet him, the Princess Mariya tried to imagine the words which he would say to her, and which she should say to him, and at one moment these words seemed undeservedly cold, at the next they seemed to possess too great significance.

More than all else she was apprehensive that on meeting him she should show that bashfulness which she was certain would take possession of her, and betray her as soon as she saw him.

But when on Sunday, after mass, the lackey announced at the drawing-room door that Count Rostof had come, the princess showed no symptoms of confusion; only a faint tinge of color suffused her cheeks, and her eyes shone with a new, luminous light.

"You have seen him, auntie?"* asked the Princess Mariya in a tranquil voice, surprised herself that she could be outwardly so calm and natural.

When Rostof entered the room, the princess for a moment dropped her head, as though for the purpose of allowing the guest time to exchange greetings with her aunt, and then at the very moment that Nikolai came toward her, she raised her head, and with radiant eyes met his glance.

With a movement full of grace and dignity, she arose with a joyful smile, offered him her slender, delicate hand, and spoke to him in a voice which for the first time vibrated with new, womanly, hearty tones.

* *Tidushka*: diminutive of *tidka*.

Mlle. Bourienne, who happened to be in the drawing-room, looked at the Princess Mariya in wonder and perplexity. She herself, though a most accomplished coquette, could not have manoeuvred better on meeting a man whom she wished to fascinate.

"Either black is becoming to her, or really she has grown pretty; I certainly never remarked it so before," said Mlle. Bourienne to herself.

If the Princess Mariya had been in a position to think at that moment, she would have been even more amazed than was Mlle. Bourienne at the change that had taken place in her. From the instant that she saw that kind face so beloved, a new power of life took possession of her, and compelled her, irrespective of her own will, to speak and to act. Her face from that moment that Rostof entered was suddenly transformed.

Just as the complicated artistic work on the sides of a painted or carved lamp comes out with sudden and unexpected details of beauty when a light is kindled within, though before it had seemed coarse, dark, and meaningless, so was the Princess Mariya's face unexpectedly transformed. For the first time all that pure, spiritual, inward travail which she had gone through for so many years was laid open to the light. All that inward travail, which had left her so dissatisfied with herself,—her suffering, her yearnings after the right, her submission, love, self-sacrifice,—all this now shone forth in those luminous eyes, in her gentle smile, in every feature of her tender face.

Rostof saw all this so clearly that it seemed to him he had known her all his life. He felt that the being before him was different, was better than all that he had hitherto met, and, what was more important, was better than himself.

Their conversation was extremely simple and insignificant. They talked about the war, involuntarily, like every one else, exaggerating their grief at the event; they talked about their last meeting, whereupon Nikolai tried to turn the conversation to something else; they talked about the good gubernatorsha, about their respective parents.

The Princess Mariya did not speak of her brother, deflecting the subject to another topic as soon as her aunt spoke about Andrei. It was evident that, while there might be some pretence in her expressions of grief in the miseries of Russia, her brother was an object too near to her heart, and she would not and could not talk about him. Nikolai remarked this, for, with a keenness of observation that was not at all

characteristic of him, he remarked all the little shades of the princess's nature to the effect of greatly intensifying his conviction that she was a being entirely out of the common.

Nikolai, exactly the same as the princess, had changed color when her name was mentioned in his presence, and even when he thought about her; but in her presence he felt perfectly unhampered, and by no means confined himself to the set speeches which he had made ready in advance, but spoke whatever came into his head.

During Nikolai's short call there were, as always happens where a number of people are together, moments of silence, and during one of these Nikolai made up to Prince Andrei's little son, petted him, and asked him if he would like to be a hussar. He took hold of the boy's hands, spun him around and glanced at the Princess Mariya. Her tender, happy, and timid eyes followed the little lad whom she loved while he was in the arms of the man whom she loved. Nikolai also remarked this look, and, as though he understood its significance, he flushed with gratification, and with good-natured jollity began to kiss the little fellow.

The Princess Mariya, owing to her mourning, was not going into society, and Nikolai felt that it was unbecoming for him to repeat his call upon them; but the governor's wife, nevertheless, continued her task of match-maker, and, while she took occasion to repeat to Nikolai all the flattering things that the Princess Mariya had said about him, and *vice versa*, she insisted that he should declare himself to the princess.

In order to bring about this explanation, she arranged a meeting between the young people at the archbishop's, before mass.

Although Rostof had told the governor's wife that he would not come to any explanation with the princess, still he promised to be present.

Just as at Tilsit he had not allowed himself to doubt whether what had been enjoined upon all was good or not, so now, after a short but genuine struggle between his wish to arrange his life in his own way and a peaceful submission to circumstances, he chose the latter alternative, and gave himself up to that power which, as he could not help feeling, was irresistibly drawing him away, he knew not whither. He knew that, having plighted his troth to Sonya, if he confessed his feelings for the Princess Mariya, it would be nothing else than base. And he knew that he would never do anything base. But he knew also (not so much knew it as felt it in

the depths of his heart) that if he gave himself up into the control of men and of circumstances and let them guide him, he not only would do nothing wrong, but would rather do something very, very important, so important that nothing like it would ever again recur to him in his life.

After his meeting with the Princess Mariya, although his manner of life continued to be the same outwardly, still all his former pleasures lost for him their zest, and he frequently found himself thinking of the Princess Mariya; but he never thought of her as he had always, without exception, thought of the various young ladies whom he had met in society, nor even as he had for long and sometimes even enthusiastically thought of Sonya.

Like almost every pure young man, when he thought about any *báruishnya* as his possible wife, he strove to make her fit the condition of marital existence, as he imagined it—the white capote, the wife behind the *samovar*, his wife's carriage, wee bits of children, *maman* and *papa*, their relations to her, and so forth, and so forth; and these representations of the future gave him pleasure.

But when he thought about the Princess Mariya, whom they were trying to make a wife for him, he could not make the representations of his future married life in any way concrete. Even when he tried everything seemed incoherent and false. All that remained in his mind was a kind of dread.

CHAPTER VII.

THE terrible news of the battle of Borodino, of our losses in dead and wounded, and the still more terrible tidings of the loss of Moscow, were received in Voronezh toward the end of September.

The Princess Mariya, learning only from the bulletin that her brother was wounded, and having no definite information about him, determined to go in search of him. This was what Nikolai heard. He himself had not seen her again.

On learning of the battle of Borodino and the abandonment of Moscow, Nikolai, while not giving himself up to feelings of despair, anger, or desire for vengeance or the like, still suddenly began to feel bored and out of place at Voronezh; his conscience almost reproached him, and he felt awkward. All the talk that he heard seemed to him hypocritical; he knew not what judgment to pass upon events, and he was conscious

that not until he returned to his regiment would things become clear to him again. He made haste to accomplish his purchase of horses, and oftentimes without any just cause became impatient with his servant and the quartermaster.

Several days before Rostof's departure, a solemn service was held in the cathedral, in honor of the victory that had been won by the Russian troops, and Nikolai was present. He was standing a little behind the governor, and, with a gravity worthy of the occasion, was thinking of the most varied subjects, even while he listened to the service. When the Te Deum was ended, the governor's wife called him to her.

"Have you seen the princess?" she asked, with her head indicating a lady in black who stood behind the choir.

Nikolai instantly recognized the Princess Mariya, not so much by her profile, a glimpse of which could be seen under her hat, as by that feeling of shyness, fear, and pity which instantly came over him. The Princess Mariya, evidently absorbed in her thoughts, was crossing herself for the last time before she should leave the church.

Nikolai looked into her face with amazement. It was the same face which he had seen before, there was the same general expression of gentle, inward, spiritual travail; but now it was lighted up by a very different sort of light. It had a touching expression of sorrowfulness, entreaty, and hope.

As had been the case with Nikolai before when he was in her presence, he, without waiting for the gubernatorsha's advice to join her, without asking himself whether it were right or proper for him to address her there in the church, instantly went to her and said that he had heard of her sorrow, and that he sympathized with her with all his heart. She had hardly caught the first sound of his voice, when suddenly a bright light flashed into her face, giving witness at one and the same time of her sorrow and her joy.

"I only wanted to tell you this, princess," said Rostof, "that if Prince Andrei Nikolayevitch were not alive, it would be instantly announced in the bulletins, since he is a regimental commander."

The princess looked at him, not comprehending his words, but delighting in the expression of sympathy and sorrow in his face.

"And I have known so many cases where a wound caused by a splinter (and the bulletins would say a shell) was either fatal immediately, or, if not, very trifling," said Nikolai. "You must hope for the best, and I am certain" —

The Princess Mariya interrupted him, —

"Oh, this would be so hor" — she began, but her emotion overmastered her, and, without completing the word, she bent her head with a graceful motion (like everything that she did in his presence), and, giving him a grateful look, rejoined her aunt.

The evening of that same day, Nikolai accepted no engagements out, but remained at his lodgings in order to square up certain accounts with the horse-dealers.

Having completed his business, it being too late to go anywhere, but too early to retire for the night, Nikolai long walked up and down his solitary room, thinking over his life, which was an unusual thing for him to do.

The Princess Mariya had produced upon him an agreeable impression when he saw her near Smolensk. The fact that he had met her then in such extraordinary circumstances, and that she was the very one whom his mother had once recommended to him as an eligible heiress, caused him to regard her with peculiar interest.

When he came to see her again at Voronezh, this impression was not only agreeable but it was powerful. Nikolai was struck by that peculiar moral beauty which he for the first time observed in her.

He was ready to take his departure, however, and it had not occurred to him to regret the fact that in leaving Voronezh he was depriving himself of the chance of seeing the princess. But his meeting with her that morning at church (Nikolai was conscious of it) had sunk deeper into his heart than he could have foreseen, and deeper than he would have wished for his peace of mind.

That pale, gentle, sorrowful face, those luminous eyes, those quiet, graceful movements, and, above all, that profound and sweet expression of sorrow pervading all her being, troubled him and aroused his sympathy.

Rostof could not endure to see in men the expression of a lofty spiritual life — that was the reason he did not like Prince Andrei — he scornfully called it philosophy, *day-dreaming*; but in the Princess Mariya, especially in that sorrow which brought forth all the depth of that spiritual world so marvellous to Rostof, he felt an irresistible attraction.

"She must be a marvellous girl! A real angel!" said he to himself. "Why am I not free? Why was I in such haste with regard to Sonya?"

And involuntarily he began to institute a comparison

between the two: the poverty in one, the abundance in the other of those spiritual gifts which Nikolai himself had not, and which therefore he prized so highly.

He tried to imagine what would be if he had been free. How would he have made his proposal to her, and if she had become his wife! But no, he could not imagine it.

A strange feeling of dread came over him, and nothing clear presented itself to his imagination. Now he had long ago formulated the picture of his future with Sonya, and it was all clear and simple, for the reason that it had been thought out, and he knew all that was in Sonya; but it was impossible to formulate any scheme of life with the Princess Mariya, because he did not understand her, but only loved her.

His visions of Sonya had something about them that was jolly and frivolous. But it was always hard and rather terrible to think of Princess Mariya.

"How she was praying!" he mused, following his recollections. "It was evident her whole soul was in her prayer. Yes, that is the prayer that removes mountains, and I am sure that her prayer will be fulfilled. Why cannot I pray for what I need?" he asked himself. "What do I need? My freedom, to be released from Sonya. — She said what was true," he was recalling the gubernatorsha's words — "'Nothing but misfortune would come of my marrying her.' Confusion, grief to *maman* — business — confusion, terrible confusion! Yes, and I don't love her. I don't love her as I ought. My God! save me from this terrible, inextricable muddle!" he began, trying to offer a prayer. "Yes, prayer moves the mountain, but faith is needful, and to pray as Natasha and I used to pray when we were children, that the snow would change into sugar, and then run out of doors to see whether our prayer was answered. No, but I cannot pray about trifles now," said he, as he laid his pipe down in the corner, and, folding his hands, stood in front of the holy pictures. And, touched by his recollection of the Princess Mariya, he began to pray as he had not prayed for a long, long time. The tears were standing in his eyes and swelling his throat when Lavrushka suddenly came in with documents in his hand. "Idiot — *durák!* — what do you come sneaking in for when you weren't called?" exclaimed Nikolai, abruptly changing his position.

"From the governor," said Lavrushka, in a sleepy voice — "a courier came; letter for you."

"All right, thanks! Begone!"

Nikolai had two letters. One was from his mother, the

other from Sonya. He recognized them by their handwriting, and he opened Sonya's first. He had only read a few lines when his face grew pale and his eyes opened wide in terror and delight.

"No, it cannot be!" he exclaimed aloud. He could not sit still, but with the letter in his hand began to pace the room. He glanced through the letter, then read it once and a second time, and, shrugging his shoulders and opening out his hands, he stood still in the middle of the room with open mouth and set eyes.

The very thing which he had just been praying for with the faith that God would fulfil his prayer was granted; but Nikolai was amazed by this, as though it had been something extraordinary, and as though he had never expected it, and as though the very thing which had so quickly eventuated proved that this had come, not by the will of God, to whom he had offered his petition, but from ordinary chance.

This apparently unsolvable knot which fettered Rostof's freedom was cut by this letter from Sonya—so unexpected (as it seemed to Nikolai) and unsolicited. She wrote that the recent unfortunate events, the loss of almost all the Rostofs' property in Moscow, and the more than once expressed desire of the countess that Nikolai should marry Princess Bolkonskaya, and his own silence and coldness of late,—all taken together had caused her to decide to release him from his promise and give him perfect freedom.

"It was too trying for me to think that I might be a source of sorrow or dissension in a family which has loaded me with benefits," she wrote. "And my love has for its one single aim the happiness of those whom I love. And therefore I beseech you, Nicolas, to consider yourself perfectly free, and to know that, in spite of all, no one could love you more truly than your Sonya."

This letter was written from Troitsa.

The second letter was from the countess. In this there was given a full description of the last days in Moscow, their departure, the fire, and the loss of all their property. In this letter also, among other things, the countess wrote that Prince Andrei was among the wounded whom they had brought away with them. His position was very critical, but now the doctor declared that there was more hope. Sonya and Natasha were attending him as watchers.

On the following day, Nikolai took this letter, and went to see the Princess Mariya. Neither Nikolai nor the princess

said a word as to the significance of the fact that Natasha was attending the sufferer; but, thanks to this letter, Nikolai suddenly felt drawn closer to the princess, almost as though he were a relative.

On the next day, Rostof escorted the Princess Mariya to Yaroslavl, and not long after rejoined his regiment.

CHAPTER VIII.

SONYA's letter to Nikolai, coming so opportunely in answer to his prayer, had been written from Troitsa (Trinity).

This was the way it happened.

The old countess had become more and more occupied by the idea of Nikolai marrying a rich wife. She knew that Sonya was the chief obstacle in the way of this. And Sonya's life in the countess's home had been made more and more trying of late, especially since Nikolai wrote of meeting the Princess Mariya at Bogucharovo.

The countess lost no opportunity of addressing Sonya with insulting or cruel insinuations.

A few days before their departure from Moscow, however, the countess, exacerbated and excited by all that was happening, had called Sonya to her, and, instead of loading her with reproaches and demands, had begged her with tears in her eyes to have pity on her, and, as a return for all that had been done for her, to release Nikolai from his engagement.

"I shall never be content until you have given me this promise."

Sonya sobbed hysterically, promised through her sobs that she would do anything, that she was ready for any sacrifice; but she did not give the promise in so many words, and in her heart she found it impossible to consent to do what they required of her. It was necessary for her to sacrifice herself for the happiness of the family which had fed and educated her.

To sacrifice herself for the happiness of others was second nature to Sonya. Her position in the household was such that it was only on the road of sacrifice that she could show her worth, and she was accustomed to sacrifice herself, and loved to do so.

But hitherto, in all her acts of self-sacrifice, she had enjoyed the pleasant consciousness that in thus sacrificing herself, she was by this very act enhancing her value in her own eyes and

the eyes of others, and was becoming more worthy of Nicolas, whom she loved above all else in the world.

But now her sacrifice was to consist in renouncing all that had promised to be the reward of her sacrifice, the whole meaning of life. And for the first time in her life she had bitter feelings against those very people who had loaded her with benefits only to torment her the more. She began to hate Natasha, who had never been called upon to experience any such trial, who had never been required to sacrifice herself, but who had obliged others to sacrifice themselves for her, and yet was loved by all.

And for the first time Sonya felt that her gentle, pure love for Nicolas was growing into a passion which was mightier than law and virtue and religion, and it was under the influence of this feeling that Sonya, who had been involuntarily taught by her life of dependence to be reserved, replied to the countess in general, indefinite terms, avoided having anything further to say to her, and made up her mind to wait until she should see Nikolai again, with the idea, not of giving him his freedom, but, on the contrary, of binding him to her forever.

The labors and terror incident to those last days that the Rostofs spent in Moscow put out of mind the gloomy thoughts that had been weighing her down. She was glad to find an escape from them in practical activity. But when she learned of Prince Andrei's presence in the house, notwithstanding the genuine pity which she felt for him and for Natasha, she was seized by a blithe and superstitious presentiment that God did not wish her to be separated from Nicolas.

She knew that Natasha had never loved any one beside Prince Andrei, and that she still loved him. She knew that, now being brought together in such terrible circumstances, their mutual affection would be renewed, and that then it would be impossible for Nikolai to marry the Princess Mariya, on account of the relationship which would be entailed upon them. Notwithstanding the horror of all that had taken place during the last days and during the early part of their journey, this feeling, this consciousness of the interference of Providence in her personal affairs, had rejoiced Sonya's heart.

The Rostofs made their first halt at the Troitskaya Lavra or Trinity Monastery.

At the hostelry of the Lavra, the Rostofs were assigned three large rooms, one of which was taken by Prince Andrei. The wounded man that day was much better. Natasha had been sitting with him. In the adjoining room were the count

and countess engaged in a polite conversation with the father superior, who had come to pay his respects to his old acquaintances and benefactors. Sonya was also sitting with them and was tormented by curiosity as to what Prince Andrei and Natasha were talking about; for she could hear the sounds of their voices, the door of Prince Andrei's room having been left open. Natasha with agitated face came running out, and not heeding the monk, who arose to meet her and offered her his right hand under his flowing sleeve, went straight to Sonya, and took her by the arm.

"Natasha! what is the matter? Come here!" said the countess.

Natasha submitted to the priest's blessing, and the father superior advised her to go for help to God and his saint.

As soon as the father superior was gone, Natasha took her cousin's hand, and drew her into the empty room.

"Sonya! Do you think he is going to live? Say yes!" said she. "Sonya! How happy I am, and how unhappy! Sonya darling,* but it is all just as it used to be. If only he would live!—he can't get well,—because—be—cause"—And Natasha burst into tears.

"Yes! he will. I have been sure of it! Glory to God! He will get well!"

Sonya was no less agitated than Natasha, not alone because of her friend's suffering and sorrow, but also because of her own private thoughts, which she shared with no one. Sobbing, she kissed Natasha, and tried to soothe her.

"If only he *would* get well!" she said to herself. Having had a good cry and a talk together, and wiping away their tears, the two friends went to Prince Andrei's door. Natasha, carefully opening it, glanced into the room. Sonya stood next her at the half-opened door.

Prince Andrei lay bolstered up high on three pillows. His white face was calm, his eyes closed, and apparently he was breathing regularly.

"Akh! Natasha!" Sonya almost screamed, suddenly seizing her cousin's hand, and starting away from the door.

"What—what is it?" asked Natasha.

"Let me tell you! this—this!" said Sonya, with pallid face and trembling lips.

Natasha gently closed the door, and went with Sonya to the window, no longer remembering what had been said to her.

"Do you remember," began Sonya, in a frightened and

* Golubchik.

solemn voice,—“do you remember when I looked for you at the mirror—at Otradnoye, on Twelfth Night? Do you remember what I saw?”—

“Yes, yes,” replied Natasha, opening her eyes wide, and having a dim remembrance that at that time Sonya had said something about Prince Andrei, whom she claimed to have seen lying down.

“Do you remember?” continued Sonya: “I saw then and told you all—you and Dunyasha. I saw him lying on a bed,” said she, at every detail waving her hand with outstretched finger, “and his eyes were closed, and he was covered with a pink spread, and his arms were folded,” pursued Sonya, convinced that all these details, which she had just before seen, were the very same that she had *seen* at that time.

Really, at that time she had seen nothing, but she had related as having seen what first entered her mind; but what she had imagined then seemed to her the reality, like any other remembrance. What she had said then about his looking at her and smiling, and being covered with something blue and red, she did not remember, but was firmly persuaded that she had then said and seen how he was covered with something pink, indeed a pink coverlet, and that his eyes were closed!

“Yes, yes, certainly it was pink,” said Natasha, who also at the present time remembered that the color mentioned had been pink, and in this fact she found the chief wonder and mystery of the prediction.

“But what does this mean?” queried Natasha, thoughtfully.

“Oh, I’m sure I don’t know! How extraordinary it all is!” exclaimed Sonya, clasping her head with her hands.

In a few minutes, Prince Andrei rang, and Natasha went to him; but Sonya, experiencing an emotion and excitement such as she had rarely experienced, still stood by the window, thinking over all the strangeness of what had happened.

There happened to be on that day an opportunity to send letters to the army, and the countess was writing to her son.

“Sonya,” said the countess, lifting her head from her letter as her niece passed her,—“Sonya, won’t you write Nikólenka?” asked the countess, in a gentle, trembling voice; and by the look in her weary eyes, which the countess gave her over her spectacles, Sonya read what she meant by those

words. In that look was expressed a prayer, and fear of a refusal, and shame that she was obliged to ask such a thing, and readiness for implacable hatred in case of refusal.

Sonya went to the countess, and, kneeling down beside her, kissed her hand.

"I will write," said she.

Sonya was softened, excited, and touched by all that had happened on that day, especially by the mysterious coincidence of the divination which she had just seen. Now, when she knew that, in case of Natasha's engagement to Prince Andrei being renewed, Nikolai could not marry Princess Mariya, she had a sense of joy in the return of this condition of self-sacrifice in which she was in the habit of living. And with tears in her eyes and with a blissful consciousness of having accomplished a magnanimous action, she, though several times interrupted by the tears which clouded her velvety dark eyes, wrote the touching letter, the receipt of which had so amazed Nikolai.

CHAPTER IX.

At the guard-house where Pierre was conducted, the officer and soldiers who had him in charge treated him like an enemy, but at the same time with consideration. In their treatment of him there seemed to be some suspicion that he might prove to be a man of very great importance, and the unfriendliness was due only to the remembrance of the struggle which they had just had with him.

But on the following morning, when the guard was relieved, Pierre was made aware that for the new guard—officers and men alike—he had not that importance which he had enjoyed with those who captured him. And indeed this great, portly man, in peasant's kaftan, the new guards did not know as that lively man who had fought so desperately with the marauder and with the horse patrol, and had spoken that solemn phrase about the saving of the child, but they saw in him merely No. 17 of the Russian prisoners who had been taken and held by order of men high in command.

If there had been anything special about Pierre, his appearance, devoid of timidity, and full of intense, concentrated thought, the perfection with which he expressed himself in elegant French, to the amazement of the men, would have been sufficient. Nevertheless, on this day Pierre was put in

with the other suspects that had been captured, for the reason that the special room which had been given him first was required by the officer.

All the Russians locked in with Pierre were men of the very lowest station. And all of them, recognizing that Pierre was a barin, shunned him, and all the more from the fact that he spoke French. Pierre felt a sense of melancholy as he listened to their sarcasms at his expense.

On the evening of that day Pierre learned that all these prisoners (and apparently he himself in the number) were to be tried for incendiarism. On the third day Pierre and the rest were conducted to a house where were a French general with a white mustache, two colonels, and several other Frenchmen with chevrons on their arms.

Pierre, the same as the rest, was subjected to a series of questions, — Who was he? — Where had he been? — What purpose? and so forth — put with that shrewdness and precision that affect to be superior to all human weaknesses and are characteristic of all ordinary dealings with prisoners at the bar.

These questions, making no account of the essence of the fact at issue, and presupposing the impossibility of getting at the truth, were like all questions put at legal examinations, having for their object the laying-down of a sort of gutter in which examiners wish the answers of the victim to trickle so that he may be brought to the requisite point; namely, incrimination!

The moment he began to make any remark that did not satisfy this end, the "gutter" was applied, and the water made to flow in the desired direction.

Moreover, Pierre experienced what is always experienced by men on trial: a sense of perplexity, of wonder why such and such questions are asked. He had a feeling that it was only out of condescension, or, possibly, courtesy, that the expedient of the question-gutter was made use of. He knew that he was in the power of these men, that it was merely brute force that had brought him where he was, that only might* gave them the right to demand of him answers to their questions, that the sole aim of this court was to prove him guilty.

And therefore, as they had the power and the desire to convict him, there was no need of the expedient of the interroga-

* The simple style of the original is shown by the fact that one word — *vlast* — stands for power, brute force and might.

tory and the court. It was evident that all his answers were taken as proof of his guilt.

To the question what he was doing when he was arrested, Pierre replied with a certain tragic force that he was restoring to its parents a child that he had rescued from the flames — *qu'il avait sauvé des flammes*.

Why had he fought with the marauder? Pierre replied that he was protecting a woman, that the defence of an insulted woman was the duty of every man, that —

He was interrupted: this was irrelevant.

Why had he been in the yard of the burning building, where the witnesses had seen him?

He replied that he had gone out to see what was happening in Moscow.

He was again interrupted: he had not been asked where he was going, but *why* he was in the vicinity of the fire.

Who was he? they asked, reiterating their first question, and he replied that he would not divulge his name.

"Write that down; it looks bad. Very bad," sternly said the white-mustachioed general with a florid complexion.

On the fourth day fires broke out on the Zubovsky Val.

Pierre and thirteen others were removed to the Kruimsky Brod or Crimean Ford and placed in the coach-house of a merchant's mansion. As they were marched along the streets, Pierre was suffocated by the smoke, which seemed to him to be settled down over the whole city. In various directions fires could be seen. Not even then did Pierre understand the significance of the burning of Moscow, and he looked upon these fires with horror.

In the coach-house of this solitary mansion by the Kruimsky Brod, Pierre spent four days more, and during this time he learned, from the talk of the French soldiers, that the decision of the marshal regarding the prisoners confined there was expected each day.

Pierre could not learn from the soldier what marshal it was. Evidently, for the soldier the term marshal connoted some elevated and mysterious link in the chain of power.

These days up till the twentieth of September, on which the prisoners were put through a second examination, were very trying for Pierre.

CHAPTER X.

On the twentieth of September, an officer of very great importance, to judge by the respect shown him by the guards, came into the coach-house to see the prisoners. This officer, who apparently belonged to Napoleon's staff, had a list in his hand, and called a roll of all the Russians, designating Pierre as *celui qui n'aoue pas son nom* — the man who refuses to give his name.

Surveying the prisoners with a look of lazy indifference, he ordered the officer of the guard to see that they were decently clad and ordered before they were brought into the marshal's presence.

Within an hour, a file of soldiers appeared, and Pierre and thirteen others were taken out to the Dievitchye Pole.*

It was a bright, sunny day after rain, and the air was extraordinarily clear. The smoke did not hang low, as it had on that day when Pierre was removed from the watch-house of the Zabovsky Val. It rose in columns in the clear atmosphere. No flames were visible, but on all sides arose these columns of smoke, and all Moscow, so far as Pierre could see, was one vast conflagration. On all sides were ruins, with stoves and chimneys, and here and there the devastated walls of stone houses.

Pierre gazed at the fires, but could not recognize any part of the city. Here and there could be seen churches still standing. The Kreml, undevastated, gleamed white in the distance, with its cupolas and Iván Veliki.†

Near by gleamed jocund the cupola of the Novo-dievitchy monastery, and with unusual clearness could be heard the sound of the chimes. This sound of the chimes reminded Pierre that it was Sunday, and the Festival of the Nativity of the Virgin. But it would seem as if there was no one to celebrate this festival. Everywhere was the ravage of the flames, and only rarely were any of the Russian populace to be seen, and these were ragged, panic-stricken folk, who concealed themselves at sight of the French.

Evidently, the Russian nest was wrecked and ruined; but

* Maiden's Field.

† The Tower of Iván Veliki, or John the Great, "a goodly steepill of hewen stoen in the inner Castell of Musco," built by Boris Godunof, 1600. It is 320 feet high, and provided with a chime of 34 bells, the largest of which weighs 64 tons.

Pierre had a dim consciousness that behind the overthrow of this old order of life, in place of this ruined nest, there would be established the new and entirely different but stable French order. He felt it at the sight of these soldiers who marched gallantly and blithely in perfectly unbroken ranks as they escorted him and the other offenders along; he felt it at the sight of an important French official in a two-horse calash, driven by a soldier, coming to meet him; he felt it by the inspiring sounds of the martial music which came across from the left of the field; and especially he felt it and realized it by the way in which the French officer had that morning read off the list containing the names of the prisoners.

Pierre had been taken by certain soldiers, carried to one place, then transferred to another with a dozen other men; it would seem as though they might have forgotten about him, have confused him with others. But no! the answer that he had given during the investigation returned to him in the form of an appellation: *celui qui n'avoue pas son nom*—the man who refuses to give his name.

And under this appellation, terrible to Pierre, he was now conducted somewhere, with the undoubted conviction written on all faces that he and the rest of the prisoners were the very ones required, and that they were being taken to the proper place. Pierre felt himself an insignificant chip falling into the wheels of a machine which he knew nothing about, but which acted with absolute regularity.

Pierre and the other prisoners were conducted to the right-hand side of the Dievitchye Pole, to a large white house with an immense park not far from the monastery. This was Prince Shcherbatof's house, where Pierre had often visited, and which now, as he ascertained from the talk of the soldiers, was occupied by the marshal, the Prince d'Eckmühl.

They were taken to the porch, and led into the house one at a time. Pierre was number six. Through the glass gallery, the entry, the anteroom, rooms all well known to Pierre, he was led into a long, low cabinet, at the door of which stood an aide-de-camp.

Davoust, with his spectacles on his nose, sat by a table at one end of the room. Pierre came close to him. Davoust, without raising his eyes, evidently consulted a document placed in front of him. Without even raising his eyes, he asked in a low voice: "*Qui êtes vous? — Who are you?*"

Pierre said nothing, from the reason that he had not the

power to utter a word. Davoust, in Pierre's eyes, was not simply a French general; for Pierre, Davoust was a man notorious for his cruelty. As he looked into Davoust's icy face, like that of a stern teacher who is willing to be patient for a time and wait for a reply, Pierre felt that every second of delay might cost him his life, but he knew not what to say. He could not make up his mind to repeat what he had said at the first examination; to conceal his name and station was at once dangerous and shameful.

Pierre said nothing.

But before he had time to come to any decision Davoust raised his head, pushed his spectacles up on his forehead, squinted his eyes, and gave Pierre a fixed stare.

"I know this man," said he in an icy tone, evidently meant to alarm Pierre. The chill which before had been running up and down Pierre's back clutched his head as in a vice.

"General, you cannot possibly know me: I have never seen you"—

"He is a Russian spy,"* interrupted Davoust, turning to another general who happened to be in the room and had not before been observed by Pierre. And Davoust looked away.

With an unexpected rumbling in his voice, Pierre suddenly began to speak rapidly.

"No, your highness," said he, unexpectedly remembering that Davoust was duke (*herzog*).—"No, your highness, you cannot know me. I am an officer of militia, and I have not been out of Moscow."

"Your name?" demanded Davoust.

"Bezukhoi."

"Who will prove that you are not imposing on me?"

"Your highness!" expostulated Pierre, in a tone that betrayed not offence but entreaty.†

Davoust raised his eyes and stared at Pierre. For several seconds they looked into each other's eyes, and this look was what saved Pierre. In this look there was established between these two men, above and beyond all the conditions of war and the court-room, the relations of a common humanity. Both of them at that one moment became confusedly con-

* "*Mon général, vous ne pouvez pas me connaître, je ne vous ai jamais vu.*" — "*C'est un espion russe.*"

† "*Non, monseigneur, vous n'avez pas pu me connaître. Je suis un officier milicien et je n'ai pas quitté Moscou.*" — "*Votre nom?*" — "*Besouhof.*" — "*Qu'est ce qui me prouvera que vous ne mentez pas?*" — "*Monseigneur!*"

scious of an infinite number of things, and realized that they both were children of humanity, — that they were brothers.

For Davoust, who had only just raised his head from the list where the acts and lives of men were represented by numbers, Pierre at first glance was only an incident, and Davoust would have had him shot without his conscience regarding it as a wicked deed; but now he already began to see that he was a man. He deliberated for an instant.

"How will you prove the truth of what you tell me?" asked Davoust coldly.

Pierre remembered Ramball, and mentioned his regiment and name and the street where his lodgings would be found.

"You are not what you say you are," reiterated Davoust.

Pierre, in a trembling, broken voice, began to adduce proofs of the correctness of his representation.

But at this instant an aide entered and made some report to Davoust. Davoust suddenly grew radiant at the news communicated by the aide-de-camp, and began to button up his coat. He had evidently forgotten Pierre's existence.

When the aide reminded him of the prisoner, he frowned, and nodded in Pierre's direction, and ordered him to be led away. But where was he to be led? Pierre had no idea, whether back to the coach-house or to the place prepared for the execution, which, as he had crossed the Dievitchye Pole, his comrades had pointed out to him.

He turned his head and looked back, and saw that the aide was making some inquiry.

"*Oui, sans doute*;" but what this "Yes, of course," meant, Pierre had no idea.

Pierre had no idea how long he was kept walking or whither he was taken. In a condition of absolute stupor and abstraction, conscious of nothing around him, he mechanically moved his legs together with the others until they were all halted, and then he also halted.

During all this time one thought filled his mind. This thought was: Who had in last analysis condemned him to be executed? It was not the same men who had examined him at the court-martial; there was not one man among them who would have been willing, or, in all probability, could have done so. It was not Davoust, who had looked at him with such a human look. One instant more and Davoust would have understood that they were making a mistake, but that moment was disturbed by the aide who had come in. And this aide evidently would not have willingly done anything wrong, but he

could not help it. Who, then, was it that was the final cause of his being punished, killed, deprived of life — he, Pierre, with all his recollections, yearnings, hopes, ideas? Who was doing this?

And Pierre felt that it was no one.

It was the order of things, the chain of circumstances.

This order of things had somehow killed him — Pierre — deprived him of life, destroyed him.

CHAPTER XI.

FROM Prince Sheherbatof's house, the prisoners were conducted directly down along the Dievitchye Pole, to the left of the Dievitchy monastery, and were brought into a kitchen-garden where stood an upright post. Back of the post a great pit had been dug, the fresh earth was piled up at one side, and around the pit and the pillar stood a great throng of people. The throng consisted of a few Russians and a great number of Napoleonic troops out of military rank; Prussians, Italians, and French, in various uniforms. At the right and left of the post stood files of French troops in blue uniforms with red epaulets, in gaiters and shakos.

The condemned were stationed in the same order as that which they had occupied on the list — Pierre was number six — and they were brought up to the post. A number of drums were beaten suddenly on two sides, and Pierre felt that at these sounds a part of his very soul was torn from him. He lost the faculty of thinking and considering. He could only see and hear. And he had only one desire left, and that was that the terrible thing that had to be done should be done as speedily as possible. Pierre glanced at his comrades and observed them.

Two men at the end were shaven-headed convicts. One was tall, thin; the other, dark, hirsute, muscular, with a flattened nose. Number three was a domestic serf,* forty-five years old, with grayish hair and a plump, well-fed body. The fourth was a very handsome muzhik, with a bushy, reddish beard, and dark eyes. Number five was a factory hand, a sallow, lean fellow of eighteen, who wore a khalat.

Pierre listened to the French soldiers asking how the men should be shot: one at a time, or two at a time.

* *Dvorovui.*

"Two at a time," replied the senior officer in a tone of cool composure.

A stir ran through the rank and file of the soldiery, and it was plain to see that all were making ready, and making ready not as men do who make haste to do something that all comprehend, but rather as men make haste to finish some unusual task, that must be done, yet is unpleasant and incomprehensible.

A French official in a scarf directed his steps to the right-hand side of the file of the condemned, and read the sentence in Russian and in French.

Then two couples of the French soldiers advanced to the prisoners, and, by direction of the officer, pinioned the two convicts who stood at the end. The convicts were halted at the post, and while they were bringing the death-caps looked silently around them, as a disabled wild beast at bay glares on the hunter approaching.

One kept crossing himself, the other scratched his back and tried to force his lips to smile. The soldiers, with hasty hands, began to bind their eyes, to put on the death-caps, and fasten the men to the post.

A dozen musketeers, with their arms in their hands, stepped forth with firm, measured steps, and came to a halt eight paces from the post.

Pierre looked away so as not to see what was going to take place. Suddenly was heard a crash and a rattle, which seemed to Pierre louder than the most terrific thunder-clap, and he looked round. There was a smoke, and some Frenchmen with pale faces and trembling hands were doing something around the pit.

Two others were led out. In the same way, with the same eyes, these two also gazed at them all, vainly with their eyes alone — for their lips were silent — begging for help, and evidently not comprehending and not realizing what was going to be. They could not believe, because they alone knew what their life was for them, and therefore they understood not and believed not that it could be taken from them.

Pierre wished not to look, and again turned his head away; but again his ears were assailed as by a terrible explosion, and, at the same time, he saw the smoke, the blood of some one, and the pale, frightened faces of the Frenchmen again occupied with something near the post, — with trembling hands pushing one another.

Pierre, breathing heavily, glanced around him, as though to ask, "What is the meaning of this?"

The same question was expressed in all the eyes which met Pierre's.

On all the faces of the Russians, on the faces of the French soldiers and officers, all without exception, he read the same fear, horror, and battle which were in his heart.

"Yes, who is it that is really responsible for this? They all suffer just exactly as I do. Whose doings is it? whose?" Such was the question that flashed through Pierre's mind.

"*Tirailleurs du 86^{me}, en avant*—Squad of the 86th, forward," some one commanded.

The man who was fifth on the list, and stood next to Pierre, was led out—alone!

Pierre did not comprehend that he was saved; that he and all the others had been brought out simply to be witnesses of the execution. With ever increasing horror, but with no realizing sense either of joy or relief, he watched proceedings.

The fifth man was the factory workman in the khalat. The moment they laid their hands on him he seemed overwhelmed with terror, and clung to Pierre. Pierre shuddered, and shook him off.

The factory hand could not walk. He was seized under the arms and dragged away, yelling something. When they brought him to the post, he suddenly became quiet. An idea suddenly seemed to occur to him. Whether he realized that it was idle to scream, or felt that it was impossible that these men should really mean to kill him,—at all events, he stood by the post waiting for his eyes to be bandaged, just as the others had done, and like the wild beast at bay glared around him with flashing eyes.

Pierre could not bring himself to turn away or close his eyes. His curiosity and emotion, shared with the whole throng at the spectacle of this fifth execution, had arisen to the highest pitch. Like the other four, this new victim was composed. He wrapped his khalat around him, and rubbed one bare foot against the other.

When they proceeded to bind his eyes, he himself arranged the knot on the back of his head, as it was too tight for him. Then, when they placed him with his back to the blood-sprinkled post, he leaned back against it, but then, as though finding it uncomfortable in that position, he straightened himself up, and, standing on even feet, he coolly stood with his back to it.

Pierre did not take his eyes from him, or lose his slightest motion.

Some command must have been given ; the command must have been followed by the reports of eight muskets. But Pierre, in spite of all his subsequent efforts to remember, heard not the slightest report from the fire-arms. He only saw how the factory hand, for some reason, suddenly leaned with all his weight on the ropes, how blood showed in two spots, and how the ropes themselves from the weight of the suspended body gave way, and the factory hand, unnaturally lolling his head, and his legs doubling under him, sat down.

Pierre ran up to the post. No one detained him. The pale, terror-stricken men were doing something or other about the workman. One old, mustachioed French soldier, as he untied the ropes, could not prevent his lower jaw from trembling. The body was laid on the ground. The soldiers clumsily and in all haste dragged it behind the post, and proceeded to push it into the pit.

They all, evidently, were well assured that these men were criminals, and that it was necessary as quickly as possible to put out of sight all traces of their crime.

Pierre glanced into the pit, and saw that the factory hand lay there with his knees drawn up near to his head, and one shoulder higher than the other. And this shoulder was convulsively but regularly falling and rising. But already shovelfuls of earth were falling on his whole body.

One of the soldiers sternly, impatiently, wrathfully called to Pierre to come back. But Pierre heard him not, and stood by the post, and no one drove him away.

When now the pit was all filled up, a word of command was heard. Pierre was brought back to his place, and the French troops, standing in files on both sides of the post, faced about, and marched by the post in measured step.

The twenty-four men whose muskets had been emptied, standing in the midst of the square, ran to their places, as their companies marched by them.

Pierre gazed with lack-lustre eyes at these men, who two by two left the circle. All but one had rejoined their companies. A young soldier with a deathly pale face, and wearing a shako on the back of his head, had grounded his musket, and still stood in front of the pit, in the spot where he had fired. He staggered like a drunken man a few steps forward, then back, and could scarcely keep from falling. An old soldier, a non-commissioned officer, ran from the ranks, and, seizing the young soldier, drew him back to his company. The throng of Russians and French began to disperse. All went off in silence, with dejected heads.

"*Ça leur apprendra à incendier.* — This 'll teach 'em to set fires," said one of the Frenchmen. Pierre glanced at the speaker, and saw that he was a soldier who wanted to get some consolation from what had been done, but could not. Without finishing what he had begun to say, he waved his hand, and went on his way.

CHAPTER XII.

AFTER the execution, Pierre was parted from the others, and placed by himself in a small, dilapidated church that had been burned.

Just before evening a non-commissioned officer of the guard, accompanied by two soldiers, came into the church, and explained to Pierre that he was reprieved, and was to be put into the barracks of the prisoners of war.

Without comprehending what was said to him, Pierre got up and went with the soldiers.

He was conducted to some huts at the upper part of the field, constructed of burned planks, beams, and scantling, and introduced into one of them. It was dark, and Pierre found himself surrounded by a score of various characters. Pierre looked at these men, without comprehending who they were, why they were there, or what they wanted of him. He heard the words that they spoke, but he saw no connection or coherence in them: he did not comprehend their meaning. He answered their questions, but he had no idea who listened to him or how his answers were received. He looked at the faces and forms, and they all alike seemed to him meaningless.

From the moment that Pierre had looked upon that horrid massacre perpetrated by men who did not wish to do it, it might have been thought that the mainspring by which everything had been co-ordinated and kept alive in his mind had been torn away, and everything had crumbled into a heap of incoherent dust. Although he made no attempt to explain how it happened, his faith in the beneficent ordering of the universe, in the human soul, and in his own and in God, was destroyed.

Pierre had passed through such a mental crisis before, but never one of such violence as this. Before, when this kind of doubts had come upon Pierre, they had had their origin in his own wrong-doing. And Pierre had felt in the depths of his heart that his salvation from such despair and doubt

was in himself. But now he was conscious that it was not his own fault that the universe had collapsed before his eyes, leaving only incoherent ruins. He felt that it was not in his power to return to faith in life.

Around him in the darkness stood a number of men: apparently, they found something in him to interest them. They told him things, they asked questions of him; then they led him somewhere, and at last he found himself in a corner of the balagán, together with certain men who were talking and laughing together. "Here, now, my brothers, is the prince himself *who*" — (special stress was laid on the word "who") said some one's voice in the opposite corner of the balagán.

Pierre sat motionless and silent on the straw next the wall, now opening and now closing his eyes. But as soon as he closed his eyes he saw before him the factory workman's face, terrible, yes, terrible, from its very simplicity of expression, and the still more terrible faces of the involuntary executioners, with their anxious looks. And he would again open his eyes, and again stared meaninglessly into the darkness around him.

Next him sat a little man all doubled up, whose presence Pierre was made aware of from the very first by the powerful odor of perspiration which emanated from him every time he moved. This man was engaged in doing something to his feet, and though Pierre could not see his face he felt conscious that this man kept looking at him. By straining his eyes to suit the darkness, Pierre made out that this man was baring his feet. And Pierre began to grow interested in the way in which he performed the operation.

Having unwound the long band which was twisted around one foot and leg, he carefully rolled it up, and then went to work on the other foot the same way, constantly glancing at Pierre. While one hand was hanging up the first leg-wrapper, the other had instantly begun to undo the one on the other leg. Having thus bared his feet with precise but flowing, well-directed motions whereby no time was lost, the man spread out his foot-gear on the pegs which were driven in just above his head, took out his pocket-knife, pared off something, shut up his knife, thrust it under his pillow, and, having settled himself more comfortably, he clasped his knees with both hands and stared straight at Pierre.

For Pierre there was something agreeable, soothing, and satisfying in these well-regulated motions, and in this man making himself so at home in his corner, — even in the odor

emanating from him; and Pierre, without dropping his eyes, returned his gaze.

"Well, have you seen pretty hard times, barin? hah?" suddenly asked the little man. And there was such an expression of gentleness and simple-hearted goodness in the man's sing-song voice that Pierre would have instantly replied, but his jaw trembled and the tears came into his eyes. The little man at the same second, not giving Pierre time to betray his confusion, went on in the same pleasant voice:—

"Ah, my dear friend,* don't repine," said he, in that gentle, sing-song, affectionate tone with which old Russian peasant women talk, "don't repine, my friend. An hour to suffer, but an age to live! That's the way it is, my dear! But we live here, thank God, without offence. There's bad men and there's good men as well," said he, and, while still speaking, he got up on his knees with an agile motion, arose, and, coughing, went somewhere.

"Here, you little rascal,† you've come, have you!—There, there! that'll do!"

And the soldier, pushing off a puppy that was jumping upon him, returned to his place and sat down. He carried in his hand something wrapped up in a rag.

"Here's something to eat, barin," said he, returning to his former respectful tone, and, unwrapping the bundle, he gave to Pierre several baked potatoes. "We had porridge for dinner. But potatoes are excellent."

Pierre had eaten nothing all day, and the smell of the potatoes seemed to him extraordinarily pleasant. He thanked the soldier and began to eat.

"Well, how is it?" asked the soldier, with a smile, and taking one of the potatoes,—"do you relish it?"—He again got out his jack-knife, laid the potato on his palm, and cut it into halves, sprinkled salt on from the rag, and offered it to Pierre. "Potatoes excellent," he reiterated. "Eat it that way!"

It seemed to Pierre that he had never eaten any viands that tasted more appetizing.

"No, it makes no difference to me, one way or the other," said Pierre. "But why did they shoot those poor wretches? The last one wasn't twenty."

"Ts! tts!"—said the little man. "A sin!—a sin!" he quickly added; and as though words were always ready to his

* *É sokolik* (little hawk).

† *Ish shetma*.

lips, and winged to fly away very unexpectedly from them, he added, —

"How was it, barin, that you staid in Moscow?"

"I did not think they would come so soon. It was by accident I staid," replied Pierre.

"And how came they to take you? Was it from your own house, my dear?"*

"No: I was going to the fire, and it was then they seized me, and tried me as an incendiary."

"Where the tribunál is, there is injustice," said the little man sententiously.

"Have you been long here?" asked Pierre, as he munched the last potato.

"I? Since Sunday. I was taken from the hospital in Moscow."

"So you were a soldier, were you?"

"One of Apsheron's regiment. I was dying of fever. No one had ever told us anything about it. There were twenty of us lying there. We had no idea of such a thing—didn't dream of it!"

"Well, are you bored at being here?"

"How can I help being, my dear?*" My name is Platon; surname, Karatayef," he added, evidently so as to make Pierre's intercourse with him less formal. "They always called me *sokólik* in the army. How can one help being bored, my dear? Moscow is the mother of our cities! How can one look on and see her destruction and not be blue? The worm gnaws the cabbage, but perishes before it: that's the old folks' saying," he added quickly.

"What is that remark you made?" asked Pierre.

"I?" demanded Karatayef. "Oh, I said, 'Not by our wit, but as God sees fit,'"† said he, thinking he was repeating the former proverb. And immediately he pursued:—"And you have property, haven't you, barin? And have a house? Your cup must be full. And have a wife?‡ And old folks alive?" he asked. And Pierre, though he could not see because it was so dark, still knew that the soldier's lips were curved in a respectful smile of friendliness as he asked these questions.

He was evidently grieved to learn that Pierre had no parents, especially no mother.

"A wife for advice, a wife's mother for a welcome, but

* *Sokólik*, darling (little hawk). † *Nyé nashim umóm a Bózhym sudóm*.

‡ *Khozyaika*, mistress of the house.

nothing sweeter than one's own *mátushka*!" said he. "But have you any children?" he proceeded to inquire. Pierre's negative reply again evidently grieved him, and he hastened to add: "Well, you are young yet; God may give them. Only you should live in good understanding" —

"It's all the same to me now," said Pierre, involuntarily.

"Ek! My dear man!" exclaimed Platon. "There's no getting rid of the beggar's sack nor of the prison cell!" He got into a more comfortable attitude, cleared his throat, and was evidently preparing to spin a long yarn. "This was the way, my dear friend,* I lived when I was at home," he began. "We had a rich estate — much land — peasants lived well, and we in the house too, glory to thee, O God! My *bátyushka* would harvest sevenfold. Lived well, as *Christians* should! But one time" —

And Platon Karatayef related a long story about how he went into another man's grove after firewood, and the watchman had caught him; how he had been flogged, tried, and sent off as a soldier. — "Well, my dear friend,"† said he, his voice altered by his smile, "it seemed a misfortune; on the contrary, good thing! My brother would have had to go if it hadn't been for my sin. But my younger brother had five children, while, you see, I had only a wife to leave. I had a little girl once, but God took her back before I went soldiering. I went home on leave once. I will tell you about it. I see they live better than they did before. Yard full of live-stock; women at home; two brothers off at work." Only *Mikháilo*, the youngest, at home. And my *bátyushka*, he says, says he, 'All my children's alike to me; no matter which finger you pinch, it hurts just the same. And if they had not taken Platon, *Mikhailo'd* had to go.' He took us all in front of the 'images' — would you believe it? — and made us stand there. '*Mikhailo*,' says he, 'come here. Bow down to the ground before him; and you, woman, bow down; and you, little ones, bow down all of you! Have you understood?' says he. And that's the way it is, my dear friend. 'No escaping fate.'‡ And we are always declaring, 'This is not good, or this is all wrong.' But our happiness is like water in a trawl-net: pull it along and it's full; take it out and it's empty! That's the way it is."

And Platon shifted his seat on his straw.

* *Druk moï linbeznui.*

† *Sokólik.*

‡ Literally, Fate, destiny, seeks heads. A variant of the proverb reads, 'If Fate does not find the man, the man goes to Fate.'

After a little space of silence, Platon arose: "Well, I suppose you'd like to go to sleep?" said he, and he began to cross himself, muttering, "Lord Jesus Christ! Saint Nikola! Frola and Lavra! Lord Jesus Christ, Saint Nikola! Frola and Lavra, Lord Jesus Christ — have mercy upon us and save us!" he said in conclusion, bowed down to the very ground, got up, drew a deep sigh, and lay down on his straw. "Now, O God! let me 'sleep like a stone, and rise like a loaf,'"* he exclaimed, and lay down, covering himself with his soldier's coat.

"What was that prayer you were repeating?" asked Pierre.

"Heh?" said Platon. He was already asleep. "Repeated what? I was praying to God. Don't you say your prayers?"

"Certainly I say my prayers," replied Pierre. "But what was that about Frola and Lavra?"†

"Why," swiftly replied Platon, "that's the horses' saints. For we must have pity on the cattle," said Karatayef. "Oh, you rascal! you have come back, have you? You want to get warm, do you, you nice little slut?" said he, fondling the puppy at his feet, and, turning over again, instantly fell asleep.

Outside in the distance were heard the sounds of wailing and yells, and through the cracks in the hut the glare of the fire could be seen, but in the *balagán* it was dark and still. It was long before Pierre could go to sleep; and he lay in his place, in the darkness with wide-open eyes, listening to Platon's measured snoring, as he lay near him, and feeling that that formerly ruined world was now arising again in his soul, in new beauty and with new and steadfast foundations.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE *balagán* or hut where Pierre was confined, and where he spent four weeks, contained twenty-three soldiers, three officers, and two *chinovniks*, — all prisoners.

Afterwards all of them seemed to be misty memories to Pierre; but Platon Karatayef forever remained in Pierre's mind as a most powerful and precious recollection, the very embodiment of all that was good and worthy and truly Russian.

When, on the following day, at dawn, Pierre saw his neighbor, the first impression of something rotund was fully con-

* *Kaláchik* (*kalatch*), a sort of pretzel or light loaf.

† *Frola and Lavra*: *Flora and Laura*.

firmed; Platon's whole figure, in his French overcoat belted with a rope, in his forage cap and bast shoes, was rotund. His head was absolutely round; his back, his chest, his shoulders, even his arms, which he always carried as though he were always ready to throw them around something, were round; his pleasant smile and his large, thick brows and his gentle eyes were round.

Platon Karatayef must have been upwards of fifty, to judge by his stories of campaigns in which he had taken part as a soldier. He himself had no idea, and could never have told with any accuracy, how old he was. But his teeth, brilliantly white and strong, were always displayed in two unbroken rows whenever he laughed, — which he often did, — and not one was not good and sound. There was not a trace of gray in beard or hair, and his whole frame had the appearance of agility and especially of steadfastness and endurance.

His face, in spite of a multitude of delicate round wrinkles, gave the impression of innocence and youth: his voice was agreeable in its melodious sing-song. But the chief peculiarity of his speech consisted in its spontaneity and shrewdness. He evidently never thought of what he said or what he was going to say. And from this arose the irresistible persuasiveness that was found in the rapidity and certainty of his intonations.

His physical powers and activity were so great during the early part of their term of captivity that it seemed as though he knew not what weariness or ill-health meant. Every morning and evening, as he lay on his couch of straw, he would say: "Lord, let me sleep like a stone, and rise like a loaf."

When he got up in the morning he always shrugged his shoulders in a certain way and said: "Turn over when you lie down, shake yourself when you get up." And, in point of fact, all he had to do was to lie down, and instantly he would be asleep like a stone; and all he had to do was to shake himself, and without a second's delay he would be ready to take up anything, just as children, when they are once up, take to their toys.

He was a jack-at-all-trades, but neither very good nor very bad at any. He could bake, cook, sew, cut hair, cobble boots. He was always busy, and only when it came night did he allow himself to enjoy social converse, though he enjoyed it, and to sing. He sang his songs, not as singers usually sing, knowing that they will be heard, but he sang as the birds

sing, evidently because it was just as much a necessity upon him as it was for him to stretch himself or to walk. And these sounds were always gentle, soft, almost like a woman's, plaintive, and his face, while he was engaged in this, was very grave.

During his captivity he let his beard grow, and evidently discarded everything extraneous that was foreign or military, and involuntarily returned to his former condition of the peasant and man of the people.

"'A soldier on leave is a shirt made out of drawers,'" he would quote. He was not fond of talking about his soldiering days, although he regretted them not, and often declared that during all his term in the service he had not once been flogged. When he had stories to tell he much preferred to confine them to old and evidently precious recollections of the time when he was a serf — *Khristianin*, Christian, he called it, instead of *Krestyanin*!

The proverbs of which he made so much use were not that generally coarse and vulgar slang such as soldiers are apt to employ, but were genuine popular "saws," which seem perfectly insignificant when taken out of connection, but which suddenly acquire a meaning of deep wisdom when applied appositely.

He often said things that were diametrically opposed to what he had said before, but yet each statement would be correct. He loved to talk, and talked well, embellishing his discourse with affectionate diminutives and proverbs, which, it seemed to Pierre, the man himself improvised; but the chief charm of his narrations arose from the fact that the simplest events, those which Pierre himself had participated in without being any the wiser, assumed a character of solemn beauty.

He liked to listen to the yarns — though they were all of a single stamp — which a certain soldier used to tell evenings, but above all he liked to listen to tales of actual life.

He smiled blithely while listening to such tales, suggesting words and asking questions conducive to bringing out all the beauty of what was related to him.

Special attachments, friendships, loves, as Pierre understood them, Karatayef had none; but he liked all men, and lived in a loving way with all with whom his life brought him in contact, and especially with men — not any particular men — but with such as were in his sight. He loved his dog; he loved his comrades, the French; he loved Pierre, who was his

companion; but Pierre felt that Karatayef, in spite of all that affectionate spirit which he manifested toward him, — and which he could not help giving as a tribute to Pierre's spiritual life, — not for one moment would grieve over separation. And Pierre also began to have the same feeling toward Karatayef.

Platon Karatayef was, in the eyes of all the other prisoners, a most ordinary soldier. They called him *sokólik*, "little hawk," or *Platósha*, good-naturedly quizzed him, made him do odd jobs for them.

But for Pierre he remained forever what he had seemed to him the first night, — the incomprehensible, rotund, and eternal personification of the spirit of simplicity and truth.

The only thing that Platon Karatayef knew merely by rote was his prayer. When he talked, he, it would appear, would have no idea where, having once begun, it would bring him out.

When Pierre, as sometimes happened, missed the sense of what he said, and would ask him to repeat himself, Platon would not be able to remember what he had spoken only the minute before, just as in the same way he could not give Pierre the words of his favorite song. The words were: *Rodímaya, beryózanka i tóshnenko mnyé*, — Mother, little birch-tree, sick at heart am I, — but there was no coherent sense in those words. He could not remember or define words apart from the context.

Every word he spoke and everything that he did was the manifestation of that, to him, incomprehensible activity, his life. But his life, as he himself looked upon it, had no sense as a separate existence. It had sense only as it was a part of the great whole of which he was constantly conscious. His words and deeds flowed from him as regularly, unavoidably, and spontaneously as the fragrance exhales from a flower. He could not comprehend either the object or the significance of words or deeds taken out of their proper connection.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE Princess Mariya, having learned from Nikolai that her brother was with the Rostofs at Yaroslavl, immediately, in spite of her aunt's dissuasion, made her arrangements to join him, not alone, but with her nephew.

She did not ask herself whether this would be hard or easy,

feasible or impossible, and she cared not to know: it was her duty not only to be with her brother, who perhaps was dying, but also to put forth her utmost endeavors to bring his son to him, and she was bound to go.

If Prince Andrei himself did not send her word, it was to be explained, the princess was certain, either because he was too feeble to write, or because he felt that the long, round-about journey would be too hard and perilous for her and his son.

In a few days the Princess Mariya was ready for the journey. Her outfit consisted of the vast, princely coach in which she had made the journey to Voronezh, a britchka and a baggage-wagon. She was accompanied by Mlle. Bourienne, Nikolushka with his tutor, the old nyatka, three maids, Tikhon, a young footman, and a *haiduk* whom her aunt sent with her.

To go by the usual route, by way of Moscow, was not even to be thought of, and therefore the roundabout journey which the princess had to take through Lipetsk, Riazan, Vladimir, Shuya, was very long, and, by reason of the dearth of post-horses, very difficult, and in the vicinity of Riazan, where, so it was said, the French had begun to appear, even perilous.

During this trying journey, Mlle. Bourienne, Dessalles, and the Princess Mariya's servants, were amazed at her steadfastness and activity. She was the last of all to retire, she was the first of all to rise, and no difficulties sufficed to daunt her. Thanks to her activity and energy, which inspired her companions, at the end of the second week they reached Yaroslavl.

During the last part of her stay in Voronezh, the Princess Mariya had experienced the keenest joy of her life. Her love for Rostof no longer tormented her or excited her. This love filled her whole soul, had made itself an inseparable part of her being, and she no longer struggled against it. Of late, the Princess Mariya had persuaded herself — though she never said this in so many words even to herself — that she loved, and was loved in return. She was convinced of this at her last meeting with Nikolai, when he came to explain that her brother was with his parents.

Nikolai had not intimidated by a single word that now, in case of Prince Andrei's restoration to health, the former relations between him and Natasha would be renewed, but the Princess Mariya saw by Nikolai's face that he knew it was possible and had thought of it.

And, nevertheless, his relations toward her, so considerate, so gentle, and so affectionate, not only underwent no change,

but he was apparently delighted, because now the kinship between him and the Princess Mariya gave him greater freedom in manifesting to her his friendship-love, for such the princess sometimes considered it to be. The Princess Mariya knew that this, in her case, was love for the first and last time in her life, and she felt that she was loved, and she was happy and calm in this state of things.

But this happiness did not prevent her from feeling grief in all its force for her brother: on the contrary, this spiritual composure, in one sense, permitted her greater possibility of giving herself up completely to this feeling for her brother.

This feeling was so intense at the first moment of her departure from Voronezh that her attendants were convinced, as they looked into her anguished, despairing face, that she would assuredly fall ill on the way; but the difficulties and trials of the journey, which employed so much of her energies, saved her for the time being from her grief, and imparted strength to her.

As is always the case during a journey, the Princess Mariya had no other thought than about the journey, and forgot the object for which it was undertaken. But, as she approached Yaroslavl, when what was possibly before her recurred to her, and she realized that it was to be that very evening and not at the end of days, the Princess Mariya's agitation reached its utmost limits.

When the *haïduk* who had been sent forward to find where in Yaroslavl the Rostofs were quartered, and how Prince Andrei was, rode back and met the great travelling-coach at the barriers, he was horror-struck to see the princess's terribly pallid face, as she put it out of the window.

"I have found out all about it, your ladyship:* the Rostofs are on the square, at the house of the merchant Bronnikof. Not very far from here, right on the Volga," said the *haïduk*.

The Princess Mariya looked into his face anxiously and inquiringly, not understanding why he did not reply to the question that chiefly occupied her: "How is my brother?"

Mademoiselle Bourienne asked this question for the princess.

"How is the prince?" asked she.

"His illustriousness is with them in the same house."

"Of course, then, he must be alive," thought the princess, and she softly asked: "How is he?"

* *Vashe siyâtelstvo* (illustriousness).

"The servants say he is still in the same condition."

The princess did not dream of asking what he meant by being "in the same condition," and imperceptibly giving a swift glance at the seven-year-old Nikolushka, who was sitting next her and rejoicing in the sight of the city, she dropped her head and did not look up again until the heavy carriage, rumbling, jolting, and swaying, stopped somewhere. The steps were let down with a clatter. The door was thrown open. At the left was water—the great river; at the right, a door-step; on the door-step were servants and a young, ruddy-faced girl, with a long, dark switch of hair, who wore what seemed to the Princess Mariya a disagreeably hypocritical smile.

This was Sonya.

The princess got out and mounted the steps; the hypocritically smiling young girl said, "This way, this way," and the princess found herself in the anteroom, in the presence of an elderly woman, with an Eastern type of face, who, with a flurried expression, came swiftly to meet her.

This was the old countess.

She threw her arms around the Princess Mariya and began to kiss her.

"My child!" she exclaimed, "I love you and I have known you for a long time."*

In spite of all her agitation the princess realized that this was the countess and that she must say something to her. She, without knowing how she did it, murmured a few polite words in French, in the same tone in which those spoken to her were said, and then she asked, "How is he?"

"The doctor says that there is no danger," said the countess; but even while she made that remark she sighed and raised her eyes to heaven, and in this action contradicted what she had just said.

"Where is he? May I see him? May I?" asked the princess.

"Directly, princess, directly, dear friend!—Is this his son?" she asked, turning to Nikolushka, who had come in with Dessalles. "There will be room enough for us all. It is a large house. — Oh, what a lovely little boy!"

The countess took the princess into the drawing-room. Sonya engaged in conversation with Mademoiselle Bourienne. The countess fondled the boy. The old count came into the room to pay his respects to the princess.

* *Mon enfant ! je vous aime et vous connais depuis longtemps.*

The old count had completely altered since the princess had seen him the last time. Then he was a lively, jovial, self-confident little old man; now he seemed like a melancholy wreck of himself. As he talked with the countess he kept looking round, as though he were asking all present whether he were doing the proper thing. After the destruction of Moscow and his property, being taken out of the ruts in which he was accustomed to run, he had apparently lost his bearings, and felt that there was no longer any place for him in life.

In spite of her one desire to see her brother as speedily as possible, and her annoyance because at the moment when she might be gratifying this desire, and seeing him, she was obliged to exchange courtesies with these people, and to listen to pretended praise of her nephew, still the princess kept a close watch on everything around her, and felt that it was incumbent upon her to conform to the new order of things into which she had fallen. She knew that it was a necessity, and, hard as it was, still she kept her temper.

"This is my niece," said the count, introducing Sonya. "You have not met her, have you, princess?"

The princess turned to her, and, trying to overmaster the feeling of hostility that this young lady caused in her heart, she gave her a kiss. But it was made hard for her because of the want of harmony between all these people and what was in her own heart.

"Where is he?" she asked again, addressing no one in particular.

"He is downstairs. Natasha is with him," replied Sonya, coloring. "They've sent word to him. I think you must be tired, princess."

Tears of vexation arose to the princess's eyes. She turned away, and was going once more to ask the countess how she could go to him, when light, impetuous, one might almost say jocund, steps were heard in the adjoining room. The princess glanced round and saw Natasha almost running, — that same Natasha who, when she had last seen her in Moscow, had so completely failed to please her.

The princess had scarcely glanced into the face of this Natasha before she perceived that this was a genuine sympathizer in her grief, and hence her friend. She went to meet her, and, throwing her arms around her, melted into tears on her neck.

As soon as Natasha, who had been sitting by Prince Andrei's bedside, learned of the princess's arrival, she had

quietly left the room, and with the same swift and, as it seemed to the Princess Mariya, jocund steps, hurried to meet her.

On her agitated face there was only one expression when she came into the room—the expression of love, unbounded love for him, for his sister, for everything that was near and dear to this beloved man, the expression of pity, of sympathy for others, and a passionate desire to give herself up entirely if only he might find help. It was evident that, at that moment, there was no room in Natasha's soul for thoughts about herself, or about her relations toward him.

The sensitive Princess Mariya, at the first glance into Natasha's face, realized all this, and, with a bitter sweetness, she wept on her neck.

"Let us go to him; come, Marie!" exclaimed Natasha, leading her into the next room.

The Princess Mariya looked up, wiped her eyes, and was about to ask Natasha a question. She felt that from her she could ask and learn all that she wanted to know.

"How"—she began to ask, but suddenly paused. She felt that her question could not be asked or answered in words. Natasha's face and eyes would tell her everything more clearly and with profounder meaning.

Natasha looked at her, but, it seemed, she was in too great fear or doubt, either to tell or not to tell all that she knew; she seemed to feel that, in presence of those lucid eyes, searching the very depths of her soul, it was impossible not to tell the whole truth, everything as she herself saw it. Natasha's lip suddenly trembled, the ugly wrinkles grew more pronounced around her mouth, and she burst into tears, and hid her face in her hands.

The Princess Mariya understood all.

But still she hoped, and she asked in words in which she had no faith,—

"But how is his wound? What is his general condition?"

"You—you—will see for yourself," was all that Natasha could manage to say.

The two waited for some time downstairs, next his room, so as to finish crying, and to go to him with composed faces.

"How has his whole illness gone? Has the change for the worse been of recent occurrence? When did *this* take place?" asked the Princess Mariya.

Natasha had told her that during the first part of the time there was danger from his fever and suffering, but that at

Troitsa this had passed off, and the doctor had only feared Anthony's fire. But even this danger of mortification had been avoided. When they reached Yaroslavl, the wound began to suppurate (Natasha understood all about suppuration and such things), and the doctor said that the suppuration might take its normal course. There had been some fever. The doctor declared that this fever was not ominous. "But two days before," Natasha said, "*this* had suddenly come upon him." — She restrained her sobs. — "I don't know why, but you will see how he is."

"Has he grown weaker? Has he grown thin?" — asked the princess.

"No, not exactly, but thinner. You will see. Ah, Marie! he is too good; he cannot, cannot live — because" —

CHAPTER XV.

WHEN Natasha, with her ordinary composure, opened the door of his room, allowing the princess to enter before her, the Princess Mariya felt that the sobs were already swelling her throat. In spite of her preparations, her endeavors to compose herself, she knew that she should not be able to see him without tears.

The Princess Mariya comprehended what Natasha meant by the phrase, "*Two days before, this had suddenly come upon him.*" She realized what it meant that he had suddenly grown softened: this sweetness and humility were the symptoms of death. As she entered the doorway, she already saw in her fancy that face of her Andriusha, which she had known in childhood, gentle, sweet, full of feeling, sensitive, in a way that later had rarely shown itself, and which had, therefore, always made such a vivid impression upon her. She knew that he would speak to her those subdued, affectionate words, like what her father had spoken just before he died, and that she would not be able to endure it, and would burst into tears before him.

But sooner or later it had to be, and she entered the room. The sobs rose higher and higher in her throat, as, with greater and greater distinctness, with her near-sighted eyes, she distinguished his form and searched his features, and then she saw his face and met his eyes.

He lay on a sofa, propped up with pillows, and wrapped in a squirrel-skin khalat. He was thin and pale. One thin,

transparently white hand held his handkerchief; with the other he was, by a gentle motion of the fingers, caressing the long ends of his mustache. His eyes were turned toward the visitors.

When the Princess Mariya saw his face and her eyes met his, she suddenly modified the haste of her steps, and felt that her tears were suddenly dried and her sobs relieved. As she caught the expression of his face and eyes, she suddenly grew awestruck, and felt that she was guilty.

"But what am I guilty of?" she asked herself.

"Because thou art alive, and art thinking of the future, while I?" — was the reply of his cold, stern look.

In that look of his, not outward from within, but turned inward upon himself, there was almost an expression of hostility, as he slowly turned his eyes on his sister and Natasha. He exchanged kisses with his sister, and shook hands as usual.

"How are you, Marie? How did you get here?" he asked, but his voice had the same monotonous and alien sound that was in his look. If he had uttered a desperate cry, this cry would have filled the Princess Mariya with less horror than the sound of his voice. "And have you brought Nikolushka?" he asked, in the same slow, indifferent way, and evidently finding it hard to recollect.

"How are you now?" inquired the Princess Mariya, amazed, herself, at her question.

"That you must ask of the doctor," he replied, and evidently collecting his strength, so as to be more gracious, he said with his lips alone (it was evident that he did not think at all of what he was saying), "*Merci, chère amie, d'être venue* — Thank you for coming!"

The Princess Mariya pressed his hand. He almost noticeably frowned at the pressure of her hand. He was silent, and she knew not what to say. She now understood what had come over him two days before. In his words, in his tone, especially in this glance of his, this cold, almost hostile look, could be perceived that alienation from all that is of this world, that is so terrible for a living man to witness. He evidently found it difficult to understand the interests of life, but at the same time one could feel that this was so not because he was deprived of the power of remembrance, but because his mind was turned to something else, which the living comprehend not and cannot comprehend, and which was absorbing him entirely.

the habit of observation, experience; but if he had at that time enjoyed the mastery of all that he acquired later, he could not have had a deeper, truer comprehension of the significance of that scene between his father, the Princess Mariya, and Natasha, than he had then. He understood it perfectly, and, not shedding a tear, he left the room, silently crept up to Natasha, who followed him, and shyly looked at her out of his beautiful, dreamy eyes; his short lip trembled; he leaned his head against her and wept.

From that day he avoided Dessalles, avoided the countess, who petted him, and either staid alone by himself or timidly joined the Princess Mariya and Natasha, whom he, as it seemed, liked better than his aunt, and quietly and shyly staid by them.

The Princess Mariya, on leaving her brother, perfectly comprehended what Natasha's face had told her. She said nothing more about any hope of saving his life. She took turns with her in sitting by his sofa, and she ceased to weep; but she prayed without ceasing, her soul turning to that eternal, searchless One, whose presence so palpably hovered over the dying man.

CHAPTER XVI.

PRINCE ANDREI not only knew that he was going to die, but he also felt that he was dying, that he was already half-way toward death.

He experienced a consciousness of alienation from everything earthly, and a strange, beatific exhilaration of being. Without impatience and without anxiety, he waited for what was before him.

That ominous, Eternal Presence, unknown and far away, which had never once ceased, throughout all his life, to haunt his senses, was now near at hand, and, by reason of that strange exhilaration which he felt, almost comprehensible and palpable.

Before, he had feared the end. Twice he had experienced that terribly tormenting sense of the fear of death, of the end, and now he did not realize it.

The first time he had experienced that feeling was when the shell was spinning like a top before him, and he looked at

the stubble field, at the shrubbery, at the sky, and knew that death was before him.

When he waked to consciousness, after his wound, and in his soul, for an instant, as it were, freed from the burden of life that crushed him, had sprung up that flower of love eternal, unbounded, independent of all life, he no longer feared death, and thought no more of it.

During those tormenting hours of loneliness and half-delirium which he had spent since he was wounded, the more he pondered over this new source of eternal love which had at first been concealed from him, the more he became alienated from the earthly life, though the process was an unconscious one.

To love everything, all men, always to sacrifice self for love's sake, meant to love no one in particular, meant not to live this mundane life. And the more he imbued himself with this source of love, the more he let go of life, and the more absolutely he broke down that terrible impediment which, if love be absent, holds between life and death.

When, during this first period, he remembered that he must die, he said to himself, "Well, then, so much the better."

But after that night at Muitishchi, when in his semi-delirium she whom he had longed for appeared before him, and when he, pressing his lips to her hand, had wept gentle tears of joy, then love for one woman imperceptibly took possession of his heart and again attached it to life. And joyful but anxious thoughts began to recur to him. As he remembered the moment at the field lazaret, when he had seen Kuragin, he could not now renew that former feeling: he was tortured by the question: "Is he alive?" But he dared not make the inquiry.

His illness followed its physical course, but what Natasha had spoken of as *having come over him* happened two days before the Princess Mariya's arrival. This was the last moral combat between life and death, and death had been victorious. It was the unexpected discovery that he still prized his life, which presented itself in the guise of his love for Natasha, and the last victorious attack of horror before the unknown.

It was evening. As was usually the case after dinner, he was in a slightly feverish condition, and his mind was preternaturally acute. Sonya was sitting by the table. Suddenly, a realizing sense of bliss took possession of him.

"Ah! she has come!" he said to himself.

In point of fact, Sonya's place was occupied by Natasha, who had just come in with noiseless steps.

Ever since the time when she had begun to be his nurse, he had always experienced this physical sense of her presence.

She sat in the easy-chair, with her side toward him, shading his eyes from the candle-light, and knitting stockings. (She had learned to knit stockings because one time Prince Andrei had told her that no one made such admirable nurses for the sick as old *fyanyas*, who are always knitting stockings, because there is something very soothing in the operation of knitting.) Her slender fingers swiftly plied the occasionally clicking needles, and the pensive profile of her bended head was full in his sight. She moved—the ball of yarn rolled from her lap. She started, glanced at him, and shading the candle with her hand, with a cautious, lithe, and graceful movement, she bent over, picked up the ball, and resumed her former position.

He looked at her without stirring, and noticed that after she had picked up the ball she had wanted to draw a long breath, with her full bosom, but had refrained from doing so, and had cautiously masked her sigh.

At the *Troitskaya Lavra* they had talked over the past, and he had told her that in case he lived he should eternally thank God for his wound, which had brought him back to her; but from that time they had not spoken of the future.

"Can it possibly be?" he was now musing, as he looked at her and listened to the slight steely click of her knitting needles, "can it be that fate has so strangely brought us together again only that I may die? . . . Can it be that the true meaning of life was revealed to me only that I might live in a lie? I love her more than all else in the world. But what can I do if I love her?" he asked himself, and he suddenly, in spite of himself, groaned, as he often did, out of a custom acquired while he had been suffering.

Hearing this sound, Natasha laid down her stocking, bent nearer to him, and, suddenly noticing his flashing eyes, she went over to him and bent down to him.

"Haven't you been asleep?"

"No: I have been looking at you this long time. I knew by feeling when you came in. No one except you gives me such a sense of gentle restfulness.—Such light! I feel like weeping from very joy."

Natasha moved still closer to him. Her face was radiant with solemn delight.

"Natasha, I love you too dearly! More than all in the world!"

"And I?" She turned away for an instant. "Why 'too dearly'?" she asked.

"Why too dearly? — Now tell me what you think — what you think in the depths of your heart! shall I get well? How does it seem to you?"

"I am sure of it, sure of it," Natasha almost screamed, with a passionate motion seizing both his hands.

He was silent.

"How good it would be!" And, taking her hand, he kissed it.

Natasha was happy and agitated; and instantly she remembered that this was all wrong, that he needed to be kept perfectly quiet.

"However, you have not been asleep," said she, calming her pleasure. "Try to get a nap — please do."

He relinquished her hand, after pressing it once again, and she went back to the candle and resumed her former position. Twice she looked at him; his eyes met hers. She set herself a stint on the stocking, and resolved that she would not look up until she had finished it.

In point of fact, soon after this he closed his eyes, and went to sleep. He did not sleep long, and woke suddenly in a cold perspiration of anxiety.

While he slept, his mind was constantly occupied with the question: death, or life? And death more than life! He felt that it was near.

"Love? What is love?" he asked himself.

"Love is the antidote to death. Love is life. All, all that I understand, I understand solely because I love. All is, all exists simply and solely because I love. All is summed up in this alone. Love is God; and death for me, who am a tiny particle of love, means returning into the universal and eternal source of love."

These thoughts seemed to him a consolation. But they were only thoughts. There was something lacking in them, something that was exclusive and personal — there was no basis of reality. And he was a prey to the same restlessness and lack of clearness.

He fell asleep.

It seemed to him, in his dream, that he was lying in the same room in which he was actually lying, but that he was not wounded, but quite well. Many different persons, insignificant,

indifferent, appear before him. He is talking with them, discussing something of no earthly consequence. They are preparing to go somewhere. Prince Andrei dimly comprehends that all this is mere waste of time, and that he has something of real importance to accomplish, but still he goes on talking, filling them with amazement at his words, which are witty but devoid of sense.

Gradually, but imperceptibly, all these persons begin to disappear, and his attention is wholly occupied by the question of a closed door. He gets up and goes to the door, with the intention of pushing the bolt and closing the door.

Everything depends on whether he succeeds or not in closing it. He starts, he tries to make haste, but his legs refuse to move, and he knows that he will not have time to close the door, but still he morbidly puts forth all his energies. And a painful anguish of fear takes hold of him. And this fear is the fear of death: behind the door *It* is standing.

But by the time that he feebly, awkwardly drags himself to the door, this *something* horrible, pushing its way from the other side, breaks through. Something that is not human — Death — is pushing the door open, and he must keep it shut. He clutches the door, exerts his final energies, — not indeed to shut it, for that is impossible, but to hold it; his energies, however, are weak and maladroit, and, crushing him with its horror, the door opens and again closes.

Once more the pressure came from without. His last, superhuman energies were vain, and both wings of the ~~door~~ noiselessly swung open. *It* came in, and it was death.

And Prince Andrei was dying.

But at the very instant that he seemed to be dying, Prince Andrei remembered that he was asleep, and at the very instant that he was dying, he made one last effort and awoke.

"Yes, that was *death*. I died — I woke up. Yes, death is an awakening."

This thought suddenly flashed through his soul, and the veil which till then had covered the unknown was lifted from before his spiritual eyes. He felt as it were a deliverance from the bonds which before had fastened him down, and that strange buoyancy that henceforth did not forsake him.

When he woke in a cold sweat and stirred on his couch, and Natasha came to him and asked him what was the matter, he made no reply, and, not understanding what she said, gave her a strange look.

This was what had taken place two days before the Princess

Mariya's arrival. From that day, as the doctor said, his slow fever took a turn for the worse, but Natasha had no need to depend on what the doctor said: she could see for herself those terrible moral symptoms which allowed less and less room for doubt.

From that time forth began for Prince Andrei, simultaneously with the awakening from his dream, the awakening from life. And, considering the length of life, this seemed to him no slower than the awakening from the dream when compared to the length of his nap.

There was nothing terrible and nothing cruel in this relatively slow awakening.

The last days and hours glided away peacefully and simply. Both the Princess Mariya and Natasha, who staid constantly by his side, felt this. They wept not, they trembled not, and the last part of the time, as they themselves realized, they were watching, not the man himself, — for he was no more, he had gone from them, — but simply the most immediate remembrance of him, simply his body.

The feelings of both were so strong that the external, terrible side of death had no effect upon them, and they found it unnecessary to give vent to their grief. They wept neither in his presence nor when away from him, and they never talked about him among themselves. They felt that they could not express in words what was real to their understandings.

They both saw how he was sinking, deeper and deeper, slowly and peacefully away from them into the *whither*, and they both knew that this was inevitable and that it was well. He was shrived and partook of the sacrament. All came to bid him farewell.

When his little son was brought, he kissed him and turned away, not because his heart was sore and filled with pity (the Princess Mariya and Natasha understood this), but simply because he supposed that this was all that was required of him. But when he was told that he should give him his blessing, he did what was required of him, and looked around as though asking whether it were necessary to do anything more.

When the last gentle spasms shook the body, as it was deserted by the spirit, the princess and Natasha were present.

"It is over!" said the Princess Mariya, after his body had lain motionless and growing cold for several moments. Natasha came to the couch, looked into his dead eyes, and made

haste to close them. She closed them and kissed them not, but reverently kissed that which had been the most immediate remembrance of him.

"Where has he gone? Where is he now?"

When the mortal frame, washed and clad, lay in the coffin on the table, they all went in to say farewell, and all shed tears.

Nikolushka wept from the tormenting perplexity that tore his young heart.

The countess and Sonya wept from sympathy for Natasha, and because he was no more.

The old count wept because very soon, as it seemed to him, he also would have to tread this terrible path.

Natasha and the princess also wept now, but they wept not because of their own personal sorrow; they wept from a reverent emotion which took possession of their souls in presence of the simple and solemn mystery of death, which had been accomplished before their eyes.

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

THE association of cause and effect is something beyond the comprehension of the human mind. But the impulse to search into causes is inherent in man's very nature. And the human intellect, unable to search the infinite variety and complicated tangle of conditions accompanying phenomena,—every one of which may seem to be the ultimate cause,—seizes upon the first and most obvious coincidence, and says, "This is the cause!"

In historical events where the acts of men are the object of investigation, that which first suggests itself seems to be the will of the gods; then the will of those men who stand in the forefront of historical prominence—historical heroes.

But it requires only to penetrate into the essence of any historical event, that is, the activity of the whole mass of the people who took part in the event, to become convinced that the will of the historical hero not only did not guide the actions of the masses, but, on the contrary, was constantly guided by them.

It would seem as though it were a matter of indifference whether the significance of an historical event were explained in one way or another. But between the man who should say that the nations of the west marched against the east because Napoleon wished them to do so, and the man who should say that this happened because it had to happen, there is as wide a difference as between men who are convinced that the earth stands fixed and that the planets move around it, and those who assert that they know not what holds the earth, but they know that there are laws which govern the motion of the earth and the other planets.

The causes of historical events can be nothing else than the only cause of all causes. But there are laws which govern events, and some of them are unknown to us, and some of them we have investigated. The discovery of these causes is possible only when we repudiate the idea that these causes

may be found in the will of a single man, exactly in the same way as the discovery of the laws governing the motions of the planets became possible only when men repudiated the notion of the fixity of the earth.

After the battle of Borodino and the occupation of Moscow by the enemy and its destruction by fire, the most important episode of the war of 1812, according to the historians, is the movement of the Russian army from the Riazan road toward the camp of Tarutino by way of the Kaluga road, the so-called flank movement beyond Krasnaya Pakhra.

Historians ascribe the glory of this stroke of genius to various individuals, and do not agree upon any one to whom it belongs. Foreign historians, even the French historians, in speaking of this "flank movement," recognize the genius of the Russian generals.

But why military writers and everybody else suppose that this flank movement was the perspicacious invention of any single person, which thus saved Russia and overthrew Napoleon, is something hard to understand.

In the first place it is hard to understand in what consists the perspicacity and genius displayed by this movement, for it does not require a great intellectual effort to see that the best position for an army when not enduring attacks is where there is the greatest abundance of supplies. And any one, even a dull boy of thirteen, might suppose that in 1812 the most advantageous position for the Russian army after the retreat from Moscow was on the road to Kaluga. Thus it is impossible in the first place to understand by what arguments historians persuade themselves that they see perspicacity in this manœuvre.

In the second place it is still more difficult to understand exactly how historians attribute the salvation of the Russians and the destruction of the French to this manœuvre; for if this "flank movement" had been carried out under other conditions, preceding, accompanying, or following, it might have brought about the destruction of the Russian army and the salvation of the French. Even though the situation of the Russian army began to improve from the time that this movement was effectuated, still it does not follow that this movement was the cause of it.

This flank movement not only might not have brought any advantage, but might even have been fatal to the Russian army had there not been a coincidence of other conditions.

What would have happened if Moscow had not been burned? If Murat had not lost sight of the Russians? If Napoleon had not remained inactive? If at Krasnaya Pakhra the Russian army had followed the advice of Benigsen and Barclay, and given battle?

What would have happened if the French had attacked the Russians when they were on the march beyond Pakhra?

What would have happened if Napoleon, after approaching Tarutino, had attacked the Russians with even a tenth part of the energy with which he had attacked at Smolensk?

What would have happened if the French had marched toward Petersburg? —

In any one of these suppositions, the flank movement, instead of being the salvation of Russia, might have been a disaster.

In the third place, most incomprehensible of all it is that those who make a study of history are unwilling to see that it is impossible to attribute the flank movement to any particular person, that no one could ever have foreseen it, that this manœuvre, like the retreat to Fili, never presented itself to anybody in its totality, but, step by step, event by event, moment by moment, it came about as the result of an infinite number of most heterogeneous conditions, and it appeared clearly in its totality only when it had been consummated and was an accomplished fact.

At the council of war held at Fili among the Russian generals the predominant opinion was for retreat by the most direct and obvious route, the Nizhni-Novgorod road. This is proved by the fact that the majority of votes at the council were thrown in favor of this plan, and above all by the conversation that occurred after the council between the commander-in-chief and Lanskoï, who was in charge of the commissary department.

Lanskoï informed the commander-in-chief that the army stores were concentrated principally along the Oka in the provinces of Tula and Kazan, and that in case of retreat upon Nizhni, the army would be separated from its stores by the great river Oka, which, during the first stages of winter, it would be impossible to cross with supplies.

This was the first indication of the necessity for renouncing the plan of a direct retreat to Nizhni, which at first had seemed the most natural.

The army kept farther to the south, on the road to Riazan, so as to be nearer its base of supplies.

Afterwards the inactivity of the French, who seemed even to

have lost sight of the Russian army, the work of protecting the arsenal at Tula, and above all the advantage of proximity to its supplies, compelled the Russian army to move still farther to the south along the Tula road.

When at length Pakhra had been passed by this bold movement along the Tula road, the chiefs of the Russian army thought of halting at Podolsk, and there was no idea at all of taking up a position at Tarutino; but an infinite number of circumstances — the re-appearance of the French army, which before had lost the Russians out of sight, and plans of battle, and above all the abundance of stores at Kaluga — compelled our army still more to swerve to the southward, and, taking a route right through the midst of its abundance, to cross over from the Tula road to the Kaluga road and approach Tarutino.

Just as it is impossible to answer the question when Moscow was abandoned, so it is impossible to tell when and by whom it was decided to go to Tarutino.

Only when the troops had already reached Tarutino, by reason of an infinite number of differentiated efforts, then men began to persuade themselves that this had been their wish and their long predetermination.

CHAPTER II.

THE celebrated flank movement consisted simply in this. The Russian army, which had been retreating straight back as the invaders pushed forward, turned aside from the straight direction when they saw the French no longer pursuing, and naturally took the direction in which they were attracted by an abundance of supplies.

If there had not been men of genius at the head of the Russian army, if it had been merely an army without generals, it could have done nothing else than return to Moscow, describing a semicircle in that direction where there were more provisions and where the country was richer.

The change of route from the Nizhni road toward the Riazan, Tula, and Kaluga roads was so natural that the foragers of the Russian army took that very direction, and that very direction was the one in which Kutuzof was ordered from Petersburg to conduct his army.

At Tarutino, Kutuzof received almost a reproach from the sovereign because he had led his army in the direction of Riazan, and he was ordered to take up the very position relative

to Kaluga, which he was already occupying at the time when he received the letter from the sovereign.

The Russian army, like a ball which had been rolling in the direction of the blow given it all through the campaign and especially at the battle of Borodino, assumed its natural position of stable equilibrium, as soon as the force of the blows diminished and no new ones were communicated.

Kutuzof's merit lay not in what is called the genius of strategical manœuvres, but simply in the fact that he was the only one who understood the meaning of what was taking place about him.

He alone understood what the inactivity of the French army signified, he alone persisted in declaring that the battle of Borodino was a victory for the Russians. He alone — the very man who, it would seem, from his position as commander-in-chief, ought to have been disposed to favor objective measures — used all his power to restrain the Russian army from undertaking useless battles.

The Beast wounded at Borodino lay where it had been left by the escaping huntsman; but whether it was alive, or whether it still had strength left, or whether it was hiding itself, the huntsman knew not.

Suddenly was heard this wild beast's cry.

The cry of this wounded beast, — the French army, — the betrayal of its destruction, was the sending of Lauriston to Kutuzof's camp with a request for peace.

Napoleon, with his conviction that whatever it occurred to him to do was as right as right could be, wrote to Kutuzof the first words that entered his mind, and entirely lacking in sense.

"Prince Kutuzof," he wrote, "I send you one of my general aides to discuss with you on various matters of interest. I wish your highness to repose confidence in what he will say, especially when he expresses the sentiments of esteem and respect which I have long felt for you personally. This letter having no other purpose, I pray God, prince, that he have you in His holy and beneficent care.

Moscow, Oct. 30, 1812.

Signed, NAPOLEON." *

* "*Monsieur le Prince Koutousov! j'envoie près de vous un de mes aides de camp généraux pour vous entretenir de plusieurs objets intéressants. Je désire que votre Altesse ajoute foi à ce qu'il lui dira, surtout lorsqu'il exprimera les sentiments d'estime et de particulière considération que j'ai depuis longtemps pour sa personne. Cette lettre n'étant à autre fin, je prie Dieu, Monsieur Prince Koutousov, qu'il vous ait en Sa sainte et digne garde.*

Moscou, le 30 Octobre, 1812.

Signé, NAPOLEON."

"I should be cursed by posterity if I were regarded as the first to move toward any compromise. *Such is the spirit of our people,*"* replied Kutuzof, and he continued to put forth all his energies to keep his troops from an attack.

During the month spent by the French army in the pillage of Moscow, and by the Russian army in tranquil recuperation at Tarutino, a change had taken place in the relative strength of the two armies, — their spirit and effective, — the result of which redounded to the advantage of the Russians.

Although the condition of the French army and its effective were unknown to the Russians, yet as soon as the relative position was changed, the inevitability of an attack was shown by a multitude of symptoms.

These symptoms were the sending of Lauriston and the abundance of provisions at Tarutino, and the reports coming in from all sides of the inactivity, lack of order, of the French, and the filling-up of our regiments with recruits, and the fine weather, and the long rest accorded to the Russian soldiers, and the general impatience caused among the troops by the long rest, and their desire to finish the work for which they had been brought together, and the curiosity about what was going on in the French army, which had lost them out of sight so long, and the audacity with which now the Russian outposts skirmished around the French stationed at Tarutino, and the news of easy victories over the French won by Russian muzhiks and "partisans," and the jealousy aroused by this, and the desire of vengeance kindled in every man's soul from the moment that the French occupied Moscow, and, above all, the indefinite but genuine consciousness that filled the heart of every soldier that the relative positions were reversed, and the superiority was on our side.

The material relations were changed, and the attack was becoming inevitable. And instantly, just as the chime of bells in the clock begin to strike and to play when the hand has accomplished its full circuit of the hour, so in the higher circles, by the correspondingly essential correlation of forces, the increased motion was effectuated, — the whizzing of wheels and the playing of the chimes.

* "*Je serais maudit par la posterité si l'on me regardait comme le premier moteur d'un accommodement quelconque. Tel est l'esprit actuel de ma nation.*"

CHAPTER III.

THE Russian army was directed by Kutuzof and his staff, and by the sovereign, who was at Petersburg.

Even before news of the abandonment of Moscow had reached Petersburg, a circumstantial plan of the whole war had been drawn up and sent to Kutuzof for his guidance. Although the plan was made with the presupposition that Moscow was still in our hands, it was approved by Kutuzof's staff and accepted as the basis of action.

Kutuzof merely wrote that plans made at a distance were always hard to carry out. And then further instructions, meant to solve the difficulties that might arise, were sent, and individuals charged to watch his movement and to send back reports.

Moreover, at this time great changes were made in the staff of the Russian army. They had to fill the places of Bagration, who had been killed, and of Barclay, who, considering himself insulted, had resigned.

They debated with perfect seriousness what would be best: to put A in the place of B, and B in the place of D, or, on the contrary, to put D in the place of A, and so on; as though anything else than the pleasure given to A and B could depend on this.

In the army staff, owing to the animosity between Kutuzof and Benigsen, his chief of staff, and the presence of the sovereign's inspectors, and these changes, there arose a much more than usually complicated play of party intrigues; by all possible plans and combinations A was undermining the authority of B, and D that of C, and so on.

In all these operations the object of their intrigues was for the most part the war which all these men thought they were conducting, but all the while the war was going on independently of them in its own destined way, that is, never conforming to the schemes of these men, but resulting from the real relations of masses. All these schemes, crossing and conflicting, merely represented in the higher spheres the faithful reflection of what had to be accomplished.

On October 14, the sovereign wrote the following letter, which was received by Kutuzof after the battle of Tarutino:—

Prince Mikhail Ilarionovitch!—

Since September 14, Moscow has been in the hands of the enemy. Your latest reports are dated October 2; and in all this time not only nothing has been done in the way of a demonstration against the enemy and to deliver the first capital, but according to your last reports you have been retreating again. Serpukhof is already occupied by a detachment of the enemy, and Tula, with its famous arsenal so indispensable to the army, is in peril.

From General Winzengerode's report, I see that a body of the enemy, of ten thousand men, is moving along the Petersburg road. Another of several thousand men is marching upon Dmitrovo. A third is advancing on the road to Vladimir. A fourth, of considerable size, is between Ruza and Mozhaisk. Napoleon himself, on the 7th, was at Moscow.

Since, according to all this information, the enemy has scattered his forces in strong detachments, since Napoleon himself is still at Moscow with his Guard, is it possible that the strength of the enemy before you has been too great to prevent you from taking the offensive?

One might assume, on the contrary, with certainty that he would pursue you with detachments, or at least by an army corps far weaker than the army which you command.

It seems as if, profiting by these circumstances, you might with advantage have attacked an enemy weaker than yourself, and exterminated him, or, at least, by obliging him to retire, have regained a great part of the province now occupied by the enemy, and at the same time have averted the peril of Tula and our other cities of the interior.

On your responsibility it will rest if the enemy send a considerable body of troops to Petersburg to threaten this capital, which is almost destitute of troops; for, with the army confided to you, if you act with firmness and celerity, you have all the means needed to avert this new misfortune.

Bear in mind that you are still bound to answer before an insulted country for the loss of Moscow!

You have already had proof of my readiness to reward you. This good will shall not grow less, but I and Russia have a right to demand from you all the zeal, fortitude, and success that your intellect, your military talents, and the gallantry of the troops under your command, assure us.

But while this letter, which shows how the state of things was regarded in Petersburg, was on its way, Kutuzof could no longer restrain the army which he commanded from taking the offensive, and the battle had already been fought.

On October 14, a Cossack, Shapovalof, while on patrol duty, killed one hare and shot at another. In pursuing the wounded hare, Shapovalof struck into the forest at some distance and stumbled upon the left flank of Murat's army, which was encamped without outposts.

The Cossack laughingly told his comrades how he had almost fallen into the hands of the French. A cornet who heard this tale told it to his commander.

The Cossack was sent for and questioned. The Cossack chiefs wished to profit by this chance to get horses; but one

of them, who was acquainted at headquarters, told a staff general what had occurred.

Latterly, the relations of the army staff had been strained to the last degree. Yermolof, several days before, had gone to Benigsen and implored him to use all his influence with the commander-in-chief in favor of assuming the offensive.

"If I did not know you," replied Benigsen, "I should think that you did not wish what you were asking for. I have only to advise anything and his serene highness will do exactly the contrary."

The news brought in by the Cossacks being confirmed by scouts sent out, it became evident that the time was ripe for action.

The strained cord broke, and the clock whizzed and the chimes began to play. Notwithstanding all his supposed power, his intellect, his experience, and his knowledge of men, Kutuzof—taking into consideration Benigsen's report sent directly to the sovereign, and the one desire expressed by all of his generals, and the sovereign's supposed wishes, and the information brought by the Cossacks—could no longer restrain a movement that was inevitable, and gave the order for something that he regarded as useless and harmful, consented to an accomplished fact!

CHAPTER IV.

BENIGSEN's note and the report of the Cossacks about the uncovered left flank of the French were only the last symptoms that it was absolutely inevitable to give the order for the attack, and the attack was ordered for October 17.

On the morning of the sixteenth Kutuzof signed the order for the disposition of the troops. Toll read it to Yermolof, proposing to him to take charge of the further arrangements.

"Very good, very good, but I can't possibly attend to it now," said Yermolof, and left the room.

The plan of attack drawn up by Toll was very admirable. Just as for the battle of Austerlitz it had been laid down in the "disposition:" *die erste Kolonne marschirt* this way and that way, *die zweite Kolonne marschirt* this way and that way, so here also, only not in German, it was prescribed where the first column and the second column should march.

And all these columns were to unite at a designated time and at a designated place, and annihilate the enemy. Everything

was beautifully foreseen and provided for as in all "dispositions," and as in all "dispositions" not a single column was in its place at the right time.

When the proper number of copies had been made of the order, an officer was summoned and sent to Yermolof, to give him the papers that he might do the business.

A young cavalry officer, Kutuzof's orderly, delighted with the important commission, hastened to Yermolof's lodgings.

"He is out," replied Yermolof's servant.

The cavalry officer went to the lodgings of the general in whose company Yermolof was frequently found.

"No, — and the general is also out."

The cavalry officer, mounting his horse, went to still another.

"No, gone out."

"Hope I sha'n't be held accountable for the delay. What a nuisance!" said the officer to himself. He rode entirely around the camp. One man declared that Yermolof had been seen driving off somewhere with some other generals; another said that he was probably at home again.

The officer, without even taking time to eat his dinner, searched till six o'clock. Yermolof was nowhere to be found, and no one knew where he was. The officer took a hasty supper at a comrade's, and started off once more, this time in search of Miloradovitch, who was with the advance guard.

Miloradovitch also was not at home, but there he was told that Miloradovitch was at a ball given by General Kikin, and that Yermolof was probably there also.

"And where is that?"

"Over yonder at Yetchkino," said a Cossack officer, indicating the estate of a landed proprietor at some distance.

"But how is that? It's beyond the lines!"

"Two regiments of ours were sent up to the lines, and they're having a spree there this evening; that's just the mischief of it! Two bands, three choirs of regimental singers."

The officer crossed the lines to Yetchkino. While still a long way off, as he rode toward the mansion, he heard the jovial, reckless sounds of the soldiers' choragic song.

"*Vo-obluziakh — vo-obluziakh!*" rang the meaningless words of the song, mingled with whistling and the sounds of the torban,* occasionally drowned out by the roar of voices.

These jolly sounds made the officer's heart beat faster, but

* A kind of musical instrument.

at the same time he was terribly alarmed lest he should be blamed for having been so long in delivering the weighty message which had been intrusted to him.

It was already nine o'clock in the evening. He dismounted and climbed the steps of the great mansion, which had been preserved intact, though it was situated between the French and the Russians. Servants were flying about in the dining-room and the anteroom with wines and refreshments. The singers stood under the windows.

The officer was shown in, and he suddenly caught sight of all the most distinguished generals of the army gathered together, and in their number he recognized the tall, well-known figure of Yermolof. All the generals wore their uniform-coats unbuttoned; their faces were flushed and full of excitement, and they were laughing noisily as they stood round in a semicircle. In the middle of the room a handsome, short general with a red face was skilfully and vigorously dancing the *triepaká*.

"Ha! ha! ha! bravo! *aï da!* — Nikolai Ivanovitch! ha! ha! ha!" —

The officer felt that to come in at such a moment with an important order he should be doubly in the wrong, and he wanted to wait; but one of the generals caught sight of him, and, understanding why he had come, called Yermolof's attention to him. Yermolof, with a frowning face, advanced to the officer, and, after listening to his story, took from him the paper, without saying a word.

"Perhaps you think that it was a mere accident that he had gone off?" said a staff comrade to the cavalry officer, in reference to Yermolof.

"'Twas a joke! it was all cut and dried. It was to play it on Konovnitsuin. See what a stew there'll be to-morrow!"

CHAPTER V.

ON the following day, Kutuzof was awakened early in the morning, prayed to God, dressed, and, with the disagreeable consciousness that he was obliged to direct an engagement of which he did not approve, took his seat in his calash, and from Letashevka, five versts behind Tarutino, drove to the place where the attacking columns were to rendezvous. As he was driven along he kept dozing and awakening again, all

the time listening if he could hear the sounds of firing at the right, and if the battle had begun.

But as yet all was silent. A damp and gloomy autumn morning was only just beginning to dawn. On reaching Tarutino, he noticed some cavalymen who were leading their horses to water beyond the road along which the calash was driven. Kutuzof looked at these cavalymen, stopped the calash, and asked to what regiment they belonged. These cavalymen belonged to the column which should have long before been far forward in ambush.

"A mistake, perhaps," thought the old commander-in-chief.

But when he had driven a little farther, Kutuzof saw some infantry regiments with stacked arms, the soldiers in their drawers, cooking their kasha and getting firewood.

An officer was summoned. The officer reported that no orders had been received about any attack.

"How could it" — Kutuzof began, but he instantly checked himself, and ordered the senior officer to be brought to him.

He got out of his calash, and walked back and forth, with sunken head, drawing long sighs as he silently waited. When Eichen, an officer of the general staff, who had been sent for, appeared, Kutuzof grew livid with rage, not because this officer was to blame for the blunder, but because he was a convenient scapegoat for his wrath. Trembling and panting, the old man, who was falling into that state of fury which sometimes would cause him to roll on the ground in his paroxysm, attacked Eichen, threatening him with his fists, screaming, and loading him with the grossest abuse. Another officer who happened to be present, Captain Brozin, though in no respect to blame, came in also for his share.

"These wretched dogs! Let 'em be shot! Scoundrels!" he hoarsely screamed, gesticulating and reeling. He suffered physical pain. He, the commander-in-chief, "his highness," who, as every one believed, held more power than any one in Russia had ever before possessed, how came he, he, to be placed in such a position — to be made the laughing-stock of the whole army!

"Was it all in vain that I tried so hard to pray for to-day, all in vain that I passed a sleepless night and planned and planned?" he asked himself. "When I was a mere little chit of an officer,* no one would have dared to turn me into ridicule so — but now?" —

He suffered physical pain, as though from corporal punish-

* *Malchishka-ofitser.*

ment, and he could not help expressing it in cries of pain and fury: but soon his strength began to fail him, and he took his seat in his calash, looking around with the consciousness that he had said much that was unseemly, and silently rode back.

His fury was spent, and returned no more; and, feebly blinking his eyes, Kutuzof listened to Benigsen, Konovnitsein, and Toll, — Yermolof kept out of sight for a day or two, — and their excuses and words of justification, and their urgent representations that the movement which had so miscarried should be postponed till the following day. And Kutuzof was obliged to consent.

CHAPTER VI.

On the following evening, the troops rendezvoused in the designated places, and moved during the night.

It was an autumn night, with dark purple clouds, but no rain. The ground was moist, but there was no mud, and troops proceeded noiselessly; the only sound was the occasional dull clanking of the artillery. The soldiers were stringently forbidden to talk above a whisper, to smoke their pipes, to strike a light; even the horses refrained from neighing. The mysteriousness of the enterprise enhanced the fascination of it. The men marched blithely. Several of the columns halted, stacked their arms, and threw themselves down on the cold ground, supposing that they had reached their destination; others — the majority — marched the whole night, and came to a place that was obviously not their destination.

Count Orlof-Denisof with his Cossacks — the smallest detachment of all the others — was the only one who reached the right place and at the right time. This detachment was halted at the very skirt of the forest, on the narrow footpath that led between the villages of Stromilova and Dmitrovskoye.

Before dawn, Count Orlof, who had fallen asleep, was aroused. A deserter from the French camp had been brought in. This was a Polish non-commissioned officer from Poniatowsky's corps. This non-commissioned officer explained in Polish that he had deserted because he had been insulted in the French service, that he ought long before to have been promoted to be an officer, that he was the bravest of them all, and therefore he had given them up, and was anxious to have his revenge on them. He declared that Murat was spending

the night only a verst from there, and that if they would give him an escort of a hundred men he would take him alive.

Count Orlof-Denisof consulted with his comrades. The proposal was too attractive to be refused. All offered to go; all advised to make the attempt. After many discussions and calculations, Major-General Grekof, with two regiments of Cossacks, decided to go with the non-commissioned officer.

"Now mark my word," said Count Orlof-Denisof to the Pole, as he dismissed him; "in case you have lied, I will have you hanged like a dog; but if you have told the truth—a hundred ducats!"

The non-commissioned officer with a resolute face made no reply to these words, leaped into the saddle, and rode off with Grekof, who had swiftly mustered his men.

They vanished in the forest.

Count Orlof, pinched by the coolness of the morning, which was now beginning to break, excited and made anxious by the responsibility which he had incurred in letting Grekof go, went out a little from the forest and began to reconnoitre the enemy's camp, which could be seen now dimly in the light of the dawn and the dying watch-fires.

At Count Orlof's right, on an open declivity, our columns were to show themselves. Count Orlof glanced in that direction; but, although they would have been visible for a long distance, these columns were not in sight. But in the French camp, it seemed to Count Orlof-Denisof, who also put great confidence in what his clear-sighted adjutant said, there were signs of life.

"Akh! too late!" said Count Orlof, as he gazed at the camp.

Just as often happens when a man in whom we have reposed confidence is no longer under our eyes, it suddenly seemed to him clear and beyond question that the Polish non-commissioned officer was a traitor, that he had deceived them, and the whole attack was going to be spoiled by the absence of the two regiments which this man had led off no one knew where. "How could they possibly seize the commander-in-chief from among such a mass of troops!" "Of course he lied, that scoundrel!" exclaimed the count.

"We can call them back," said one of the suite, who, exactly like Count Orlof-Denisof, felt a distrust in the enemy on seeing the camp.

"Ha? So?—What do you think? Shall we let them go on, or not?"

"Do you order them called back?"

"Yes, call them back, call them back," cried Count Orlof, coming to a sudden decision, and looking at his watch. "It would be too late; it's quite light."

And the adjutant galloped off through the forest after Grekof. When Grekof returned, Count Orlof-Denisof, excited both by the failure of this enterprise and by his disappointment at the non-arrival of the infantry columns, which had not even yet showed up, and by the proximity of the enemy — all the men of his division experienced the same thing — decided to attack.

He gave the whispered command: "To horse!"

They fell into their places. They crossed themselves. — "*S Bogom!* — Away!"

"Hurra-a-a-ah!" rang through the forest, and the sotnias or Cossack companies, one after another, as though poured out of a sack, flew, with lances poised, across the brook against the camp.

One desperate, startled yell from the first Frenchman who saw the Cossacks, and all in the camp, suddenly awakened from their dreams, fled undressed in all directions, abandoning their artillery, their muskets, and their horses.

If the Cossacks had followed the French without heeding what was back of them and around them, they would have captured Murat and his whole staff. This was what the officers wanted. But it was an impossibility to make the Cossacks stir when once they had begun to occupy themselves with the booty and their prisoners. No one would heed the word of command.

Fifteen hundred prisoners were captured, thirty-eight cannons, flags, and — what was more important than all for the Cossacks — horses, saddles, blankets, and various articles. They must needs oversee all this, secure the prisoners and the cannon, divide the spoils, shout, and even quarrel among themselves: with all this the Cossacks were busying themselves.

The French, finding that they were no longer pursued, came to their senses, formed their lines, and began to fire. Orlof-Denisof was all the time expecting the infantry columns, and refrained from further offensive action.

Meantime, according to the "disposition" by which *die erste Kolonne marschirt*, and so on, the infantry forces of the belated columns, commanded by Benigsen and led by Toll, had set out according to orders, but, as always happens, had come out somewhere, but not at the place where they ought to have been.

As it always happens, the men who had started out blithely began to straggle. Tokens of dissatisfaction were shown; there was the consciousness that a blunder had been made; they started back in another direction.

Adjutants and generals were galloping about and shouting, scolding, and quarrelling, and declaring that they were wrong, and that they were too late, and trying to find some one to reprimand, and so on, and finally they all waved their hands, and marched on simply for the purpose of going somewhere.

"Come, let us go somewhere!"

And in fact they went somewhere, but some of them went in the wrong direction, and those who went in the right direction arrived so late that they did no good in coming, but simply became targets for musket-shots!

Toll, who in this battle played the part that Weirother played at Austerlitz, diligently galloped from place to place, and everywhere found everything at loose ends. For instance, just before it was quite daylight, he found Bagovut's corps in the woods, though this corps should have been with Orlof-Denisof long before. Exasperated and excited by the failure of the movement, and supposing that some one must be to blame for this, Toll dashed up to the corps commander and began sternly berating him, declaring that he ought to be shot for this.

Bagovut (an old general, gallant but placid), who was also exasperated by all these delays, this confusion, and by contradictory orders, fell into a fury, much to the surprise of every one, for it was contrary to his nature, and said disagreeable things to Toll:—

"I will not be lectured by any one! I and my men can die as well, as bravely, as others!" said he, and he moved forward with only one division.

When he reached the field, swept by the French fire, the gallant and excited Bagovut, not stopping to consider whether (at such a time and with only one division) his participation in the action would be advantageous or not, marched straight ahead and led his troops under the fire. Peril, shot, and shell were the very things that he required in his angry mood. Almost the first thing a bullet killed him; succeeding bullets killed many of his men. And this division remained for some time needlessly under fire.

CHAPTER VII.

MEANTIME, at the front another column should have been attacking the French, but Kutuzof was present with this column. He knew perfectly well that nothing but confusion would result from this battle, which was undertaken against his will, and he held back his troops as much as he could. He did not stir.

Kutuzof rode silently on his gray cob, indolently replying to those who proposed to attack, —

"All of you are very ready to say the word attack, but don't you see that we can't make complicated manœuvres?" said he to Miloradovitch, who asked permission to move forward.

"You weren't smart enough this morning to take Murat: you were quite too late; now there is nothing to be done," he replied to another.

When the report was brought to Kutuzof that there were now two battalions of Poles back of the French, where before, according to the report of the Cossacks, there had been no troops, he gave Yermolof a side glance. He had not spoken to him since the day before.

"This is the way they ask to make attacks; all sorts of plans are proposed, and when you come to it, nothing is ready, and the enemy, warned, take their measures."

Yermolof screwed up his eyes and slightly smiled as he overheard those words. He understood that the storm had passed, and that Kutuzof would content himself with this innuendo. "He is entertaining himself at my expense," said Yermolof in a low tone, touching Rayevsky's knee.

Shortly after this, Yermolof approached Kutuzof, and respectfully made his report: —

"It is not too late yet, your highness: the enemy have not moved. If you will only give the order to attack! If you don't, the guards will not have smelt gunpowder!"

Kutuzof made no reply; but when he was informed that Murat's troops were in retreat, he ordered the attack, but at every hundred paces he halted for three-quarters of an hour.

The whole battle was summed up in what Orlof-Denisof's Cossacks did: the rest of the troops simply lost several hundred men absolutely uselessly.

As a consequence of this battle, Kutuzof received a diamond order, Benigsen, also, some diamonds and a hundred thousand

rubles; the others, according to their ranks, also received many agreeable tokens, and after this battle some further changes were made in the staff.

"That is the way it *always goes with us* — everything at cross-purposes," said the Russian officers and generals, after the battle of Tarutino, just exactly as is said at the present day, giving to understand that there is some stupid person responsible for this blundering way, whereas *we* should have done it in quite another way.

But the men who talk that way either know not what they are talking about, or purposely deceive themselves.

Any battle — Tarutino, Borodino, Austerlitz — is fought in a different way from what those who planned for it suppose it will be. That is the essential condition.

An infinite number of uncontrollable forces — for never is a man more uncontrollable than in a battle, where it is a matter of life or death — and an infinite number of these independent forces influence the direction of the battle, and this direction can never be foreseen, and will never be governed by the direction of any one force whatever.

If many forces act in different directions upon any particular body at the same time, then the direction in which this body will move cannot be that of any one of the forces; but it will always take a middle direction which is a combination of these forces — which in physics is called the diagonal of the parallelogram of forces.

If we find in the writings of the historians, and especially of the French historians, that they make wars and battles conform to any prescribed plan, then the only conclusion which we can draw from this is that their descriptions are not to be relied upon.

The battle of Tarutino evidently failed of attaining the object which Toll had in mind, — to lead the troops into the battle in proper order according to the "disposition;" or the object which Count Orlof may have had in mind, — to take Murat prisoner; or that which Benigsen and many others may have had, — of destroying the whole corps at a single blow; or the object of the officer who wished to fall in the battle and distinguish himself, or that of the Cossack who was desirous of getting more booty than he got, and so on.

But if the object of the battle was what actually resulted, and which, at that time, was the chief desire of all the Russians, — the driving of the French from Russia and the destruction of their army, — then it is perfectly clear that the

battle of Tarutino, precisely in consequence of its absurdity, was the very thing that was necessary at that period of the campaign.

It is hard, nay, it is impossible, to imagine anything more favorable as the outcome of that battle than what actually resulted from it. With the very slightest effort, in spite of the most extraordinary confusion, with the most insignificant loss, the most important results of the whole campaign were attained; a change from retreat to advance was made, the weakness of the French was manifested, and that impulse was communicated to the Napoleonic army which alone was needed to make them begin their retreat.

CHAPTER VIII.

NAPOLEON enters Moscow after the brilliant victory *de la Moskowa*; there can be no doubt that it is a victory, since the French remain masters of the field of battle!

The Russians retreat and give up their capital. Moscow, stored with provisions, arms, ammunition, and infinite riches, falls into the hands of Napoleon.

The Russian army, twice as weak as the French, during a whole month makes not a single effort to assume the offensive.

Napoleon's situation was most brilliant. Whether, with doubly superior forces, he fell upon the remains of the Russian army and exterminated it; or whether he offered advantageous terms of peace, or, in case his offer were rejected, should make a threatening movement upon Petersburg, or even, in case of non-success, he should return to Smolensk, or to Vilno, or whether he should remain in Moscow — in a word, whether he should retain the excellent position which the French army held, it would seem that no extraordinary genius was demanded.

To do this was necessary only to take the simplest and easiest way: not to allow the army to pillage, to prepare winter clothing (there would have been enough in Moscow for the whole army), and to make systematic collection of provisions, which, according to the French historians, were abundant enough to supply the French troops for half a year.

Napoleon, this genius of geniuses, who had, as historians assure us, the power to control his army, did nothing of the sort.

He not only did nothing of the sort, but on the contrary he

used his power to select out of all possible measures open to him the one that was most stupid and the most disastrous.

Of all that Napoleon might have done, — to winter at Moscow, to go to Petersburg, to move upon Nizhni-Novgorod, to return by a more northerly or southerly route, following Kutuzof's example, — what could be imagined more stupid or more disastrous than what Napoleon actually did? Which was this: —

To remain in Moscow till October, allowing his soldiers to pillage the city; and then, after deliberating whether or not to leave a garrison behind him, to leave Moscow, to approach Kutuzof, not to give battle, to move to the right as far as Malo-Yaroslavetz again without seeking an opportunity of making a route of his own, and, instead of taking the course followed by Kutuzof, to retreat toward Mozhaïsk along the devastated Smolensk highway. A plan more absurd than this, more pernicious to the army, could not be imagined, as is fully proved by the results.

Let the ablest masters of strategy, granting that Napoleon's design was to destroy his army, conceive any other plan which would so infallibly and so independently of any action on the part of the Russian army have so completely destroyed the French army as what Napoleon did.

Napoleon, with all his genius, did this. But to say that Napoleon destroyed his army because he wished to destroy it, or because he was very stupid, would be just as false as to say that Napoleon led his troops to Moscow because he wished to do so and because he was a man of great intelligence and genius.

In both cases, his personal action, which was of no more consequence than the personal action of any soldier, only coincided with the laws by which phenomena take place.

It is absolutely false, simply because the consequences did not justify Napoleon's action, for historians to say that his powers grew weaker at Moscow.

He employed all his intellect and all his power to do the best thing possible for himself and his army, just as he had always done before, and as he did afterwards in 1813. Napoleon's activity at this time was no less amazing than it was in Egypt, in Italy, in Austria, and in Prussia.

We know not sufficiently well the real state of activity of Napoleon's genius in Egypt, where forty centuries looked down upon his greatness, for the reason that all his great exploits there were described exclusively by the French.

We cannot rate at its proper value his genius in Austria and in Prussia, for with regard to his activity there we must draw our information from French and German sources; but the surrender of army corps without striking a blow, and of forts without a siege, could not fail to incline the Germans to regard his genius as the only explanation of the victorious campaign which he carried on in Germany.

But, glory to God, we Russians have no reason for acknowledging the genius of Napoleon in order to hide our shame. We paid for the right to look at facts simply as they are, and this right we will not yield!

Napoleon's activity at Moscow was as astonishing and full of genius as it was everywhere else. From the time that he entered Moscow until he left it, order upon order and plan upon plan emanated from him. The absence of the inhabitants and of deputations, even the burning of the city, disturbed him not. He forgot not the welfare of his army, or the activity of the enemy, or the good of the people of Russia, or the administration of affairs at Paris, or diplomatic combinations concerning the possible conditions of peace.

CHAPTER IX.

In relation to military matters, Napoleon, immediately on entering Moscow, gives strict orders to General Sebastiani to watch the movements of the Russian army; sends troops in various directions, and orders Murat to pursue Kutuzof. Then he proceeds diligently to fortify the Kreml. Then he traces upon the whole map of Russia a brilliant plan for the rest of the campaign.

In relation to diplomatic matters Napoleon sends for the robbed and despoiled Captain Yakovlef, who had not succeeded in getting away from Moscow, and gives him a detailed exposition of all his political views, and of his magnanimity, and having written a letter to the Emperor Alexander, in which he counts it his duty to inform his friend and brother that Rostopchin has behaved very badly at Moscow, he sends Captain Yakovlef with it to Petersburg. Having, in the same way, expressed in detail his views and his magnanimity before Tutolmin, he sends this little old man also to Petersburg to enter into negotiations.

In relation to judicial affairs, Napoleon, immediately after the conflagrations, gives orders that the guilty shall be found

and executed; and, to punish the malefactor Rostopchin, orders his houses to be set on fire.

In relation to administrative affairs, Napoleon grants a constitution to Moscow, organizes the municipal government, and published the following:—

INHABITANTS OF MOSCOW!

Your miseries are great, but His Majesty the Emperor and King desires to put an end to them.

Terrible examples have taught you how he punishes disobedience and crime. Severe measures have been taken to put an end to disorder and to restore general security.

A paternal administration, composed of men from among yourselves, will constitute your municipality, or city government. This will care for you, for your needs, for your interests.

The members thereof will be distinguished by a red scarf, which they will wear over the shoulder, while the mayor* will wear, in addition to the scarf, a white belt.

But when not on duty the members will wear simply a red band around the left arm.

The municipal police is established upon its former organization, and, thanks to its vigilance, the best of order already exists.

The government has named two commissioners-general or *politseï-meïsters*, and twenty commissioners or *tchástnui prístafs* assigned to different portions of the city. You will recognize them by the white band worn around the left arm.

A number of churches of different denominations are open, and divine service is there celebrated without hindrance.

Your fellow-citizens are daily returning to their dwellings, and orders have been given that they shall find the aid and protection due to their misfortune.

Such are the means which the government is using to restore order and mitigate your position; but to attain this end, you must unite your efforts with theirs, you must forget, if possible, the misfortunes that you have endured, you must cherish the hope of a less cruel destiny, must be convinced that an inevitable and infamous death awaits all those who make any assault upon your persons or the property that remains to you, and you must not doubt that they will be guarded, for such is the will of the greatest and most just of all monarchs.

Soldiers and citizens, of whatever nation you may be!—re-establish public confidence, that source of happiness in every state, live like brethren, mutually aid and protect one another, unite to oppose all criminal manifestations, obey the military and municipal authorities, and soon your tears will cease to flow.

In relation to the provisioning of the army, Napoleon gave orders for the troops to take turns in foraging *à la maraude* through the city to procure food, that thus the army might be secured for the future.

In relation to religion, Napoleon ordered that the popes

* *Grádsckii golová*, head of the city.

should be brought back — *ramener les popes* — and worship be re-established in the churches.

In relation to trade and the provisioning of the army, the following was posted everywhere: —

PROCLAMATION.

You, peaceable inhabitants of Moscow, artisans and workmen whom misfortunes have driven from this city, and you, dispersed farmers, who through unfounded terror remain concealed in the fields, — listen!

Peace reigns in this capital, and order is re-established within it. Your compatriots are boldly leaving their retreats, finding that they are respected.

All violence shown to them or their property is immediately punished. H. M. the Emperor and King protects them, and considers none among you his enemies except those who disobey his orders.

He desires to put an end to your misfortunes, and restore you to your homes and families.

Respond to his benevolent intentions, and come to us without fear.

Inhabitants!

Return with confidence to your dwellings; you will soon find means of satisfying your wants.

Mechanics and laborious artisans!

Come back to your trades: houses, shops, watchmen await you, and for your labor you will receive the wage which is your due!

And you, finally, peasants, come forth from the forests, where you have been hiding in fear; return boldly to your cottages, with the firm assurance that you will find protection.

Grain shops have been established in the city, where the peasants may bring all their surplus provisions and the products of the soil.

The government has taken the following measures to assure the free sale of these products: —

1. From this date, peasants, farmers, and the inhabitants of the suburbs of Moscow, may without danger bring their products, whatever they may be, into town, to the two markets established for the purpose — in Mokhovaya Street, and in the Okhotnui Riad.

2. These products will be purchased of them at such prices as may be agreed upon between seller and buyer; but if the seller cannot obtain the just price demanded, he is free to take his goods back to his village, and no one under any pretext shall prevent him from doing so.

3. Every Sunday and Wednesday are legalized as “chief market days;” therefore sufficient numbers of soldiers will be placed, Tuesdays and Saturdays, in the principal thoroughfares at such a distance from the city as to protect the provision trains.

4. Similar measures will be taken to expedite the return of the peasants to their villages with their horses and teams.

5. Measures will be taken immediately to re-establish the ordinary markets.

Inhabitants of the city and the villages, and you workmen and artisans, to whatever nation you may belong!

We urge you to follow the paternal wishes of H. M. the Emperor and King, and co-operate with him for the general welfare.

Bring to his feet respect and confidence, and hesitate not to unite with us.

To keep up the spirits of the troops and the people, reviews were constantly held and decorations distributed. The emperor rode through the streets on horseback and consoled the inhabitants, and, in spite of all his devotion to state matters, he visited the theatres established by his orders.

In relation to charity, that best virtue of crowned heads, Napoleon also did all that could be expected of him.

He ordered the words *Maison de ma mère* to be inscribed upon the buildings devoted to charity, by this act uniting the sentiment of a loving son with the grand virtue of a monarch.

He visited the Foundling Asylum,* and, allowing his white hands to be mouthed by the orphans saved by him, he conversed graciously with Tutolmin.

Then, according to Thiers's eloquent narrative, he ordered his troops to be paid in counterfeit Russian money which he had manufactured!

"Exalting the employment of these means by an act worthy of him and of the French army, he commanded to give aid to those who had suffered from the fires. But as provisions were too precious to furnish to men of a foreign land, and, for the most part, enemies, Napoleon found it better to give them money, and let them procure provisions outside, and he ordered paper rubles to be distributed among them."†

In relation to the discipline of the army, he constantly issued orders threatening severe punishments for all infractions of the rules of the service, and to stop pillaging.

CHAPTER X.

BUT, strangely enough, all these arrangements, measures, and plans, which were in no respect inferior to those which he had taken under similar circumstances, did not touch the essence of the matter, but, like the hands of a clock disconnected with the mechanism behind the dial, moved at random and aimlessly, having nothing to do with the wheels.

As for military matters, the plan for the campaign, of which Thiers says, "Napoleon's genius never imagined any-

* *Vospitâtelmui Dom.*

† "Relevant l'emploi de ces moyens par un acte digne de lui et de l'armée française, il fit distribuer des secours aux incendiés. Mais les vivres étant trop précieux pour être donnés à des étrangers, la plupart ennemis, Napoléon aimait mieux leur fournir de l'argent à fin qu'ils se fournissent au dehors, et il leur fit distribuer des roubles papiers."—THIERS, "*Histoire du consulat et de l'empire.*" Tom. xiv.

thing more profound, more skilful, or more admirable,"* and which, in his argument with M. Fain, he proves was conceived, not on the fourth of October, but on the fifteenth of that month, — this plan, full of genius as it was, was not and could not have been carried out, for it had no basis whatever in reality.

The fortifying of the Kreml, to accomplish which it was necessary to destroy the mosque, *la mosquée*, — for so Napoleon called the church of Vasili Blazhennui, — was perfectly unnecessary.

The placing of mines under the Kreml served only to carry out the personal desire of the emperor, who wished, on leaving Moscow, to see the Kreml blown up, — in other words, that the floor upon which the child has hurt himself might be beaten.

The pursuit of the Russian army, which so engrossed Napoleon's attention, presented a most unheard-of phenomenon. The French generals lost sight of the Russian army, numbering not less than sixty thousand men, and, according to Thiers, it was only through Murat's ability — his genius, one might say — that the French succeeded in discovering, like a needle in a haystack, the Russian army, sixty thousand strong!

As for diplomatic matters, all Napoleon's declarations of magnanimity and justice, made to Yakovlef and to Tutolmin, who was chiefly solicitous about cloaks and teams, proved without effect.

Alexander did not receive these ambassadors, and did not reply to their letters.

As for justice, after the execution of the supposed incendiaries, the other half of Moscow was burned!

As for administration, the establishment of a municipality did not put an end to pillage, and was of service only to the few individuals who took a part in this municipal government, and, under the pretext of establishing order, plundered Moscow, or saved their own property from pillage.

As for religion, the thing he had found so easy to arrange in Egypt, by visiting a mosque, here in Moscow produced no results. Two or three priests, found in Moscow, were compelled to fulfil the emperor's wishes; but a French soldier struck one of them on the cheeks while conducting divine service, and of the other the French official reported as follows: —

* "— que son génie n'avait jamais rien imaginé de plus profond, de plus habile, et de plus admirable."

"The priest whom I found and commanded to begin once more the saying of mass, cleaned and locked the church. That same night they went again and smashed the doors and the locks, tore the books in pieces, and committed other disorders."*

As for the re-establishment of trade, the proclamation to laborious artisans and to all peasants met with no response. There were no laborious artisans; while the peasants seized the commissioners who ventured too far outside the city with the proclamation, and killed them.

As for amusing the people and the troops by theatrical representations, the result was a failure. The theatres that were established in the Kreml and in Posniakof's house were immediately closed because the actors and actresses were robbed.

Even his charities did not bring forth the anticipated results. Counterfeit and genuine assignats were so abundant in Moscow that they were alike valueless. The French, who were laden with booty, would have nothing but gold. Not only the false assignats that Napoleon so kindly distributed among the unfortunates were worthless, but the discount on silver was greater than that on gold.

But the most striking proof of the inefficiency of all these orders was Napoleon's effort to put an end to pillage and restore discipline.

Here are some of the reports made by the commanding officers:—

"Pillage continues in the city in spite of the order that it shall be stopped. Order is not yet re-established, and there is not a merchant engaged in legitimate trade. Pedlers alone venture to sell anything, and what they sell are objects pillaged."

"A part of my district continues to be pillaged by soldiers of the Third Corps, who, not content with taking from the wretched citizens hiding in the cellars the little that they have, are even brutal enough to strike them with their swords, as I myself saw in many instances."†

"There is nothing new; the soldiers still continue theft and pillage. (October 9.)"‡

* "Le prêtre que j'avais découvert et invité à recommencer à dire la messe a nettoiyé et fermé l'église. Cette nuit on est venu de nouveau enfoncer les portes, casser les cadénas, déchirer les livres et commettre d'autres désordres."

† "La partie de mon arrondissement continue à être en proie au pillage des soldats du 3 Corps, qui, non contents d'arracher aux malheureux réfugiés dans des souterrains le peu qui leur reste, ont même la ferocité de les blesser à coups de sabre, comme j'en ai vu plusieurs exemples."

‡ "Rien de nouveau outre que les soldats se permettent de voler et de piller. (Le 9 Octobre.)"

"Theft and pillage continue. There is a band of robbers in the district who ought to be put down by strong measures. (October 11.)"

"The emperor is greatly displeased that, in spite of his strict orders to restrain pillage, detachments of marauders from the guard are continually entering the Kremlin. . . . In the Old Guard disorder and pillage were renewed yesterday, last night, and to-day more vigorously if possible than ever. The emperor sees with sorrow that his chosen soldiers, detailed to defend his own person, who ought to set an example of subordination, carry disobedience so far as to despoil cellars and warehouses stocked with stores for the army. Others have fallen so low that they have refused to obey the watchmen and sentinels, and have reviled and beaten them."

"The grand marshal of the palace complains bitterly," wrote the governor, "that, notwithstanding his reiterated commands, the soldiers continue to perform the offices of nature in all the courts, and even under the windows of the emperor." †

This army, like a herd let out in disorder, and trampling under its feet the fodder that would have saved it from starvation and death, was each day of its delay in Moscow nearer its disorganization and its destruction.

But it did not stir.

It started in flight only when panic fear suddenly seized it at the capture of the provision train on the Smolensk road, and at the battle of Tarutino.

This same news of the battle of Tarutino, unexpectedly received by Napoleon during a review, inspired in him, Thiers tells us, the desire to punish the Russians, and he gave the order to retreat, which the whole army demanded.

On leaving Moscow, the men of this army loaded themselves with all the booty they could get together.

Napoleon also had his own *trésor* to take with him. Seeing the vehicles encumbering the army, Napoleon, as Thiers says, was horror-struck. But, with all his experience in war, he did not order the superfluous wagons to be destroyed, as he had ordered in regard to his marshals' when they were approaching Moscow. He glanced at the calashes and coaches in which the soldiers were travelling, and said that it was very good — that these vehicles would be useful for carrying provisions, the sick, and the wounded.

The situation of the whole army was like that of a wounded animal feeling death to be near and not knowing what to do.

To study the artful manœuvres and the purposes of Napo-

* "Le vol et le pillage continuent. Il y a une bande de voleurs dans notre district qu'il faut faire arrêter par de fortes gardes. (Le 11 Octobre.)"

† "Le grand maréchal du palais se plaint vivement que malgré les défenses répétées les soldats continuent à faire leurs besoins dans toutes les cours, et même jusque sous les fenêtres de l'empereur."

"Thand his army, from the time he entered Moscow to the morstruction of this army, is like watching the convulsions and s the death struggles of an animal mortally wounded. Often the wounded animal, hearing a noise, runs directly into the hunter's fire, turns this way and that way, and hastens its own end.

Thus acted Napoleon, under the pressure of his army.

The noise of the battle of Tarutino alarmed the beast, and it threw itself forward directly into the fire, ran toward the hunter, turned back again, and, like every wild beast, suddenly fled by the most dangerous, the most disadvantageous, but the best known road — its former trail.

Napoleon, whom we imagine to have been the director of all these movements, just as the figure-head upon the prow of a ship is supposed by the savage to be the power that moves the ship, — Napoleon, throughout the whole of his activity, was like a child seated in a carriage clasping the straps that hang on the inside, and imagining that he makes it go.

CHAPTER XI.

On the eighteenth of October, early in the morning, Pierre stepped out of the balagán, or prison-hut, and then, turning back, stood in the doorway, playing with the long-bodied, bandy-legged, little pink puppy, which was gambolling around him.

This puppy had made her home in the balagán, sleeping next Karatayef; but sometimes she made excursions out into the city, from which she would always return again. She had evidently never belonged to any one, and now no one was her master, and she had no name. The French called her Azor; the wit of the company called her Femme-gálka, or Jenny Daw; Karatayef and the others called her Serui or Gray; sometimes Vislui — the Hanger-on.

The fact that she belonged to no one and had no name or breed and no definite color seemed in no wise to trouble the little pink dog. She held her furry tail like a plume, boldly and gallantly; the crooked bow legs served her so well that often, as though disdaining to use all four of them, she would lift gracefully one of the hind-legs, and run with great agility and adroitness on three. Everything that came along was for her an object of satisfaction. Now grunting with delight she

would roll on her back, now she would warm herself in the sun with a thoughtful and significant expression, now she would gambol and play with a chip or a straw.

Pierre's costume now consisted of a torn and dirty shirt,—the only remains of his former dress,—soldiers' trousers, for the sake of greater warmth tied with string around the ankles by Karatayef's advice, a kaftan, and his peasant's cap.

Physically, during this time Pierre had greatly changed. He no longer seemed portly, although he still retained that appearance of rotundity and strength which in their nature are hereditary. His beard and mustache had grown, and covered the lower part of his face. His long hair, all in a tangle on his head and full of lice, fell in tangled locks from under his cap. The expression of his eyes was firm, steadfast, calm, and full of an alertness which had never before been characteristic of him. His old-time indolence, manifested even in his eyes, had now given place to an energetic spirit that was ready for activity and resistance.

His feet were bare.

Pierre looked now at the field along which, that morning, teams and mounted men were moving, now far off across the river, now at the puppy which was pretending that she was going to bite him in real earnest, and now at his bare feet, which, for the sport of the thing, he was placing in various attitudes, wagging his dirty, thick toes. And every time that he looked at his bare feet, a smile of lively satisfaction illumined his face. The sight of those bare feet reminded him of all that he had been through and had learned to understand in that time, and this recollection was agreeable to him.

The weather for several days had become mild and bright, with light frosts in the morning—the so-called *Bábye liêto*—Indian summer.

In the sun, the air felt warm; and this warmth, together with the invigorating freshness of the morning frosts, which left its influence in the air, was very pleasant. Over everything, objects remote and objects near at hand, lay that magical crystalline gleam which is seen only at this time of the autumn. In the distance could be seen the Vorobyevui Gorui—the Sparrow Hills—with a village, a church, and a great white house. And the leafless trees and the sand and the rocks and the roofs of the houses, the green belfry of the church, and the angles of the distant white house,—everything stood out with unnatural distinctness, with all its delicacy of outline, in the transparent atmosphere.

Near at hand were the well-known ruins of a noble mansion half burned, occupied by the French, with its lilac bushes still dark green, which had once adorned the park along by the fence. And even this house, ruined and befouled, which in gloomy weather would have been repulsive from its disorder, now, in the bright, immovable light, seemed like something tranquilly beautiful.

A French corporal, in undress uniform, in his night-cap, with a short pipe between his teeth, came from behind the corner of the balagán, and, tipping Pierre a friendly wink, joined him.

"*Quel soleil, hein! Monsieur Kirill,*" — for that was what all the French called Pierre, — "*on dirait le printemps* — you'd think it was springtime."

And the corporal leaned up against the door-post and offered Pierre his pipe, although Pierre always declined it just as surely as he was always sure to offer it.

"*Si l'on marchait par un temps comme celui-là* — If we should start in such weather as this" — he began.

Pierre asked what the news was in regard to a retreat, and the corporal told him that almost all the troops were beginning to move, and that the order in regard to the prisoners was to be issued that day.

In the balagán in which Pierre was confined, a soldier named Sokólof was sick unto death, and Pierre told the corporal that something ought to be done about this soldier.

The corporal replied that Pierre might be easy on that score, that there were permanent and movable hospitals, and that the sick would be cared for, and that the authorities had provided for all emergencies.

"And besides, Monsieur Kirill, you have only to say a single word to the captain, you know. Oh, he is a — he never forgets anything! Tell the captain when he makes his tour of inspection, and he will do anything for you." —

The captain of whom the corporal was speaking had often talked with Pierre and showed him all manner of condescension. —

"Do you see, St. Thomas," says he to me the other day, 'Kirill is a man of education who speaks French; he is a Russian seigneur who has been unfortunate, but he's a man! And he knows what — If he asks for anything,' says he, 'let him tell me; I couldn't refuse him. When one has been studying, you see, you like education and the right kind of people.' It's for your sake I tell you this, Monsieur Kirill.

In that affair the other day, if it hadn't been for you, it might have come out pretty bad!" *

And after chatting a little while longer the corporal went off.

The "affair" which the corporal mentioned as having taken place a few days before was a squabble between the prisoners and the French in which Pierre had taken it upon him to act as peacemaker.

Several of the prisoners had been listening to the conversation between Pierre and the corporal, and they immediately began to ask what had been said. While Pierre was telling his comrades what the corporal had said about the retreat of the French, a lean, sallow, and ragged French soldier made his appearance in the door of the balagán. With a quick, timid gesture he addressed himself to Pierre, raising his fingers to his forehead as a salute, and asked him if there were a soldier in that balagán named Platoche, who had been given a shirt to make.

The week before the French had received leather and linen, and had distributed them among the Russian prisoners to make boots and shirts.

"All ready, all ready, my dear," said Platon Karatayef, coming forth with a carefully folded shirt.

Karatayef, owing to the warmth of the weather, and for convenience of working, wore only his trousers and a torn shirt as black as earth. His hair, after the fashion of master workmen, was tied up with a bast string, and his round face seemed rounder and more good-natured than ever.

"'Agreement's own brother to business.' I promised it for Friday, and here it is!" said Platon, smiling, and unfolding the shirt which he had made.

The Frenchman glanced round uneasily, and, as though conquering a doubt, he quickly stripped off his uniform, and put on the shirt. The Frenchman had no shirt on under his uniform, but his bare, yellow, lean body was clad in nothing but a long, greasy, silk brocade waistcoat.

* "Et puis, M. Kirill, vous n'avez qu'à dire un mot au capitaine, vous savez. Oh! c'est un—qui n'oublie jamais rien. Dites au capitaine quand il fera sa tournée, il fera tout pour vous.—'Vois-tu, St. Thomas,' qu'il me disait l'autre jour, 'Kiril c'est un homme qui a de l'instruction, qui parle français; c'est un seigneur russe, qui a eu des malheurs, mais c'est un homme. Et il s'y entend le—s'il demande quelque chose, qu'il me dise, il n'y a pas de refus. Quand on a fait ses études, voyez-vous, on aime l'instruction et les gens comme il faut.' C'est pour vous que je dis cela, M. Kirill! Dans l'affaire de l'autre jour si ce n'était grâce à vous, ça aurait fini mal."

The Frenchman was evidently afraid that the prisoners who were staring at him would make sport of him, and he hastily thrust his head into the shirt. Not one of the prisoners said a word.

"There, it was time," exclaimed Platon, pulling down the shirt. The Frenchman, getting his head and arms through, without lifting his eyes, inspected the fit of the shirt and scrutinized the sewing.

"You see, my dear, this is not a tailor's shop, and I hadn't suitable tools; and the saying is, 'You can't kill even a louse without a tool,'" said Platon, with a round smile, and taking evident delight in his handiwork.

"*C'est bien, c'est bien, merci!* But you ought to have some of the cloth left over," said the Frenchman.

"It will set on you better when you get it fitted to your body," said Karatayef, continuing to delight in his production. "It will suit you nicely and be very comfortable."

"*Merci, merci, mon vieux, — le reste,*" insisted the Frenchman, smiling; and, getting out an assignat, he gave it to Karatayef, "*mais le reste.*"

Pierre saw that Platon had no wish to understand what the Frenchman said, and, without interfering, he looked at them. Karatayef thanked him for the money, and continued to admire his work. The Frenchman was bound to have the pieces that were left over, and begged Pierre to translate what he said.

"What does he want of the pieces?" asked Karatayef. "They would come in handy as leg-wrappers. Well, then, God go with him — *Bog s nim!*" and Karatayef, his face suddenly changing to an expression of deep depression, took out from his breast a bundle of rags, and handed them to the Frenchman without looking at him. "Ekh-ma!" exclaimed Karatayef, and he started back into the hut.

The Frenchman looked at the cloth, deliberated a moment, gave Pierre a questioning look, and, as though Pierre's look said something to him, —

"*Platoche, dites donc! Platoche, Platoche!*" cried the Frenchman, suddenly flushing, and speaking in a piping voice! "*Gardez pour vous — keep it!*" said he, giving him the rags, and, turning on his heel, went off.

"Good-by," said Karatayef, nodding his head. "They say they're heathens, but that one has a soul. It used to be a saying in old times, 'Sweaty hand's lavish, dry hand close.' That man was naked, but he gave all the same." Karatayef, thought-

fully smiling and looking at the rags, remained silent for some time.

"But they'll come handy as leg-wrappers, my friend," said he, and returned to the balagán.

CHAPTER XII.

Four weeks had passed since Pierre was made prisoner. Although the French had proposed to transfer him from the privates' balagán to the officers', he preferred to remain in the one where he had been placed on the first day.

In Moscow plundered and burned, Pierre experienced almost the utmost privations which it is in the power of man to endure; but owing to his vigorous constitution and health, — a blessing which he had never realized till then, — and especially owing to the fact that these privations had come on him so imperceptibly that it was impossible to say when they began, he not only bore them easily but even cheerfully.

And it was at this very time that he began to feel that calmness and self-satisfaction which he had before vainly striven to attain. He had been long seeking in various directions for this composure and self-agreement, that quality which had amazed him so in the soldiers at the battle of Borodino: he had sought it in philanthropy, in Free-Masonry, in the diversions of fashionable life, in wine, in the heroic effort of self-sacrifice, in his romantic love for Natasha. He had sought it in the path of thought, and all these efforts and experiments had disappointed him.

And now without any effort or thought he had discovered this calmness and self-contentment only by the horror of death, by privations, and by what he had found in Karatayef.

Those terrible moments which he had passed through at the time of the executions had, as it were, cleared forever from his imagination and his recollection those anxious thoughts and feelings which had formerly seemed to him of consequence. He no longer thought about Russia, or the war, or politics, or Napoleon. It was evident to him that all this concerned him not, that he was not called upon, and therefore could not judge about all this.

"No love is lost
'Twixt Russia and frost," *

* *Rossii da liétu —
Soyúzu niétu.*

A variant of the popular saw, *Rusi i liétu — Soyúzu niétu.* — "Winter and summer have no alliance."

he would say, quoting one of Karatayef's proverbs, and these words strangely calmed him.

His scheme of killing Napoleon seemed to him now incomprehensible and even absurd, and so also his calculations concerning the cabalistic number and the Beast of the Apocalypse. His indignation against his wife, and his anxiety that his name should not be disgraced, seemed to him now not only insignificant, but even ludicrous. What difference did it make to him whether or not this woman led the life that best pleased her, or where? Whose business was it and what difference did it make to him whether it were known or not known to the French that their prisoner was Count Bezukhoi.

He now frequently recalled his conversation with Prince Andrei and fully agreed with him, except that he understood Prince Andrei's words in a slightly different way.

Prince Andrei thought and declared that happiness is merely negative, but he said this with a shade of bitterness and irony. It seemed as if in saying this he had expressed the corresponding thought, — that all our aspirations for real, positive happiness are given to us merely to torment us, without ever being satisfied.

But Pierre, without any mental reservation, acknowledged the correctness of this. The absence of pain, the gratification of desires, and consequently the free choice of occupations, in other words, the manner of life, seemed now to Pierre man's indubitable and highest happiness.

Here and now, for the first time, Pierre appreciated the pleasure of eating when he was hungry, of drinking when he was thirsty, of sleeping when he was sleepy, of warmth when he was cold, of converse with his fellow-men when he felt like talking and hearing a human voice. The gratification of desires, — good food, cleanliness, independence, — now that he was deprived of them all, seemed to Pierre perfect happiness; and the choice of occupation, — that is life, — now when this choice was so limited, seemed to him such an easy matter that he forgot that the superfluity of the comforts of life destroyed all the happiness of gratifying the desires, while great freedom in choice of occupations, that freedom which in his case was given him by his culture, his wealth, his position in society, that such freedom is exactly what makes a choice of occupations hopelessly difficult, and destroys the very desire and possibility of occupation.

All Pierre's thoughts of the future were directed toward

the time when he should be free. But nevertheless, afterwards, and all his life long, Pierre thought and spoke with enthusiasm of that month of imprisonment, of those strong and pleasurable sensations which would never return again, and above all of that utter spiritual peace, of that perfect inward freedom, which he had experienced only at that time.

When on the first day of his imprisonment he arose early in the morning and went out at daybreak from the *balagán* and saw the cupolas, dim and dark at first, the crosses on the Novo-Dievitchy monastery, saw the frosty dew on the dusty grass, saw the tops of the Sparrow Hills, and the winding woody banks of the river vanishing in the purple distance, when he felt the contact of the fresh, cool air, and heard the cawing of the daws flying from Moscow across the field, and when afterwards suddenly flashed forth the light from the east, and the disk of the sun arose solemnly above the cloud and the cupolas and the crosses, and the dew and the distance and the river all were bathed in gladsome light, then Pierre felt a new sense of joy and vital vigor such as he had never before experienced.

And this feeling not only did not once leave him during all the time of his imprisonment, but, on the contrary, it grew more and more, according as the difficulties of his position increased.

This feeling of readiness for anything, of moral elevation, was still more enhanced in Pierre by that lofty recognition which immediately on his incarceration in the *balagán* he began to enjoy among his companions.

Pierre, by his knowledge of languages, by that respect which was shown him by the French, by the simplicity with which he gave anything that was asked of him, — he received three rubles a week, the same as the officers, — by the strength which he manifested before the soldiers by driving in the pegs in the wall of the *balagán*, by the sweetness of disposition which he showed in his treatment of his companions, by his power, which they could not understand, of sitting motionless, thinking, seemed to the soldiers a somewhat mysterious and superior being.

Those very characteristics of his which had been, if not injurious, at least a hinderance, in that society where he had moved before, — his strength, his scorn for the amenities of life, his fits of abstraction, his simplicity, — here, among these people, gave him almost the position of a hero. And Pierre felt that this view imposed responsibilities upon him.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE French armies started to retreat on the night of the eighteenth of October. Kitchens and balagáns were dismantled; wagons were loaded, and the troops and trains set forth.

At seven o'clock in the morning, in marching trim, in shakos, with muskets, knapsacks, and huge bundles, they stood in front of the balagáns, and a lively interchange of French talk, interspersed with oaths, rolled along the whole line.

In the balagán all were ready, clothed, belted, shod, and only awaiting the word of command to start.

The sick soldier Sokólof, pale and thin, with livid circles under his eyes, was the only one unshod and unclad; and he lay in his place, and his eyes, bulging from his very leanness, looked questioningly at his comrades, who paid no heed to him or his low and regular groans. Evidently it was not so much his sufferings — he was ill with dysentery — as it was the fear and grief at being left alone that caused him to groan.

Pierre, with his feet shod in slippers fabricated for him by Karatayef out of remnants of goat-skin which a Frenchman had brought him to make into inner soles for his boots, and belted with a rope, came to the sick man and squatted down beside him on his heels.

"Now, see here, Sokólof, they're not absolutely all going away. They're going to have a hospital here. Maybe you'll be better off than the rest of us," said Pierre.

"Oh, Lord, oh! The death of me! Oh, Lord!" groaned the soldier, louder than ever.

"There, I'll go directly and ask them," said Pierre, and, getting up, he went to the door of the balagán.

Just as Pierre reached the door, the very corporal who, the day before, had offered Pierre his pipe, appeared at the outside with two soldiers. The corporal and the soldiers also were in marching trim, with knapsacks, and wearing shakos with chin-straps on, which gave a new appearance to their well-known faces. The corporal approached the door for the purpose of looking it, according to the order of the authorities. Before letting out the prisoners they had to call the roll.

"Corporal, what is to be done with the sick man?" —

Pierre began to say; but at the instant that he said this, the doubt arose in his mind whether this was the corporal whom he had known, or an entirely different man: the corporal was so unlike himself at that instant. Moreover, at the instant that Pierre spoke, on two sides the rolling of drums was suddenly heard.

The corporal scowled at Pierre's words, and, uttering a meaningless oath, he clapped the door to.

In the balagán there was semi-darkness; on two sides the sharp rattle of the drums drowned the sick man's groans.

"Here it is! — here it is again!" said Pierre to himself, and an involuntary chill ran down his back.

In the changed face of the corporal, in the sounds of his voice, in the exciting and deafening rattle of the drums, Pierre recognized that mysterious, unsympathetic power which compels men against their wills to murder their kind, that power the working of which he had seen during the executions.

To fear this power, to try to escape it, to address with petitions or with reproaches the men who served as its instruments, was idle.

Pierre now realized this. It was necessary to wait and have patience.

Pierre did not go back to the sick man, or even look in his direction. Silent, scowling, he stood at the door of the balagán.

When the doors of the balagán were thrown open, and the prisoners, crowding against each other, came flocking out, Pierre threw himself in front of them and went to the very captain who, according to the corporal's account, was ready to do anything for him.

This captain was in marching trim, and from his cold face looked forth that same "it" which Pierre had recognized in the corporal's words and in the rattle of the drums.

"*Filer, filer* — On with you!" commanded the captain, frowning sternly, as he looked at the prisoners crowding past him. Pierre knew beforehand that his effort would be wasted, but still he went up to him.

"*Eh bien, qu'est-ce-qu'il y a?* — What do you want?" asked the officer coldly, scanning Pierre as though he did not recognize him.

Pierre told him about the wounded.

"He can walk, the devil take him!" replied the captain. "*Filer, filer!*" he went on saying, not looking at Pierre.

"No, but he is dying," began Pierre.

"Go to the ——!" cried the captain, scowling wrathfully.

Dram-da-da-dam-dam-dam went the rattle of the drums. And Pierre realized that this mysterious force was already in full possession of these men, and that to say anything now was useless.

The officers among the prisoners were separated from the privates and ordered to go forward. The officers, including Pierre, numbered thirty, the privates three hundred.

The officers who were taken out of the other prison-bala-gáns were otherwise and far better dressed than Pierre, and they looked at him and his foot-gear with distrust and even repulsion.

Not far from Pierre marched a stout major in a fine Kazan khalat, belted with a towel, with a puffy, sallow, cross face, who evidently enjoyed general distinction among his fellow-prisoners. He kept one hand holding his tobacco-pouch in his bosom; in the other he clutched his pipe. This major, puffing and breathing hard, growled and scolded at everybody because it seemed to him they were pushing him, and were in a hurry, when there was no sense in being in a hurry, and were wondering at everything when there was nothing to wonder at.

Another officer, a little lean man, was chattering with every one, expressing his suppositions as to where they were to be taken now, and how far they would succeed in moving that day.

A chinovnik, in felt boots and wearing the uniform of the commissariat department, ran from one side to another and gazed at the burned city, loudly communicating his speculations in regard to the buildings burned, or whether it was this or that part of Moscow where they were.

A third officer, of Polish origin, judging by his accent, disputed with the commissariat chinovnik, arguing that he was mistaken in his identification of the different parts of Moscow.

"What are you disputing about?" angrily asked the major. "Whether Nikola or Vlas, 'tis all one; can't you see 'tis all burnt, and that's the end of it? . . . What are you pushing so for? isn't there room enough?" he exclaimed, turning wrathfully on the one next to him, who did not even touch him.

"Ai! ai! ai! what have they done!" was heard on all sides as the prisoners gazed at the ruins wrought by the conflagration.

"The ward across the river* and Zubovo and even in the Kreml!"

"Look! half of the city's gone!"

"Yes, and I told you that the ward across the river was burnt, and there! you see, it is so!"

"Well, now you know it's burnt, and what's the use of talking about it?" grumbled the major.

As they passed through Khamóvnikí,† one of the few unscathed quarters of Moscow, and went by a church, the whole throng of prisoners suddenly swerved to one side, and exclamations of horror and disgust were heard:—

"Oh, the scoundrels!"

"Aren't they heathens?"

"Oh, it's a corpse, it's a corpse!"

"They've smeared his face with something."

Pierre also moved toward the church, where the object that had called forth the exclamations was, and he vaguely discerned something leaning up against the walls of the church.

From the words of his comrades who had better eyesight than he, he made out that this object was a man's dead body, placed in a standing posture by the fence, and with its face smeared with lamp-black.

"*Marchez! Sacré nom! Filez! . . . trente mille diables!*" shouted the soldiers of the guard; and the French soldiers, with fierce oburgations and abuse, applied their sabres to drive on the throng of the prisoners, who had stopped to gaze at the dead.

CHAPTER XIV.

ON the streets that crossed Khamovniki, the prisoners marched along with their convoy and the wagons and teams that belonged to the soldiers composing it and followed behind them; but when they reached a storehouse of provisions, they found themselves in the midst of a tremendous detachment of artillery, moving in close order, which had got mixed up with a number of private conveyances.

On the bridge itself a halt was called, and they all waited for those in the van to move on. From the bridge the prison-

* The Zamoskvorietchye.

† The Weavers'. Count Tolstoi's present Moscow residence is in Khamóvnikí.

ers could see before them and behind them endless lines of moving vehicles.

At the right, where the Kaluga road bends away past Neskutchnui, stretched endless files of troops and trains, disappearing in the distance. These were the troops belonging to Beauharnais's corps, which had left the city before the others.

Behind, along the Náberezhnaya quai and across the Kámen-nui Most or Stone Bridge, stretched the troops and trains of Ney.

Davoust's troops, in whose charge the prisoners were, had crossed the Kruimsky Brod, or Crimean Ford Bridge, and already some of the divisions were debouching into Kaluga Street. But the teams stretched out so endlessly that the last ones belonging to Beauharnais's division had not yet left Moscow to enter Kaluga Street, while the head of Ney's troops had already left Bólshaya Orduinka.

After the prisoners had crossed the Crimean Ford Bridge, they moved on some little distance, and were halted, and then moved on again, while from all sides equipages and men were blocked together more and more. After marching more than an hour, accomplishing those few hundred steps which separated the bridge from Kaluga Street, and reaching the square where Kaluga Street and the Trans-Moskva Streets meet, the prisoners, closely squeezed into one group, were halted again and kept standing for some hours at the crossway.

In every direction was heard the incessant roar of carriages like the tumult of the sea, and trampling of feet and incessant shouts and curses. Pierre stood crushed up against the wall of a house that had been exposed to the flames, and listened to this uproar, which blended in his imagination with the rattle of the drum.

Several of the officers in the group of prisoners, in order to get a better view, climbed up on the wall of the house next which Pierre was standing.

"What crowds of people! oh, what crowds!" — "They're even riding on the guns! See the furs!" they exclaimed. "Oh! the carrion-eaters! what thieves!" — "Look yonder, on that telyega!" — "Do you see that, they've got an ikon, by God!" —

"Those must be Germans." — "And our muzhiks, by God!" —

"Akh! the scoundrels!" — "See how they're loaded down, much as they can do to get along! And there's one got a drozhsky — they stole even that!" —

"See! he's sitting on the trunks! Ye saints!" — "There they're having a fight." —

"See! he hit him in the snout, right in the snout!"

"At this rate they won't get through till night!" —

"Look! Just look! Those must be Napoleon's! See what fine horses! With monogram and crown!" —

"That was a fine house!" — "See, he's dropped a bag and didn't notice it!" —

"There! they're fighting again!" —

"There's a woman with a baby! Not so bad-looking either!" —

"See! There's no end to it. Russian wenches! there's the wenches for you, by God!" —

"They're having an easy time in that carriage there, hey!"

Again the wave of general curiosity, just as had been the case at the church at Khamovniki, drove all the prisoners into the street; and Pierre, thanks to his stature, could, over the heads of the others, see what had so awakened the curiosity of the prisoners: in three calashes, jammed in among some artillery caissons, rode several women, sitting close together, adorned with bright colors, painted, and shouting at the top of their sharp voices.

From the moment that Pierre recognized the re-appearance of that mysterious power, nothing seemed to him strange or terrible; neither the corpse smeared with lamp-black for a joke, nor these women hastening no one knew where, nor the conflagration that had destroyed Moscow. All that he now saw produced scarcely any impression upon him — as though his soul, preparing for a hard struggle, refused to submit to any impressions that might render it weaker.

The teams with the women drove past. Again behind them stretched on telyegas, soldiers, baggage wagons, soldiers, powder-trains, carriages, soldiers, caissons, soldiers, and here and there women.

Pierre could not distinguish faces, but he could make out the general movement of the masses.

All these people and these horses seemed to be driven forth by some invisible force. All of them, during the course of the hour that Pierre spent in watching them, came pouring forth from different streets with one and the same wish, to get along as rapidly as possible; all of them were alike apt to interfere with each other, to quarrel, even to come to blows. White teeth were displayed, brows scowled, oaths and curses intermingled, and all faces bore one and that same youthfully

resolute and cruelly cold expression which, that morning, had struck Pierre in the corporal's face at the sound of the drum.

Some time before nightfall the *chef* of the convoy mustered his command, and with shouts and disputes marched them in amongst the teams, and the prisoners, guarded on every side, debouched into the Kaluga road.

They proceeded very rapidly, without stopping to rest, and only halted at sunset. The teams ran into each other, and the men prepared for their night encampment. All seemed angry and dissatisfied. It was long before the curses and shouts and blows ceased on all sides. A private carriage, that had been following the prisoners' guard, came up against one of the wagons belonging to the same, and the pole ran into it. Several soldiers ran up from various sides; some struck the heads of the horses that drew the private carriage, and tried to turn them aside; others squabbled among themselves, and Pierre saw a German severely wounded in the head with a short sabre.

It seemed as if all these people, now that they found themselves in the open country in the chill twilight of an autumn evening, experienced one and the same feeling of disagreeable re-action which had come on after the haste and excitement that had occupied them all during the march. They halted all as though they realized that it was inevitable that they should still move forward somewhere, and that in this march there would be much that was stern and hard.

During this halt, the soldiers in charge of the prisoners treated them far worse than they had during the march. At this halt horse-flesh was for the first time served out to the prisoners.

From officers down to humblest soldiers, all seemed alike to feel, as it were, a personal sense of anger against each one of the prisoners, all the more noticeable from the unexpected change from their former friendliness.

This ill will grew more and more pronounced, when, at calling the roll of the prisoners, it transpired that during the bustle attendant upon leaving Moscow a Russian soldier, feigning to be ill with colic, had escaped.

Pierre saw a Frenchman strike a Russian soldier for having strayed away from the road too far; and he heard the captain, his friend, reprimand a non-commissioned officer for the escape of the Russian soldier, and threaten him with court-martial.

At the corporal's excuse that the soldier was ill, and could not march, the officer replied that it was commanded to shoot those who had to be left.

Pierre felt that that fateful power which had taken possession of him during the executions, and which had been in abeyance during the time of his imprisonment, now once more ruled his existence.

It was terrible to him; but he felt that in proportion to the efforts made by this fateful force to crush him, in his own soul waxed and strengthened the force of life that was independent of it.

Pierre made his supper of rye-meal porridge and horse-flesh, and chatted with his comrades.

Neither Pierre nor any of his companions said a word of what they had seen in Moscow, or about the cruelty of the French, or about the order to have stragglers shot, which had been explained to them: all of them were especially cheerful and lively, as though to counteract the wretchedness of their position. They called up their personal recollections, and the comical incidents which they had seen during the march, and avoided all mention of their actual position.

The sun had long ago set; the bright stars were everywhere glittering in the sky; along the horizon spread the ruddy glow of the rising full moon like the glare of a conflagration, and soon the huge red globe hung swaying wonderfully in the grayish mists. It grew light. The evening was over, but the night had not fairly begun.

Pierre left his new comrades, and, stepping among the watch-fires, started to cross to the other side of the road, where he had been told the privates of the prisoner party were encamped. He wanted to have a talk with them. But a sentinel halted him on the road and ordered him back.

Pierre returned, but not to the watch-fire, to his companions, but to an unharnessed wagon where there was no one. Doubling up his legs and dropping his head, he sat down on the cold ground by the wagon-wheel, and remained there long motionless, thinking.

More than an hour passed in that way. No one disturbed him.

Suddenly he burst out into a loud and burly peal of jovial laughter, so loud that men gathered round from various directions in amazement, to see what caused this strange and solitary fit of laughter.

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared Pierre, and he went on talking

aloud to himself. "The soldier would not let me pass. I was caught, I was shut up. They still keep me as their prisoner. Who am I? I? I?—my immortal soul! Ha! ha! ha!" and he laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks.

Some one got up and came over to see what this strange, big man found to laugh at all alone by himself. Pierre ceased to laugh, got up, went off to some distance from the inquisitive man, and glanced around him.

The huge, endless bivouac, which shortly before had been noisy with the crackling of camp-fires and the voices of men, was now silent; the ruddy fires were dying down and paling. High in the bright sky stood the full moon. Forest and field, before invisible beyond the confines of the bivouac, could now be seen stretching far away. And still farther beyond these forests and fields the eye followed the bright, quivering, alluring, infinite distance.

Pierre gazed up into the sky, into the depths of the marching host of twinkling stars.

"And all that is mine, and all that is in me, and all that is *me*," thought Pierre. "And they took all that and shut it in a hut made of boards!"

He smiled, and went back to his comrades, and lay down to sleep.

CHAPTER XV.

TOWARD the middle of October, a messenger came to Kutuzof with still another letter from Napoleon, and a proposal for peace. It was deceitfully dated from Moscow, since at that time Napoleon was not far in advance of Kutuzof on the old Kaluga highway.

Kutuzof replied to this letter exactly as he had replied to the first one with which Lauriston had been sent: he declared that there could be no question of peace.

Shortly after this, word was received from Dorokhof, who was in command of a band of "partisans" operating at the left of Tarutino, that the enemy had appeared in Fominskoye, that these troops consisted of Broussier's division, and that this division, being separated from the rest of the army, might be easily destroyed.

Soldiers and officers again demanded offensive operations. The staff generals, animated by their remembrance of the easy victory at Tarutino, brought all their influence to bear on Kutuzof to grant Dorokhof's proposal.

Kutuzof considered it unnecessary to make any attack. A middle course was adopted: a small detachment was sent to Fominskoye, charged to attack Broussier.

By an odd coincidence, this operation — most difficult and most important, as it turned out, in its consequences — was intrusted to Dokhturof — that same modest little Dokhturof whom no one ever thought of describing for us as concocting plans for engagements, flying at the head of regiments, scattering crosses on the batteries, and so on; who was considered and counted irresolute and lacking in penetration, but nevertheless that same Dokhturof whom, during all the wars between the Russians and the French, from Austerlitz until 1813, we find always in command where there was anything difficult to do.

At Austerlitz, he stays until the last on the dike of Augest, re-forming the regiments, saving what he can, when all are fleeing and perishing, and not one general is left in the rear.

Though ill with fever, he goes to Smolensk with twenty thousand men to defend the city against the whole army of Napoleon. At Smolensk, he had just caught a wink of sleep at the Malakhof gates, during a paroxysm of his fever, when he is awakened by the cannonade of the city, and Smolensk holds out the whole day.

In the battle of Borodino, when Bagration is struck down, and nine men in every ten from among the troops of our left flank are killed, and all the force of the French artillery fire is concentrated in that direction, no one else but Dokhturof, irresolute and lacking in penetration, is sent there, and Kutuzof makes haste to retrieve the blunder which he had made in sending some one else there. And the little, mild Dokhturof goes there, and Borodino becomes the brightest glory of the Russian arms. And many heroes have been celebrated by us in verse and prose, but of Dokhturof scarcely a word!

Again, Dokhturof is sent to Fominskoye and from there to Malui Yaroslavetz, to the place where the last battle with the French took place, and where evidently the destruction of the French began; and again many heroes and geniuses have been celebrated by us at that period in the campaign, but of Dokhturof never a word, or almost nothing, or half-heartedly. This silence concerning Dokhturof more palpably than aught else proves his merit.

Naturally, for a man who understands not the working of a machine, it seems, on first seeing it in motion, that the most important part of it is the shaving which accidentally got into

it, and, while interfering with its movement, makes a buzzing noise. The man, not knowing the virtues of the machine, cannot comprehend that not this shaving vitiating and deranging the works, but that little distributing cog-wheel which turns noiselessly, is the most essential part of the machine.

On the twenty-second of October, the same day on which Dokhturof traversed the half of the road toward Fominskoye, and had halted in the village of Aristovo, preparing himself accurately to carry out the orders that had been given him, the whole French army, in its spasmodic motion moving down as far as Murat's position, as though for the purpose of giving battle, suddenly, without any reason, swerved to the left to the new Kaluga highway, and moved toward Fominskoye, where shortly before only Broussier had been.

Dokhturof, at this time, had under his command, with the exception of Dorokhof's men, only the two small divisions of Figner and Seslavin.

On the afternoon of October twenty-third, Seslavin came to the commander at Aristovo with a French guardsman, who had been taken prisoner. The prisoner said that the troops which had that day occupied Fominskoye consisted of the vanguard of the main army, that Napoleon was there, that the whole army had left Moscow on the seventeenth.

That same evening a domestic serf, who had come from Borovsko, declared that he had seen a tremendous host entering the town.

The Cossacks of Dorokhof's division brought word that they had seen the French guard marching along the road to Borovsko.

From all these rumors it was evident that at that place where they expected to find a single division was now the whole army of the French, which had marched out of Moscow in an unexpected route — along the old Kaluga highway.

Dokhturof was loath to make any demonstration, since it was not now at all clear to him what it was his duty to do. He had been commanded to attack Fominskoye.

But where before Broussier had been alone in Fominskoye, now there was the whole French army.

Yermolof wanted to act on his own judgment, but Dokhturof insisted that it was necessary to have orders from his serene highness. It was determined to send a messenger back to headquarters.

For this duty was chosen a highly intelligent officer, Bolkhovitinof, who, in addition to the written report, was to give

a verbal report of the whole matter. At midnight Bolkhovitinof, having received the envelope and the verbal message, galloped off, accompanied by a Cossack, with extra horses, to headquarters.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was a dark, warm, autumn night. There had been a steady rain for four days. After changing horses twice, and riding thirty versts in an hour and a half over the muddy, sticky road, Bolkhovitinof reached Letashevko at two o'clock in the morning. Dismounting in front of an izba, on the wattled fence of which was the sign, "GLAVNUI SHTAP," or "Headquarters," and throwing the bridle to his Cossack, he went into the dark entry.

"The general on duty, instantly! Very important!" he exclaimed to some one, who had been snoring in the darkness of the entry and started up.

"He was very unwell last evening; he hasn't slept for two nights," whispered a denschchik's voice, apologetically. "Better wake the captain first."

"Very important — from General Dokhturof," said Bolkhovitinof, entering the door which was held open for him. The denschchik led the way, and tried to awaken some one.

"Your nobility! your nobility! — A courier!"

"What, what is it? From whom?" exclaimed some one's sleepy voice.

"From Dokhturof and from Aleksei Petrovitch. Napoleon is at Fominskoye," said Bolkhovitinof, not being able to make out, by reason of the darkness, who it was that was questioning him, but judging by the sound of the voice that it was not Konovnitsuin.

The man who had been aroused yawned and stretched himself.

"I don't like to wake him," said he, fumbling about for something. "He's very sick. Maybe it's a rumor."

"Here is the despatch," said Bolkhovitinof. "I was ordered to hand it instantly to the general on duty."

"Wait, I will strike a light. Where are you, you scamp, always asleep!" he cried, addressing the denschchik.

This was Sheherbínin, Konovnitsuin's adjutant. "I have found it, I have found it," he added.

The denschchik kindled a light. Sheherbínin had been

searching for the candlestick. "Akh! the wretched business!" he cried, with disgust.

By the candle-light Bolkhovitinof saw Shcherbínin's youthful face, and in the opposite corner a man still sound asleep. This was Konovnitsuin.

When the tinder flared up first with blue and then with ruddy flame, Shcherbínin lit the tallow candle, from which the cockroaches that had been feasting on it dropped to the ground, and stared at the messenger.

Bolkhovitinof was all mud, and in wiping his face on his sleeve he smeared it all over him.

"Who brought the news?" asked Shcherbínin, taking the envelope.

"The news is trustworthy," replied Bolkhovitinof. "The prisoners and the Cossack and the scouts are all unanimous in saying the same thing."

"We can't help it — must wake him," said Shcherbínin, getting up and going over to the man asleep in a nightcap, and covered with a cloak.

"Piotr Petrovitch!" he called.

Konovnitsuin did not stir.

"Headquarters!" he cried, with a smile, knowing that that would assuredly waken him. And, in point of fact, the head in the nightcap was immediately lifted. In Konovnitsuin's handsome, resolute face, with the cheeks inflamed with fever, there remained for an instant the expression of the visions of sleep, far enough removed from the reality; but suddenly he shivered; his face assumed its ordinarily calm and resolute expression.

"Well, then, what is it? From whom?" he asked, not hastily, but without unnecessary delay, blinking his eyes at the light.

On hearing the officer's report, Konovnitsuin broke the seal and read the letters. He had hardly finished reading them before he set his feet in woollen stockings down on the earth floor, and began to put on his shoes. Then he took off his cap, and, running the comb through the locks on his temples, he put on his forage cap.

"Did you come quickly? Let us go to his serene highness."

Konovnitsuin immediately realized that this news was of the greatest importance, and that it brooked no delay. He did not take into consideration, or even ask himself, whether it were good news or bad news. This did not interest him.

He looked on the whole business of war not with his intellect nor with his reason, but with something else. His soul had a deep but unexpressed conviction that all would be well; but the confession or expression of this faith that was in him seemed to him entirely unnecessary: he had only to do his duty. And his duty he did, giving to it all his powers.

Piotr Petrovitch Konovnitsuin, just like Dokhturof, seemingly out of mere formality, had his name inscribed on the list of the so-called heroes of 1812, — the Barclays, the Rayevskys, the Yermolofs, the Platofs, the Miloradovitches; just like Dokhturof, enjoyed the reputation of being a man of very limited capacity and talent; and again, like Dokhturof, Konovnitsuin never made plans of battles, but he was always found where the greatest difficulties were to be met. Ever since his appointment as general on duty he had slept with an open door, insisting that he should be awakened whenever a courier should come; in battle he was always under fire, so that Kutuzof chided him for exposing himself recklessly, and for that reason dreaded to send him into service; and thus again, like Dokhturof, he was one of these invisible springs which, without fuss or racket, constitute the most essential part of the machine.

On coming out from the izbá into the damp, dark night, Konovnitsuin scowled, partly because his headache had grown worse, and partly from the disagreeable thought that occurred to him, that now, at this news, would be aroused all that nest of influential men connected with the staff, and especially Benigsen, who since Tarutino had been at swords' points with Kutuzof. How they would propose, discuss, give orders, interfere! And this presentiment was disagreeable to him, although he knew that it was inevitable.

In point of fact, Toll, to whom he went to communicate this news, immediately began to lay down his ideas for the benefit of the general who shared his lodgings with him; and Konovnitsuin, after listening in silence until he was tired, reminded him that they ought to go to his serene highness's.

CHAPTER XVII.

KUTUZOF, like all old people, slept little at night. In the daytime he frequently dozed at unexpected times, but at night, throwing himself, still dressed, down on his couch, he would lie awake and think.

Thus it was at this time. He was lying on his bed, leaning his heavy, big, scarred head on his fat hand, and thinking, his one eye staring out into the darkness. Since Benigsen, who was in correspondence with the sovereign, and had more influence with the staff than any one else, had kept out of his way, Kutuzof was more at ease in reference to his being urged again to let the troops take part in useless offensive movements. The lesson of the battle of Tarutino and of the day before it, ever memorable to Kutuzof, must have its effect, he thought.

"They must understand that it can only be a losing game with us to act on the offensive. *Patience* and *Time*, they are my warrior-heroes," said Kutuzof to himself.

He knew that it was not best to pluck the apple while it was green. It would fall of itself when it got ripe; but if you pluck it green, then it spoils the apple and the tree, and sets your teeth on edge as well.

Like an experienced huntsman, he knew that the wild beast was wounded, — wounded as only the whole force of Russia could wound; but whether the wound was mortal or not was as yet an undecided question.

Now, by the sending of Lauriston and Berthémi, and by the reports of the guerillas, Kutuzof was almost certain that the wound was mortal.

But proofs were still requisite: it was necessary to wait.

"They want to rush forward and see how they have killed him. Wait, and you'll see. Always 'manœuvres,' always 'offensive movements!'" he said to himself. "What for? So as to gain distinction. One would think there was something jolly in this fighting. They are just like children, from whom you can't expect reason, for the whole business lies in the fact that they all want to prove how well they can fight. But that is not the case now. And what fine manœuvres they are always proposing to me! It seems to them that when they have devised two or three chances" — he was thinking about the general plan sent from Petersburg — "they have exhausted the list, but there's no end to them."

The vexed question whether the Wild Beast was mortally wounded or not at Borodino had been for more than a month suspended over Kutuzof's head.

On the one hand, the French had taken possession of Moscow; on the other, Kutuzof undoubtedly felt in his whole being that that terrible blow, in the dealing of which had been concentrated the force of the united Russian people, must have been mortal.

But, in any case, proofs were required, and he had been waiting for them for more than a month; and in proportion as time slipped away, the more impatient he became.

As he lay on his couch during these sleepless nights of his, he did the same thing that the younger element among his generals did, — the very thing for which he reproached them. He thought out all possible contingencies, just as the younger generals did, but with this difference only, that he placed no dependence on these prognostications, and that he saw them, not in twos or threes, but in thousands.

The more he thought about them, the more abundantly they arose before him. He imagined every kind of motion that the Napoleonic army might make, whether as a whole or in parts; against Petersburg, against himself, against his flank. There was one contingency that he imagined, and this he dreaded more than any other, which was that Napoleon might turn against him his own weapon, — that he might settle down in Moscow and wait for him.

Kutuzof even imagined Napoleon's army marching back to Meduin and Yukhnof, but the one thing that he could not have foreseen was the very thing that happened, that senseless, cautious doubling to and fro of Napoleon's army during the first eleven days after it left Moscow; that indecision which rendered possible what Kutuzof had not till then dared even to think about — namely, the absolute destruction of the French.

Dorokhof's report about Broussier's division, the information imparted by the "partisans" in regard to the distresses of Napoleon's army, the rumors of preparation for evacuating Moscow, all taken together, confirmed the presumption that the French army was worsted and was preparing to flee. But these presumptions only appealed to the younger men, not to Kutuzof.

He, with his sixty years' experience, knew how much dependence was to be put upon hearsay, knew how prone men who wished anything were to group all the indications in such a way as to conform with their desire, and he knew how in such a case as this they are glad to drop out of sight anything that might seem opposed to it.

And the more Kutuzof desired this the less he permitted himself to put any trust in it. This question engaged all the energies of his mind. Everything else was for him merely the ordinary business of life. And such subordinate business of life included his conversation with his staff officers, his letters to Madame Stahl* which he wrote from Tarutino, the

* Mme. de Staël ?

reading of novels, the granting of rewards, his correspondence with Petersburg, and the like.

But the destruction of the French, which he had been the only one to foresee, was the only real desire of his soul.

On the night of the twenty-third of October, he was lying down, his head resting on his hand, and was thinking about this.

There was a commotion in the next room, and steps were heard: it was Toll, Konovnitsuin, and Bolkhovitinof.

"Ei! who is there? Come in, come in! What news?" cried the field-marshal to them.

While the servant was lighting a candle, Toll told the gist of the news.

"Who brought it?" asked Kutuzof, his face amazing Toll, when the light was made, by its cold sternness.

"There can be no doubt about it, your serene highness."

"Bring him in, bring him in."

Kutuzof sat down, stretching out one leg on the bed, and resting his huge paunch on the other, which he doubled up. He blinked his sound eye, in order to get a better sight of the messenger, as though he expected in his features to read the answer to what was occupying him.

"Go on, tell us about it, friend," said he to Bolkhovitinof in his low, senile voice, gathering together over his chest his shirt, which had fallen open. "Come here, come nearer. What is this bit of news you have brought me? What! Napoleon left Moscow? And his army too? Ha?"

Bolkhovitinof gave him a detailed account, from the very beginning, of all that had been committed to him.

"Speak faster, faster; don't torment my very soul," Kutuzof said, interrupting him.

Bolkhovitinof told the whole story and then remained silent, awaiting orders.

Toll began to make some remark, but Kutuzof interrupted him. He wished to say something, but suddenly his face wrinkled and frowned. Waving his hand to Toll, he walked across the room, to the "red corner" of the izbá, where the holy pictures were ranged black against the wall.

"Lord, my Creator! Thou hast heard our prayer," said he in a trembling voice, folding his hands. "Saviour of Russia! I thank thee, O Lord."

And he burst into tears.

CHAPTER XVIII.

From the time that this news came until the end of the campaign, all Kutuzof's activity is confined to exercising his power, shrewdness, and persuasion to prevent his troops from useless attacks, manœuvres, and encounters with an enemy already doomed.

Dokhturof goes to Malo-Yaroslavetz; but Kutuzof dawdles along with his whole army, and gives orders for the evacuation of Kaluga, retreat behind that town seeming to him perfectly practicable.

Kutuzof falls back; but the enemy, not waiting for his retreat, takes to flight in the opposite direction.

The historians of Napoleon describe for us his clever manœuvres at Tarutino and Malo-Yaroslavetz, and make hypotheses as to what would have happened if Napoleon had succeeded in entering the rich southern provinces.

But, not to mention the fact that nothing prevented Napoleon from entering these southern provinces, since the Russian army gave him a free road, the historians forget that nothing could have saved the French army, for it already carried within itself the inevitable elements of its own destruction.

How could an army which had found an abundance of provisions at Moscow, and, instead of keeping them, had trampled them under its feet, an army which, on arriving at Smolensk, had, instead of gathering stores, given itself up to pillage, — how could this army have saved itself in the province of Kaluga, inhabited as it was by a Russian population similar to that of Moscow, and where fire had the same property of burning up whatever was set on fire?

This army could nowhere have retrieved itself. After Borodino and the pillage of Moscow it henceforth bore in itself the chemical conditions of decomposition.

The men of this, which was once an army, ran, like their leaders, knowing not whither, having (Napoleon and every soldier) but one desire, to escape as soon as possible from this situation, which they all, though vaguely, realized was inextricable.

This was the only reason that at Malo-Yaroslavetz, when Napoleon's generals pretended to hold a council, and various opinions were offered, the last opinion of all, General Mouton's, who, being a simple-minded soldier, spoke what all

thought, that they must get away as quickly as possible, closed all mouths; and no one, not even Napoleon, could say anything against a truth recognized by all.

But though all knew that they must depart, there still remained the shame of confessing that they must take to flight. Some external impulse was needed to overcome this shame. And the impulse came at the proper time. It was what the French called "the emperor's ambush."*

Early the next morning, after the council, Napoleon, pretending that he was going to inspect his troops and examine the field of battle, past and to come, rode to the centre of his lines, accompanied by his suite of marshals and by his guard.

Some Cossacks, prowling about in search of plunder, stumbled upon the emperor, and almost made him prisoner.

If the Cossacks failed this time to capture Napoleon, it was because he was saved by the very thing that proved the destruction of the French: love of booty, which on this occasion, as at Tarutino, led the Cossacks to neglect men, and think only of pillage. They paid no attention to the emperor, but flung themselves on the spoils, and Napoleon succeeded in escaping.

When the "children of the Don" — *les enfans du Don* — were able to lay hold on the emperor himself in the midst of his army, it became clear that there was nothing else to be done but beat a retreat by the shortest known road.

Napoleon, with the rotund abdomen of his forty years, no longer felt his former agility and courage, and accepted the omen. Under the influence of the fright given him by the Cossacks, he immediately sided with Mouton, and, as the historians say, gave the order to retreat along the road to Smolensk.

The fact that Napoleon agreed with Mouton and that the French troops retreated does not prove that Napoleon ordered the movement, but that the forces which were acting upon the army to push it in the direction of Mohaïsk had simultaneously exerted their influence upon Napoleon himself.

CHAPTER XIX.

WHEN a man undertakes any movement he has always an object in view. If he has a journey of a thousand versts before him he must expect something good at the end of those thousand versts. He must anticipate a promised land, in order to have strength enough to cover the distance.

* *Le hurra de l'Empereur.*

When the French invaded Russia their promised land was Moscow; when they began their retreat it was their native land. But their native land was far, far away; and when a man starts out on a journey of a thousand versts, he must surely forget the end in view, and say to himself, "To-day, I will go forty versts, and there I shall find rest and lodging;" and during this first stage of his journey this resting-place becomes for the time being his ultimate destination, and he concentrates upon it all his hopes and desires.

Aspirations which are found in any isolated man are always intensified in a body of men.

To the French, returning over the old Smolensk highway, the final end in view — the return to the fatherland — was too far off; and the immediate goal toward which all their desires and hopes, magnified to enormous proportions in the whole body of men, were directed, was Smolensk.

It was not because they expected to find in Smolensk many provisions or fresh troops, or because they had been told any such thing; on the contrary, all the generals of the army, and Napoleon as well, knew that there was very little to be found at Smolensk, — but because this was the only thing that could give the soldiers the power to march and to endure the privations of the moment, that those who knew the truth and those who knew it not, alike deceiving themselves, struggled toward Smolensk as their promised land.

Once on the high-road, the French hurried toward this fictitious destination, with a remarkable energy and unprecedented velocity.

Besides the general yearning for a single object, on which the whole body of the French army was united and which imparted a certain additional energy, there was still another cause uniting them. This cause was found in their aggregation.

This enormous multitude, as if obedient to the physical law of attraction, drew to itself all isolated atoms of men. These hundred thousand men moved on in a compact mass like a whole empire!

Each man among them wished for but one thing — to fall into captivity, and so to be delivered from all their horrors and sufferings. But, on the one hand, the power of the common impulse toward their goal, Smolensk, carried each one in the same direction.

On the other hand it was impossible for an entire corps to surrender to a single company, and, although the French took

advantage of every convenient occasion to separate from their fellows, and at even the slightest pretext surrendered to the Russians, these pretexts did not always offer.

The great numbers of them and their hard, rapid march deprived them of these possibilities, and made it not only difficult, but impossible, for the Russians to arrest this movement in which was concentrated the entire energy of such a mass of the French.

The mechanical disruption of the body could not hasten, beyond a certain limit, the process of decomposition in progress.

It is impossible to melt a snowball in an instant. There exists a certain limit of time before which no power of heat can melt the snow. On the contrary, the greater the heat the more solidified is the snow which remains.

With the exception of Kutuzof, none of the Russian generals understood this. When the retreat of the French army took the definite shape of flight along the Smolensk road, they began to realize the truth of what Konovnitsuin had foreseen on the night of October 23.

All the superior generals of the army wished to distinguish themselves, to cut the French off, to take them prisoners, to set upon them; and all demanded offensive operations.

Kutuzof alone employed all his powers—the powers of any commanding general are very small—to resist offensive operations.

He could not say what we can say to-day—why fight battles, why dispute the road, why lose your own men, and why inhumanly kill unfortunate wretches? why do all this, when from Moscow to Viazma, without any combat whatever, a third of this army has disappeared? but drawing from his wisdom what they might have understood, he told them about “the golden bridge;”^{*} and they mocked him, slandered him, and hurled themselves upon the dying Beast to rend it and cut it in pieces.

At Viazma, Yermolof, Miloradovitch, Platof, and others, finding themselves near the French, could not restrain themselves from cutting off and destroying two French army corps. Kutuzof they derided by sending him a sheet of blank paper in an envelope, instead of a report of their undertaking.

And in spite of all Kutuzof's efforts to restrain our troops, the troops assailed the French, and endeavored to dispute

^{*} “Let them cross the golden bridge;” that is, “Give them every chance of self-destruction.”

their way. Regiments of infantry, we are told, with music and drums, boldly advanced to the attack, and killed and lost thousands of men.

But they could not cut off the fugitives, or exterminate the enemy. And the French army, drawing its ranks more closely together, because of the danger, and regularly melting away, advanced along this — its fatal road to Smolensk.

PART THIRD.

CHAPTER I.

THE battle of Borodino, with the successive occupation of Moscow and the flight of the French army without further battles, is one of the most instructive events of history.

All historians agree that the external activity of states and peoples, in their mutual collisions, is expressed by war; that immediately after great or petty military successes the political power of states and nations is increased or diminished.

Strange as it seems in reading history to find that such and such a king or emperor, on quarrelling with other emperors or kings, gets his troops together, attacks the enemy's army, wins the victory, kills three thousand, five thousand, ten thousand men, and in consequence of this vanquishes a whole state and a whole population of millions of men; hard as it is to understand why the defeat of an army — the loss of a hundredth part of all a nation's forces — should compel the submission of the entire nation, yet all the facts of history, so far as it is known to us, confirm the justice of the assertion that the greater or less success of the army of any nation at war with another is the cause, or at least the essential indication, of the increase or decrease of the power of those nations.

When an army has won a victory, instantly the "rights" of the victorious nation are increased to the detriment of the vanquished. When an army has suffered defeat, immediately the nation is deprived of "rights" in proportion to the defeat; and when the army has been completely defeated, the nation is completely vanquished.

This has been the case, according to history, from the most ancient to the most recent times. All of Napoleon's wars serve to confirm this truth.

In proportion as the Austrian troops were defeated, Austria lost its "rights," while the rights and powers of France were magnified.

The victories of the French at Jena and Austerlitz destroyed the independence of Prussia.

But suddenly in 1812 the "battle of the Moskva" was won by the French, Moscow was captured; and yet, though no more battles were fought, Russia ceased not to exist, while this army of six hundred thousand men did cease to exist, and subsequently the France of Napoleon.

To force facts to fit the rules of history, to say that the battle-field of Borodino was won by the Russians, or that, after the occupation of Moscow, battles were fought that exterminated Napoleon's army, — is impossible.

After the victory of the French at Borodino, not only was there no general battle, but no battle of any importance; and yet the French army ceased to exist.

What does this fact signify?

If such a thing had occurred in the history of China, we might say that it was not a historical event—the favorite loophole of historians when facts do not fit theories; if it were a question of a conflict of short duration in which small forces took part, we might declare the event an exception to the general rule.

But this event took place under the eyes of our fathers, for whom the question of the life or death of their country was decided, and this war was the most momentous of all known wars.

That period in the campaign of 1812, from the battle of Borodino to the retreat of the French, proved not only that a battle won is not always a cause of conquest, but also that it may not be even a sign of conquest; proved that the force which decides the destiny of nations consists not in conquerors, or even in armies and battles, but in something different.

The French historians, describing the condition of the troops before the evacuation of Moscow, assure us that everything was in good order in the "Grand Army," excepting the cavalry, the artillery, and the wagon-trains; forage being also lacking for the horses and cattle. There was no help for this evil, for the muzhiks of the region around burned their hay, and would not let the French have it.

The victory won by the French did not bring the usual results, because of the muzhiks Karp and Vlas, who, after the departure of the French, went to Moscow with carts to plunder the city, and who personally, as a rule, manifested no heroic sentiments; and yet the whole innumerable throng of similar muzhiks refused to carry hay to Moscow in spite of the money offered to them, but burned it.

Let us imagine two men engaged in a duel with swords according to all the rules of the art of fencing. For a considerable time the parrying has continued; then suddenly one of the contestants, feeling that he has been wounded, realizing that the affair is no joke, but that his life depends upon it, throws aside his sword, and, seizing the first club that comes to hand, begins to wield it.

Now let us imagine that this man, who so wisely employs the best and simplest method for attaining his object, is at the same time imbued with the traditions of chivalry, and, wishing to conceal the truth, should insist upon it that he was victorious over the sword according to the rules of the art of fencing. It can be imagined what confusion and lack of clearness would arise from such a story.

The duellist who demands an encounter according to the rules of the art is the French; his enemy, who throws away his sword and takes up a club, is the Russians; those who try to explain everything according to the rules of fencing are the historians who have described these events.

From the time of the burning of Smolensk began a form of war which does not belong to any of the former traditions of war.

The burnings of towns and villages, battles followed by retreats, the blow at Borodino and the retreat, the burning of Moscow, the hunting down of marauders, the intercepting of provision-trains, the "partisan" warfare, — all this was contrary to the rules.

Napoleon felt this; and from the very time when he stood in Moscow, in the regular position of fencing, and discovered that the hand of his opponent held a club over him instead of a sword, he did not cease to complain to Kutuzof and the Emperor Alexander that the war was conducted contrary to all rules — as if there were rules for the killing of men!

But, in spite of all the complaints of the French about the breaking of rules, in spite of the fact that the Russians highest in position were ashamed of fighting with the cudgel, and desired to stand in a position where, according to all the rules, they could fight, — *en quarte*, *en tierce*, and make the clever thrust, *en prime*, and so on, — the club of the popular war was lifted in all its threatening and majestic power, and, caring nothing for good taste and rules, with stupid simplicity but sound judgment, not making distinctions, it was lifted, and fell and pounded the French until the whole army of invaders perished.

And honor be to that people who did not as the French did in 1813, who saluted the enemy according to all the rules of the art, and, reversing their swords, politely and gracefully handed them to their magnanimous conqueror. Honor be to that people who in the moment of trial, not asking how others had acted in conformity to rules in similar circumstances, simply and quickly seized the first club at hand, and wielded it until the feeling of anger and vengeance in their hearts gave way to contempt and pity!

CHAPTER II.

ONE of the most obvious and advantageous infractions of the so-called rules of war is the action of isolated individuals against troops crowded together into a mass.

This sort of activity is always seen in wars which assume a popular character. This form of warfare consists in this, that, instead of one compact body meeting another compact body, men disperse, attack separately, and instantly retire when threatened by superior forces, and then re-appear at the first favorable opportunity.

Thus did the Guerillas in Spain, thus did the mountaineers in the Caucasus, thus did the Russians in 1812.

Warfare of this sort is called "partisan" or guerilla warfare, and when it is thus named its meaning is explained.

This sort of warfare, however, not only fails to come under any rules, but is opposed directly to a well-known and infallible law of tactics. This law demands that the assailant shall concentrate his troops so as to be, at the moment of combat, stronger than his enemy.

Partisan warfare (always successful, as history proves) is directly opposed to that law.

This contradiction arises from the fact that military science takes the strength of armies to be identical with their numbers. Military science says: The more troops, the greater the strength. Great battalions are always right: *Les gros bataillons ont toujours raison*. In making this assertion, military science is like the science of mechanics, which, considering the momenta of moving bodies only in relation to their masses, affirms that these forces will be equal or unequal as their masses are equal or unequal.

Momentum (the *quantity* of movement) is the product of the mass into the velocity.

In war the momentum of troops is likewise the product of the mass multiplied by some unknown quantity, x .

Military science, seeing in history an infinite collection of examples, that the mass of armies does not coincide with the strength, and that small detachments have conquered large ones, confusedly recognizes the existence of this unknown factor, and tries to discover it now in geometrical combinations, now in differences of armament, now, and this most generally, in the genius of the commanders.

But the values given to all these factors do not suffice to account for the results in accordance with historical facts.

Meantime it is sufficient for us to rid ourselves of the false idea, invented for the pleasure of heroes, that in the effect of the arrangements made by the commanders in time of war, we shall find this unknown x .

This x is the spirit of the army; in other words, the more or less intense desire of all the men composing the army to fight and expose themselves to perils, independently of the question whether they are under the command of men of genius or otherwise, whether they fight in three or two ranks, whether they are armed with clubs, or with guns delivering thirty shots a minute.

Men who have the most intense desire to fight always put themselves in the most advantageous position for fighting.

The spirit of the army is the factor, multiplied by the mass, which gives the product, power. To determine and express the meaning of the spirit of the army — that unknown factor — is the problem of science.

The problem is possible only when we cease to put arbitrarily, in place of this unknown x , the conditions under which the momentum is produced, such as the dispositions of the commander, the armament, and so on, and disregarding them as the significant factor, realize this unknown quantity in all its integration as the more or less active desire animating the men to fight and confront danger.

Only then when we express known historical facts by means of equations can we, by a comparison of the relative value of this unknown factor, determine the unknown factor.

Ten men, battalions, or divisions, fighting with fifteen men, battalions, or divisions, conquer the fifteen, that is, kill them or take them all prisoners without exception, themselves losing only four. On one side fifteen have been exterminated,

on the other four. In reality the four were equal to the fifteen, and consequently

$$4x = 15y;$$

consequently

$$x : y = 15 : 4.$$

This equation does not give the value of the unknown factor, but it expresses the relations between the two unknown factors, and, by putting into the form of similar equations historical units taken separately, — battles, campaigns, periods of war, — a series of numbers will be obtained in which laws must exist and may be discovered.

The rule of tactics commanding troops to act in masses during an attack, and separately in a retreat, is an unconscious expression of the truth that the strength of troops depends upon their spirit. Better discipline is required to lead men into fire than to induce them to defend themselves against assailants, and is obtained exclusively by movements in masses.

But this rule, which takes no account of the spirit of the troops, constantly proves fallacious and particularly opposed to the reality, when there is an increased or diminished spirit among the troops — in all popular wars.

The French, in retreating in 1812, though they should, according to tactics, have defended themselves separately, drew into closer masses, because the spirit of the troops had fallen so low that the army could be maintained only by holding the men in mass.

The Russians, on the contrary, ought, according to tactics, to have attacked in mass; but in fact they scattered their forces, because the spirit of their troops had risen so high that isolated men attacked the French without waiting for orders, and had no need of constraint to induce them to expose themselves to fatigues and perils.

CHAPTER III.

THE so-called partisan or guerilla war* began with the arrival of the French at Smolensk.

Before this guerilla warfare was officially recognized by our government, thousands of the hostile army — mauraders left

* *Partizánskaya voína.*

behind, and foraging parties — had been exterminated by Cossacks and muzhiks, who killed these men as instinctively as dogs worry to death a mad dog that has run astray.

Denis Davuidof, with his keen Russian scent, was the first to understand the significance of this terrible cudgel, which, without regard to the rules of military science, annihilated the French, and to him belongs the glory of taking the first step toward formulating this sort of warfare.

On the fifth of September, Davuidof's first partisan squad was organized; and after the example of his, others were organized. The longer the campaign continued, the greater became the number of these bands.

The partisans demolished the "Grand Army" in detachments. They trampled down the fallen leaves which came off from the dried tree — the French army — and now and again shook the tree itself.

In October when the French were on their way back to Smolensk, there were hundreds of these bands, of various sizes and characters. There were bands which had all the appurtenances of a regular army — infantry, artillery, staff officers — and many of the comforts of life: others consisted solely of Cossacks, cavalry; there were others of insignificant size, gathered at haphazard, infantry and cavalry mixed; there were those composed of muzhiks, and those organized by landowners, and others that owned no allegiance to any commander.

A diachók or sacristan was the leader of one band, which, in the course of a month, took several hundred prisoners: and there was the wife of a village stárosta, named Vasilísa, who killed hundreds of the French.

The early days of November saw the greatest development of this partisan warfare. The first period of this kind of war — during which the "partisans" themselves were amazed at their own audacity, were afraid every moment of being surprised and surrounded by the French, and kept hid in the forests, not unsaddling, and scarcely venturing to dismount from their horses, expecting to be pursued at any moment — was past.

By this time this kind of warfare had taken definite form; it had become clear to all what they could do and what they could not do in grappling with the French.

The leaders of bands, who had regular staffs, and followed rules, kept at a respectful distance from the French, and were chary of undertaking certain things, which they regarded as

impossible. Petty partisans who had been engaged for some time in the business, and had gained a close acquaintance with the French, considered feasible what the leaders of the large bands would not dare even to think of.

Cossacks and muzhiks who slipped easily in and out among the French reckoned that everything was possible.

On the fourth of November, Denisof, who was one of these partisan leaders, found himself, with his band, in the very brunt of partisan excitement. Since morning, he and his band had been on the march. All day long, keeping under shelter of the forest that skirted the highway, he had been following a large French convoy of cavalry baggage and Russian prisoners, isolated from the other troops, and under a powerful escort, on its way to Smolensk, as was known from scouts and prisoners.

The existence of this train was known, not only to Denisof and Dolokhof — who was also a partisan leader with a small band, and was advancing close by — but to the nachalniki of several large bands, with their staffs, — all knew about this train, and, as Denisof expressed it, “were whetting their teeth for it.”

Two of these large bands, one commanded by a Polyak, the other by a German, almost simultaneously sent to Denisof to join forces, each inviting him to help them attack the “transport.”

“No, thank you, bwother, I shave my own whiskers,” said Denisof, as he read their letters; and he replied to the German that, in spite of the heartfelt desire which he had of serving under the command of such a valiant and distinguished general, he should have to deprive himself of that pleasure, because he had already joined the command of the Polish general.

And to the Polish general he wrote the same thing, assuring him that he had already joined the command of the German.

Having thus disposed of these matters, Denisof made his plans without reference to these high officials, to join in company with Dolokhof, and attack and capture this train, with the small force at their command.

The “transport” was proceeding, on the fourth of November, from the village of Mikulino to the village of Shamshevo. On the left-hand side of the road between the two villages ran a dense forest, in places approaching the road, in places receding from the road a verst and more.

It was under the cover of this forest, now hiding in its depths, now approaching its edge, that Denisof had been advancing all day long, with his band not once losing the French from sight.

In the morning, not far from Mikulino, where the forest came nearest to the road, the Cossacks of Denisof's band had seized two of the French wagons, loaded with cavalry saddles, which had got stuck in the mud, and made off with them into the forest.

From that time until evening, the band, without attacking, followed the French in all their movements.

It was necessary to allow them, without being alarmed, to reach Shamshevo in safety; there Denisof would unite with Dolokhof, who was to come for a consultation, that evening, to a designated spot in the forest, about a verst from Shamshevo, and at daybreak they would fall upon them from two sides at once quite unexpectedly — "like snow on the head," as the saying goes — and defeat and capture the whole host at one fell blow.

Two versts in the rear of Mikulino, where the forest approached the road, six Cossacks were to be left, who were to report instantly in case new columns of the French showed up.

In front of Shamshevo, Dolokhof was to scour the road so as to know at what distance other French troops might be.

The "transport" mustered fifteen hundred men. Denisof had two hundred, and Dolokhof might have as many. But the preponderance of numbers did not deter Denisof. The only thing that he cared now to know was what sort of men composed these troops, and, with this end in view, Denisof wanted to capture a *tongue*; that is, a man from the enemy's ranks. In the morning, when they fell upon the two wagons, the affair was accomplished with such celerity that all the French in charge of the two wagons had been killed, and the only one taken alive was a drummer boy who had remained behind, and was incapable of giving any decided information about the kind of men that formed the column.

To make a second descent, Denisof considered, would be at the risk of arousing the whole column, and therefore he sent forward to Shamshevo the muzhik Tikhon Shcherbatof, one of his band, to pick up, if possible, one of the French quartermasters who would be likely to be there in advance.

CHAPTER IV.

It was a mild, rainy, autumn day. The sky and the earth blended in the same hue, like that of turbid water. At one moment it was precipitated in the form of fog; at the next, suddenly round, slanting drops of rain would fall.

Denisof, in his burka or felt cloak, and pápakh or Cossack cap, from which the water was streaming, was riding along on a lean thoroughbred with tightened girths. Like his horse, he kept his head bent and ears alert, and, scowling at the slanting rain, peered anxiously ahead. His face was somewhat thinner than of yore, and with its growth of thick, short black beard, looked fierce.

Abreast of Denisof, also in burka and pápakh, on a plump, coarse-limbed Don pony, rode a Cossack esaul,* Denisof's ally.

A third, the Esaul Lovaiski, likewise in burka and pápakh, was a long-limbed, light-complexioned man, as flat as a plank, with narrow, bright eyes and a calmly self-confident expression both of face and pose. Although it was impossible to tell wherein consisted the individuality of horse and rider, still at a glance first at the esaul and then at Denisof, it was evident that Denisof was wet and uncomfortable, that Denisof was a man who merely rode his horse; while on looking at the esaul, it was evident that he was as comfortable and confident as ever, and that he was not a man who merely rode the horse, but a man who was one being with his horse, and thus possessed of double strength.

A short distance ahead of them walked their guide, a little peasant in a gray kaftan and a white cap, wet to the skin.

A little behind them, on a lean, slender Kirgiz pony with a huge tail and mane and with mouth bloody and torn, rode a young officer in a blue French capote.

Next him rode a hussar, who had taken up behind him, on his horse's crupper, a lad in a torn French uniform and blue cap. This lad clung to the hussar with hands red with cold, and rubbed his bare feet together to warm them, and gazed around him in amazement with uplifted brows. This was the French drummer boy whom they had taken prisoner that morning.

* *Esaul* at the present time is the Cossack title corresponding to captain of a *sotnya* or hundred; *sotnik* (centurion) was the former term.

Behind them, three and four deep, stretched the line of hussars along the narrow, winding, and well-worn forest path; then came Cossacks, some in burkas, some in French capotes, some with cavalry housings thrown over their heads. Their horses, whether roan or bay, seemed all black as coal in the rain which was streaming from them.

The horses' necks seemed strangely slender from their soaked manes. From the horses arose a steam. The clothes and the saddles and the bridles, — everything was wet, slippery, and limp, just like the ground and the fallen leaves which covered the path. The men sat with scowling faces, trying not to move, so as to warm the water that had trickled down their backs and not to allow any fresh invasion of cold water to get under their saddles, on their knees, or down their necks.

In the midst of the long train of Cossacks the two wagons drawn by French and Cossack horses (the latter harnessed in with their saddles on) rattled over the stumps and roots and splashed through the ruts full of water.

Denisof's horse, avoiding a puddle which covered the road, sprang to one side and struck his knee against a tree.

"Oh, the devil!" cried Denisof wrathfully, and, showing his teeth, he gave the horse three blows with the whip, spattering himself and his comrades with mud. Denisof was not in good spirits, owing to the rain and his hunger, — he had eaten nothing since morning, — and principally because nothing had been heard from Dolokhof, and because the man sent to capture "the tongue" had not returned.

"We sha'n't be likely to find another chance like to-day's to stwike the twansport twain. To attack them alone is too much of a wisk; and to wait till another day — some of those big bands of partisans will be sure to snatch it away from under our very noses," said Denisof, who kept his eyes constantly toward the front, thinking that he might see the expected messenger from Dolokhof.

On coming out into a vista where there was a clear view extending to some distance toward the right, Denisof reined in.

"Some one's coming," said he.

The esaul looked in the direction indicated by Denisof.

"There are two of them — an officer and Cossack. Only you don't *pre-suppose* that it is the sub-lieutenant himself, do you?" said the esaul, who liked to bring in words that were not in use among the Cossacks.

The riders who were coming down upon them were lost

from sight, and after a little while re-appeared again. The officer, with dishevelled hair, wet to the skin, and with his trousers worked up above his very knees, came riding in advance at a weary gallop, urging his horse with his whip. Behind him, standing up in his stirrups, trotted his Cossack. This officer, a very young lad, with a broad, rosy face and alert, mischief-loving eyes, galloped up to Denisof and handed him a wet envelope.

"From the general," said the officer. "Excuse it not being perfectly dry."

Denisof, frowning, took the envelope and started to break the seal.

"Now they all said it was dangerous — dangerous," said the young officer, turning to the esaul while Denisof was reading the letter. "However, Komárof — he pointed to the Cossack — Komárof* and I made all our plans. We each had two pist — But who is that?" he asked, breaking off in the middle of the word on catching sight of the French drummer boy. "A prisoner? Have you had a fight? May I speak with him?"

"Wostof! Petya!" cried Denisof, at that instant having run through the letter that had been given him. "Why didn't you say who you were?" and Denisof, with a smile, turning round, gave the young officer his hand.

This young officer was Petya Rostof!

All the way Petya had been revolving in his mind how he should behave toward Denisof as became a full-fledged officer, and not give a hint of their former acquaintance.

But as soon as Denisof smiled on him, Petya immediately became radiant, flushed with delight, and forgot the formality which he had stored up against the occasion, and began to tell him how he had galloped past the French, and how glad he was that such a commission had been intrusted to him, and how he had been in the battle near Viazma, where a certain hussar greatly distinguished himself.

"Well, I'm wight glad to see you," said Denisof, interrupting him, and then his face assumed again its anxious expression. "Mikhail Feoklitutch," said he, turning to the esaul, "you see this is from the German again. He insists on our joining him."

And Denisof proceeded to explain to the esaul that the contents of the letter just received consisted in a reiterated request from the German general to unite with him in an

* Name derived from *Komár*, a mosquito.

attack on the transport train. "If we don't get at it to-morrow, he will certainly take it away from under our vewy noses," he said in conclusion.

While Denisof was talking with the esaul, Petya, abashed by Denisof's chilling tone, and supposing that the reason for it might be the state of his trousers, strove to pull them down under shelter of his cloak, so that no one would notice him, and did his best to assume as military an aspect as possible.

"Will there be any order from your excellency?"* he asked of Denisof, raising his hand to his visor, and again returning to the little comedy of general and aide for which he had rehearsed himself—"Or should I remain with your excellency?"

"Orders?" repeated Denisof thoughtfully. "Can you remain till to-morrow?"

"Akh! please let me.—May I stay with you?" cried Petya.

"I suppose your orders from the genewal were to weturn immediately—weren't they?" asked Denisof.

Petya reddened.

"He said nothing at all about it; I think I can," he replied somewhat doubtfully.

"Well, all wight!" said Denisof. And, turning to his subordinates, he made various arrangements for the party to make their way to the place of rendezvous at the watch-house in the forest that had been agreed upon, and for the officer on the Kirgiz horse—this officer performed the duties of adjutant—to ride off in search of Dolokhof, and find whether he would come that evening or not.

Denisof himself determined to ride down with the esaul and Petya to the edge of the forest nearest to Shamshevo to reconnoitre the position of the French, and find the best place for making their attack on the following day.

"And now, gwaybeard," said he, turning to the muzhik who was serving as their guide, "take us to Shamshevo." Denisof, Petya, and the esaul, accompanied by a few Cossacks and the hussar who had charge of the prisoner, rode off to the left, through the ravine, toward the edge of the forest.

* *Vuisokoblagoródiye*, high well-born-ness.

CHAPTER V.

It had ceased to rain; there was merely a drizzling mist, and the drops of water fell from the branches of the trees.

Denisof, the esaul, and Petya rode silently behind the muzhik, who, lightly and noiselessly plodding along in his bast lapti over the roots and wet leaves, led them to the edge of the wood.

On reaching the crest of a slope, the muzhik paused, gave a swift glance, and strode toward where the wall of trees was thinner. Under a great oak which had not yet shed its leaves he paused, and mysteriously beckoned with his hand.

Denisof and Petya rode up to him. From the place where the muzhik was standing, the French could be seen. Immediately back of the forest, occupying the lower half of the slope, spread a field of spring corn. At the right, beyond a steep ravine, could be seen a small village and the manor house* with dilapidated roofs. In this hamlet, and around the mansion house, and over the whole hillside and in the garden, around the well and the pond, and along the whole road up from the bridge to the village, which was not more than quite a quarter of a mile, throngs of men could be seen in the rolling mist. Distinctly could be heard their non-Russian cries to the horses that were dragging the teams up the hill, and their calls to each other.

"Bring the prisoner here," said Denisof in a low tone, not taking his eyes from the French.

A Cossack dismounted, helped the lad down, and came with him to Denisof. Denisof, pointing to the French, asked what troops such and such divisions were. The little drummer, stuffing his benumbed hands into his pockets, and lifting his brows, gazed at Denisof in affright, and, in spite of his evident anxiety to tell all that he knew, got confused in his replies, and merely said yes to all that Denisof asked him. Denisof, scowling, turned from him, and addressed the esaul, to whom he communicated his impressions.

Petya, moving his head with quick gestures, looked now at the little drummer boy, now at Denisof, and from him to the esaul, then at the French in the village, and did his best not to miss anything of importance that was going on.

* Barsky domik.

"Whether Dolokhof come or do not come, we must make the attempt—hey?" said Denisof, his eyes flashing with animation.

"An excellent place," replied the esaul.

"We'll attack the infantry on the low land—the swamp," pursued Denisof. "They'll escape into the garden. You and the Cossacks will set on them from that side." Denisof pointed to the woods beyond the village. "And I from this, with my hussars. And when a gun is fired"—

"You won't be able to cross the ravine—there's a quagmire," said the esaul. "The horses would be mired—you'll have to strike farther to the left."—

While they were thus talking in an undertone, there rang out below them, in the hollow where the pond was, a single shot; a white puff of smoke rolled away, then another, and they heard friendly, as it were jolly, shouts from hundreds of the French on the hillside.

At the first instant both Denisof and the esaul drew back. They were so near that it seemed to them that they were what had occasioned those shots and shouts.

But the shots and shouts had no reference to them. Below them across the swamp a man in something red was running. It was evidently at this man that the French had shot, and were shouting.

"Ha! that's our Tikhon," said the esaul.

"So it is, so it is."

"Oh! the wascal!" exclaimed Denisof.

"He'll escape 'em!" said the esaul, blinking his eyes.

The man whom they called Tikhon ran down to the creek, plunged into it, splattering the water in every direction, and, disappearing for a moment, he crawled out on all-fours, and, black with water, dashed off once more.

The French who had started in pursuit paused.

"Cleverly done!" exclaimed the esaul.

"What a beast!" snarled Denisof, with the same expression of vexation as before. "And what has he been up to all this time?"

"Who is it?" asked Petya.

"Our *plastún*.* We sent him to catch 'a tongue.'"

"Oh, yes," said Petya, at Denisof's first word, nodding his head as though he understood, although really the answer was perfectly enigmatical.

* *Plastún* (platoon), the name of a sharp-shooter who lies in ambush, or a scout, among the Black-Sea Cossacks.

Tikhon Shcherbatui * was one of the most useful men of the band. He was a muzhik from Pokrovskoye — near Gzhatya.

When Denisof, toward the beginning of his enterprise, reached Pokrovskoye, and, according to his usual custom, summoned the stárosta, or village elder, and asked him what news they had about the French, the stárosta had replied, as all stárosts always reply, as though called to account for some mischief, that they had not seen or heard anything.

But when Denisof explained to him that his aim was to beat the French, then the stárosta told him that "miroders" had only just been there, but that only one man in their village, Tishka Shcherbatui, troubled himself about such things.

Denisof ordered Tikhon to be summoned, and, after praising him for his activity, he spoke to him, in the stárosta's presence, a few words about their fidelity to the tsar and the fatherland, and that hatred toward the French which the sons of the fatherland were in duty bound to manifest.

"We haven't done any harm to the French," said Tikhon, evidently confused by this speech of Denisof's. "We only amused ourselves, as you might say, with the boys. We killed a few dozen of the miroders, that was all; but we haven't done 'em any harm."

On the next day when Denisof, who had entirely forgotten about this muzhik, was starting away from Pokrovskoye, he was informed that Tikhon had joined the band, and asked permission to stay. Denisof gave orders to keep him.

Tikhon, who at first was given the "black work" of making camp-fires, fetching water, carrying horses, quickly displayed great willingness and aptitude for partisan warfare. He would go out at night after booty, and every time he would return with French clothes and arms, but when it was enjoined upon him he would even bring in prisoners.

Denisof then relieved Tikhon from drudgery, began to take him with him in his raids, and enrolled him among the Cosacks.

Tikhon was not fond of riding horseback, and always travelled on foot, but he never let the cavalry get ahead of him. His weapons consisted of a musket, which he carried out of sport, a lance, and a hatchet, which he used as a wolf uses its teeth, with equal facility eliciting a flea out of his hair or crunching stout bones. Tikhon, with absolute certainty, would split a brain with his hatchet at any distance, and, taking it by the but, he would cut out dainty ornaments, or carve spoons.

* The gap-toothed.

In Denisof's band Tikhon enjoyed an exclusive and exceptional position. When there was need of doing anything especially difficult and obnoxious, — to put a shoulder to a team stuck in the mud, or to pull a horse from the bog by the tail, or act as knacker, or make his way into the very midst of the French, or travel fifty versts a day, — all laughed and gave it to Tikhon to do.

"What harm will it do him, the devil? He's tough as a horse!" they would say of him.

One time a Frenchman, whom Tikhon had taken prisoner, fired his pistol at him, and wounded him in the seat. This wound, which Tikhon treated with nothing but vodka, taken internally and externally, was the object of the merriest jokes in the whole division, and Tikhon put up with them with a very good grace.

"Well, brother, how's it coming on? Does it double you up?" the Cossacks would ask mockingly; and Tikhon, entering into the fun of the thing, would make up a face, and, pretending to be angry with the French, he would abuse the French with the most absurd objurgations. The only impression that the affair made on Tikhon was that, after his wound, he was chary of bringing in prisoners.

Tikhon was the most useful and the bravest man in the band. No one was quicker than he was in discovering the chances of a raid; no one had conquered and killed more of the French; and, in consequence of this, he was the buffoon of the whole band, and he willingly accommodated himself to this standing.

Tikhon had now been sent by Denisof that very evening to Shamshevo to capture "a tongue." But either because he had not been satisfied with one single Frenchman, or because he had slept that night, during daylight he had crept among the bushes in the very midst of the French, and, as Denisof had seen from the brow of the ravine, had been discovered by them.

CHAPTER VI.

AFTER talking with the esaul for some little time longer about the morrow's raid, which Denisof, it seemed, having got a view of the French near at hand, was fully disposed to make, he turned his horse and rode back.

"Well, bwother, now we'll go and dwy ourselves," said he to Petya.

As they approached the forest watch-house, Denisof reined in, and gazed into the woods. Along the forest, between the trees, came, at a great swinging gait, a long-legged, long-armed man, in a kurta, or roundabout, bast boots, a Kazan cap, with a musket over his shoulder, and a hatchet in his belt. On catching sight of Denisof, this man hastily threw something into the thicket, and, removing his wet cap, with its pendent brim, he approached his leader.

This was Tikhon.

His face, pitted with smallpox, and covered with wrinkles, and his little, narrow eyes, fairly beamed with self-satisfied jollity. He lifted his head high, and, as though trying to refrain from laughing, looked at Denisof.

"Where have you been all this time?" asked Denisof.

"Where have I been? I went after the French," replied Tikhon, boldly and hastily, in a hoarse but melodious bass.

"Why did you keep out of sight all day? Donkey! Well, why didn't you bring him?"

"I brought what I brought," said Tikhon.

"Where is he?"

"Well, I got him, in the first place, before sunrise," pursued Tikhon, setting his legs, high-wrapped in lapti, wide apart. "And I lugged him into the woods. But I see he's no good. I thinks to myself, 'I'll try it again; I'll have better luck with another.'"

"Oh, you wascal! — what a man he is!" exclaimed Denisof, turning to the esaul. "Why didn't you bring him?"

"Yes, why didn't I bring him!" exclaimed Tikhon angrily. — "No good! Don't I know what kind you want?"

"What a beast! — Well?"

"I went after another one," resumed Tikhon. "I crept this way into the woods, lying flat!" — Tikhon here unexpectedly and abruptly threw himself on his belly, watching their faces while he did so. "Suddenly one shows up," he went on to say; "I collar him — this way." Tikhon swiftly, lithely leaped to his feet. "'Come along,' says I to the colonel. What a racket he made! And there were four of 'em! They sprang on me with their little swords. And I at 'em in this way with my hatchet: 'What's the matter with you! Christ be with you!' says I," cried Tikhon, waving his arms and putting on a frightful scowl, swelling his chest.

"Yes, we just saw from the hill what a tussle you had with 'em, and how you went through the swamp!" exclaimed the esaul, squinting up his glistening eyes.

Petya felt a strong inclination to laugh, but he saw that all the others kept perfectly sober. He swiftly ran his eyes from Tikhon's face to the esaul's and Denisof's, not understanding what this all meant.

"Cease playing the fool!" cried Denisof, angrily coughing. "Why didn't you bwing in the first one?"

Tikhon began to scratch his back with one hand and his head with the other, and suddenly his whole mouth parted in a radiant, stupid smile, which exposed the lack of a tooth (that was what had given him the name of Shcherbatui, the gap-toothed). Denisof smiled, and Petya indulged in a hearty laugh in which Tikhon himself joined.

"Oh, well, he was entirely no good!" said Tikhon. "His clothes were wretched, else I'd have brought him. And besides he was surly, your nobility. Says he, 'I am an *anaral's* son myself,' says he, 'and I won't come,' says he."

"What a brute!" exclaimed Denisof. "I wanted to question him" —

"Well, I questioned him," said Tikhon. "'I don't know much,' says he. 'A poor crowd. A good many of us,' says he, 'but a poor lot. Only,' says he, 'they are all the same kind. Groan a little louder,' says he, 'you'll get 'em all,'" said Tikhon in conclusion, looking gayly and resolutely into Denisof's eyes.

"I'll have you thrashed with a hot hundred, and then you'll perhaps cease playing the fool," said Denisof severely.

"What's there to get mad about?" asked Tikhon. "Because I didn't see your Frenchman. Wait till after it's dark, and then, if you want some, I'll bring in three of 'em."

"Well, come on," said Denisof; and he rode away angrily scowling, and uttered not a word until he reached the watch-house.

Tikhon followed, and Petya heard the Cossacks laughing with him and at him about the pair of boots that he had flung into the bushes. When he had recovered from the fit of laughing that overmastered him on account of Tikhon's words and queer smile, and he understood in a flash that Tikhon had killed that man, Petya felt uncomfortable.

He glanced at the little drummer, and something wrung his very heart. But this sense of awkwardness lasted only for a second. He felt that he must lift his head again, pluck up his courage, and asked the esaul with an air of great importance in regard to the morrow's enterprise, so as to be worthy of the company in which he found himself.

The officer who had been sent to find Dolokhof met Denisof on the road with the report that Dolokhof would be there immediately, and that, as far as he was concerned, he was agreeable. Denisof suddenly recovered his spirits, and beckoned Petya to himself.

"Now, tell me all about yourself," said he.

CHAPTER VII.

PETYA, on leaving Moscow and saying farewell to his parents, had joined his regiment, and soon after had been appointed orderly to a general who had a large detachment under his command.

Since the time of his promotion to be an officer, and especially his transfer into the active army, with which he had taken part in the battle at Viazma, Petya had been in a chronic state of excitement and delight, because he was now "grown up," and in a chronic state of enthusiastic eagerness not to miss the slightest chance where heroism was to be displayed.

He was much delighted with what he saw and experienced in the army, but, at the same time, it seemed to him that all the chances of heroism were displayed not where he was, but where he was not. And he was crazy to be on the move all the time.

When, on November second, his general had expressed the desire to send some one to Denisof's division, Petya pleaded so earnestly to be sent, that the general found it not in his heart to refuse. But, as he let him go, the general remembered Petya's reckless escapade in the battle of Viazma, when, instead of taking the road that had been recommended to him, he galloped off in front of the lines and under the French fire, shooting his pistol twice as he rode, and so now the general, in letting him go, expressly forbade Petya to take part in any of Denisof's enterprises whatever.

That was the reason that Petya had flushed and become confused when Denisof asked him whether he could stay with him.

Until he reached the edge of the forest, Petya had promised himself that he should immediately return, strictly fulfilling his duty as he should do. But when he saw the French, when he saw Tikhon, and learned that during the night there would infallibly be a raid upon them, he, with the swift transition of

youth from one view to another, decided in his own mind that his general, whom till then he had highly respected, was a rubbishy German, that Denisof was a hero, and that the esaul was a hero, and that Tikhon was a hero, and that it would be shameful of him to desert them at such a critical moment.

It was twilight by the time that Denisof with Petya and the esaul reached the watch-house. Through the twilight could be seen saddled horses, Cossacks, hussars, shelter huts set up on the clearing, and the scattered glow of fires built in the forest ravine, so that the smoke might not betray them to the French.

In the entry of the little hovel, a Cossack with sleeves rolled up was cutting up mutton. In the izbá itself were three officers of Denisof's band constructing a table out of a board. Petya pulled off his wet clothing, giving it to be dried, and immediately offered his services in helping to set the dinner table.

Within ten minutes the table was ready, and spread with a cloth and loaded with vodka, a bottle of rum, white bread, and roasted mutton and salt.

Sitting down with the officers at the table, tearing the fat, fragrant mutton with hands from which dripped the tallow, Petya found himself in an enthusiastic, childlike state of affectionate love to all men, and consequently of belief that all men felt the same love toward him.

"Say, what do you think, Vasili Feodorovitch," he asked, turning to Denisof, "should I get into trouble if I staid with you for a single little day?" And, without waiting for an answer, he went on answering himself, "For you see I was ordered to find out, and I shall find out. — Only you must let me join the most — the chief — I don't want any reward — But I want" — Petya set his teeth together, and, lifting his head erect, glanced around and waved his hand.

"The most chief?" — repeated Denisof, smiling.

"Only please let me have a company; let me command it myself," pursued Petya. "Now, what difference will it make to you? — Akh! would you like a knife?" he asked, turning to an officer who was trying to dissect a slice of mutton. And he handed him his case knife.

The officer praised the knife.

"Pray keep it. I have several like it" — said Petya, blushing. "Ye saints! I forgot all about it," he suddenly cried. "I have some splendid raisins; quite without seeds, you know. We had a new sutler, and he brought some magnificent things. I bought ten pounds. I like something sweet.

Would you like them" — ? And Petya ran into the entry to where his Cossack was, and brought back a basket containing five pounds of raisins. — "Take them, gentlemen, take them. — I wonder if you want a coffee pot ?" he asked, addressing the esaul. "I bought a splendid one of our sutler. He had magnificent things. And he was very honest. That is the main thing. I will send it to you without fail. And perhaps you are out of flints ? Do you need some ? I've got some here" — he pointed to his basket — "A hundred flints. I bought them very cheap. Take them, I beg of you, as many as you need, take them all" —

And, suddenly frightened lest he was talking too much, Petya stopped short and colored.

He began to recall whether he had said anything silly, and, while passing the events of the day in review, his mind recurred to the little French drummer. "We are very comfortable here, but how is it with him ? What have they done with him ? Have they given him anything to eat ? I hope they haven't been abusing him," he wondered ; but, recognizing that he had gone too far in his offer with the flints, he was now afraid.

"Might I ask ?" he queried. "Won't they say, 'He's a boy himself, and of course he pities another boy' ? But I'll show them to-morrow what kind of a boy I am. Ought I to be ashamed to ask ?" queried Petya. "Well, then, what difference does it make ?" and on the spur of the moment, flushing and giving a timid look at the officers to see whether they would laugh at him, he said, —

"May I call in that lad whom you took prisoner, and give him something to eat ? — May I ?"

"Yes, poor little fellow !" replied Denisof, evidently seeing nothing to be ashamed of in thus speaking of him. "Call him in. His name is Vincent Bosse. Call him."

"I'll call him," cried Petya.

"Call him, call him, poor little fellow !" said Denisof.

Petya was already at the door when Denisof said this. Petya made his way among the officers, and swiftly returned to Denisof.

"Let me kiss you, dear,"* said he. "Akh ! how splendid of you ! How kind !" And, after giving Denisof a hearty kiss, he ran out of doors.

"Bosse ! Vincent !" called Petya, standing at the door.

"Whom do you want, sir ?" asked a voice from the darkness. Petya explained that it was the French lad whom they had taken that day.

"Oh! *Vesénnui*?" inquired the Cossack. The lad's name, Vincent, had been already changed by the Cossacks into *Vesénnui*,* by the soldiers and muzhiks into *Visenya*. In each of these variations the reference to Spring seemed to have a special appropriateness to the young lad.

"He's there by the fire, warming himself. Hey, *Visenya*! *Visenya*! *Vesénnui*!" sounded the voices, passing the call on, mingled with laughter.

"Oh, he's a likely lad," said a hussar standing near Petya. "We fed him anon. He was half starved."

Steps were heard in the darkness, and the drummer boy, with his bare feet slopping through the mud, came up to the door.

"*Ah, c'est vous*," said Petya. *Voulez-vous manger? N'avez pas peur! On ne vous fera pas de mal.* — Don't you want something to eat? Don't be afraid; they won't hurt you," he added, timidly and cordially, laying his hand on his arm. "*Entrez, entrez.*"

"*Merci, monsieur!*" replied the drummer in a trembling voice, almost like that of a child, and he proceeded to wipe his muddy feet on the threshold.

Petya felt like saying many things to the drummer, but he dared not. Passing beyond him, he stood next him in the entry. Then in the darkness he seized his hand and pressed it. "*Entrez, entrez,*" he repeated in an encouraging whisper.

"Akh! what can I do for him, I wonder?" Petya asked himself, and, opening the door, he let the lad pass in front of him into the room.

After the drummer entered the *izbá* Petya sat down at some distance from him, considering it undignified to pay him too much attention. He merely fumbled the money in his pocket, and was in doubt whether it would not be shameful to give it to the drummer boy.

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM the drummer, who, by Denisof's direction, was served with vodka and mutton, and dressed in a Russian kaftan, so that he might remain in his band, and not be sent off with the other prisoners, Petya's attention was diverted by Dolokhof's arrival. He had heard much in the army about Dolokhof's phenomenal gallantry and cruelty to the French, and there-

* The adjective from *Viesná*, Spring.

fore, from the moment that Dolokhof came in, Petya gazed at him without taking his eyes from him, and held his head high, so as to be worthy even of such society as Dolokhof.

Dolokhof's outward appearance struck Petya strangely, from its studied simplicity.

While Denisof was dressed in a chekmén or Cossack kaftan, wore a beard, and on his chest a picture of St. Nicholas the Miracle-worker — Nikola Chudotvórets — and in his manner of speech, in all his ways, manifested the peculiarity of his position, Dolokhof, on the contrary, who had before worn a Persian costume in Moscow, now had the air of a most conceited officer of the Guards.

His face was smooth-shaven, he wore the wadded uniform coat of the Guards, with the "George" in the button-hole, and his forage cap set straight. He removed his wet burka in the corner, and, going directly up to Denisof, without exchanging greetings with any one, immediately proceeded to inquire about the business in hand.

Denisof told him about the projects which the large detachment of troops had formed of attacking *their* transport-train, and about the message which Petya had brought, and how he had replied to the two generals.

Then Denisof related all that he knew about the position of the French escort.

"So far, so good; but we must know what sort of troops, and how many they are," said Dolokhof. "We must enter their lines. If we don't know exactly how many of them there are, it's no use to attempt the thing. I like to do such business in good style. Here, I wonder if any of these gentlemen will go with me into their camp. I have an extra uniform with me."

"I — I — I will go with you!" cried Petya.

"You are precisely the one who shall not go," said Denisof, turning to Dolokhof. "I would not let him go on any account."

"That's a great note!" cried Petya. "Why can't I go?"

"Why, because there's no reason why you should."

"Well, now, you will excuse me because — because — but I will go; that's all there is of it! — You will take me, won't you?" he asked, turning to Dolokhof.

"Why not?" replied Dolokhof, absent-mindedly, staring into the face of the French drummer.

"Have you had this young lad long?" he asked of Denisof.

"Took him to-day, but he knows nothing; I kept him with me."

"Well, now, what do you do with the others?" demanded Dolokhof.

"What should I do? I send them in and get a receipt," replied Denisof, suddenly reddening. "And I'll tell you fwankly, that I have not a single man on my conscience. What's the twouble in sending thirty or thwee hundwed under escort to the city? I tell you honestly it's better than to stain the honor of a soldier."

"Let this sixteen-year-old countlet have all these fine notions," said Dolokhof, with icy ridicule, "but it's time you gave them up."

"Well, I say nothing of the sort, I only say that I am certainly going with you," timidly interrupted Petya.

"Yes, it's high time you and I, brother, gave up these fine notions," insisted Dolokhof, as though he found especial delight in dwelling on this point which was annoying to Denisof. "Now, for instance, why did you keep this one?" he asked, shaking his head. "Why, it was because you pitied him, wasn't it? We know well enough what your receipts amount to! You will send a hundred men, and thirty 'll get there! They'll die of starvation or be killed. So why isn't it just as well not to take any?"

The esaul, snapping his bright eyes, nodded his head in approval.

"It's all wight; no need of weasoning about it here. I don't care to take the wesponsibility on my soul. You say they die on the woad. Well and good. Only 'tisn't I who murder 'em."

Dolokhof laughed. "Haven't they been told twenty times to take me? And if they should—or you, either, with all your chivalry, it would be an even game—a rope and the aspen-tree!" He paused. "However, we must to work. Have my man bring in my pack. I have two French uniforms. So you are going with me, are you?" he asked of Petya.

"I? I?—yes, certainly!" cried Petya, reddening till the tears came, and glancing at Denisof.

Again at the time while Dolokhof was discussing with Denisof as to what should be done with the prisoners, Petya had that former sense of awkwardness and precipitancy; but, again, he did not succeed very well in comprehending what they said. "If grown-up, famous men have such ideas, of course it must be so, it must be all right," he said to himself. "But the main thing is that Denisof must not think that I am

going to listen to him, that he can give orders to me! Certainly I'm going to the French camp. If *he* can, of course I can." To all Denisof's urgencies not to go, Petya replied that he was accustomed to do things properly — *akkurátno* — and not at hap-hazard, and he never thought about personal danger.

"Because — you yourself must acknowledge this — if we don't know pretty well how many they are, the lives of hundreds of us may depend upon it, while here we are alone — and, besides, I am very anxious to do this, and I am certainly, certainly going, and you must not try to keep me from it," said he; "that would only make it the worse."

CHAPTER IX.

HAVING put on the French uniforms and shakos, Petya and Dolokhof rode to the vista from which Denisof had reconnoitred the camp, and, emerging from the forest in absolute darkness, they made their way down into the ravine. On reaching the bottom, Dolokhof ordered the Cossack who accompanied them to wait for them there, and started off at a round trot along the road to the bridge; Petya, his heart in his mouth with excitement, rode by his side.

"If we fall into their clutches, I won't give myself up alive; I have a pistol," whispered Petya.

"Don't speak in Russian!" exclaimed Dolokhof, in a quick whisper, and, at that instant, they heard in the darkness the challenge "*Qui vive?*" and the click of the musket.

The blood rushed into Petya's face, and he grasped his pistol.

"*Lanciers de Gme,*" cried Dolokhof, neither hastening nor checking his horse's pace.

The dark figure of the sentinel stood out upon the bridge.

"*Mot d'ordre!*"

Dolokhof reined in his horse, and rode at a foot pace.

"Tell me is Colonel Gérard here?" he demanded.

"The countersign," insisted the sentinel, not answering the question, and blocking the way.

"When an officer is making his round, the sentinels do not ask the countersign," cried Dolokhof, suddenly losing his temper, and spurring his horse against the sentinel. "I ask you if the colonel is here?" *

* "*Mot d'ordre!*" — "*Dites donc, le Colonel Gérard est ici?*" — "*Mot d'ordre!*" — "*Quand un officier fait sa ronde, les sentinelles ne demandent pas le mot d'ordre — Je vous demande si le colonel est ici.*"

And, without waiting for an answer from the sentine., whom he shouldered out of the way, Dolokhof rode up the slope at a foot pace.

Perceiving the dark figure of a man crossing the road, Dolokhof halted him, and asked where the commander and the officers were. This man, who had a basket on his shoulder, paused, came close up to Dolokhof's horse, laid his arm on her, and told, in simple, friendly way, that the commander and the officers were higher up on the hill, at the right-hand side, at the "farm," as he called the establishment of the owner of the estate.

After riding along the road, on both sides of which were the bivouac fires, where they could hear the sounds of men talking French, Dolokhof turned into the yard of the manorial mansion. On riding into the gates, he slid off his horse, and went up to a great blazing camp-fire around which sat a number of men talking loudly. In a kettle at the edge of it, something was cooking, and a soldier in a cap and blue capote was on his knees in front of it, his face brightly lighted by the flames, and was stirring it with his ramrod. "*Oh, c'est un dur à cuire* — He's a tough one at cooking!" cried one of the officers, who were sitting in the shadow in the opposite side.

"*Il fera marcher les lapins* — He'll make the rabbits fly," said another, with a laugh. Both relapsed into silence, and looked out into the darkness at the sounds of Dolokhof and Petya's footsteps, who came up to the fire, leading their horses.

"*Bonjour, messieurs,*" cried Dolokhof, in a loud tone, saluting the officers politely. The officers made a little stir in the shadow by the watch-fire, and a tall man with a long neck, coming around the fire, approached Dolokhof.

"*C'est vous, Clément?*" he began. "*D'où diable* — where the deuce?" but he did not finish his question, recognizing his mistake, and, slightly frowning, he exchanged greetings with Dolokhof, as with a stranger, asking him in what way he might serve him. Dolokhof told him that he and his comrade were in search of their regiment, and, addressing the officers in general, he asked them if they knew anything about the sixth regiment.

No one knew anything about it, and it seemed to Petya that the officers began to look suspiciously and with animosity at him and Dolokhof. For several seconds all were silent.

"*Si vous comptez sur la soupe du soir, vous venez trop tard* — You are too late if you expect soup this evening," said a voice with a suppressed laugh from behind the fire.

Dolokhof explained that they were not hungry, and that they had to go still farther that night. He handed over his horse to the soldier who had been busy over the stew, and squatted down on his heels by the fire, next the long-necked officer. This officer stared at Dolokhof, without taking his eyes from him, and asked him for a second time what regiment he belonged to?

Dolokhof made no reply, affecting not to hear his question; and, as he puffed at the short French pipe which he got out of his pocket, he inquired of the officers how far the road in front of them was free from danger of the Cossacks.

"*Les brigands sont partout* — everywhere!" replied an officer from the other side of the camp-fire.

Dolokhof remarked that the Cossacks were dangerous only for those who were alone, as he and his companion were, but that certainly they would not venture to attack a large detachment — "Would they?" he added dubiously.

All the time Petya, who was standing in front of the fire and listening to the conversation, kept saying to himself, "Now surely he will start."

But Dolokhof once more took up the thread of the conversation which had been dropped, and began to ask them up and down how many men there were in their battalion, how many battalions, how many prisoners? And while asking his questions about the Russian prisoners whom they had in their escort, Dolokhof said, "Wretched business to drag these corpses around with us. We'd much better shoot this trash,"* and he laughed aloud with such a strange laugh that it seemed to Petya as if the French would then and there discover the imposition, and he involuntarily took a step from the fire.

No one responded to Dolokhof's remark or his laugh, and a French officer who till then had not showed himself (he had been lying down wrapped up in his capote) raised himself up and whispered something to his comrade. Dolokhof got up and beckoned to the soldier who held his horse.

"Will they let us have the horses or not?" wondered Petya, involuntarily moving nearer to Dolokhof.

The horses were brought.

"Bonjour, messieurs," said Dolokhof.

Petya wanted to say "Bonjour" as well, but he could not pronounce a word. The officers said something among themselves in a whisper. Dolokhof sat for some time on his horse,

* "*La vilaine affaire de trainer ces cadavres après soi. Vaudrait mieux fusiller cette canaille.*"

which was restive; then he rode out of the gates at a foot pace. Petya rode after him, wishing, but not daring, to glance around to see if the French were following him or not.

On striking the road, Dolokhof did not ride back into the fields, but along the village street. In one place he stopped and listened.

"Hark!" said he.

Petya recognized the sound of Russian voices, and saw by the watch-fires the shadowy forms of the Russian prisoners. On reaching the bridge again, Petya and Dolokhof rode past the sentinel, who, not saying a word, was moodily pacing back and forth across the bridge; and then they plunged into the ravine, where their Cossacks were waiting for them.

"Well, good-by for now. Tell Denisof at daybreak, at the sound of the first shot," said Dolokhof, and he started to ride away; but Petya seized him by the arm.

"Oh," he cried, "you are such a hero. Akh! how splendid! how glorious! How I like you!"

"All right, all right!" said Dolokhof, but Petya did not let go of him, and in the darkness Dolokhof could just make out that Petya was leaning over toward him. He wanted to kiss him. Dolokhof kissed him laughingly, and, turning his horse, disappeared in the darkness.

CHAPTER X.

On returning to the forest hut, Petya found Denisof in the entry. He had been waiting for him, full of excitement, uneasiness, and self-reproach that he had let him go.

"Thank God—Slava Bohu!" he cried. "Now, then, thank God!" he repeated, on hearing Petya's enthusiastic story. "The devil take you. I haven't had a wink of sleep on account of you," exclaimed Denisof. "Well, thank God. Now go and get some sleep. We'll have time for a nap before morning."

"Yes,—but no," said Petya, "I don't want to go to sleep. I know myself too well. If I once get to sleep that's the end of it. And besides, I'm not in the habit of sleeping before a battle."

Petya sat some time in the izbá, gleefully recalling the details of his visit, and vividly picturing what would happen on the morrow. Then observing that Denisof had fallen asleep, he got up and went out of doors.

It was still perfectly dark. It had ceased raining, but the drops were still falling from the trees. Near the hut could be seen the dark forms of the Cossack shelters and their horses picketed together. Behind the hut the dark forms of the two wagons were visible, and next them the horses, and in the gully the dying fire was still glowing red. Not all the Cossacks and hussars were asleep; occasionally could be heard, together with the sound of the pattering drops, and the horses champing their teeth, low voices, which seemed to be whispering together.

Petya stepped out of the entry, glanced around in the darkness, and approached the wagons. Some one was snoring under the wagons, and near them stood the horses saddled and eating oats.

Petya in the darkness recognized his horse, which he called Karabakh though it was a Little Russian horse, and he went to him.

"Well, Karabakh, to-morrow we shall see service," said he, putting his face to the horse's nose, and kissing it.

"What! barin, aren't you asleep?" asked the Cossack sitting under the wagon.

"No, I — your name's Likhatchef, * isn't it? You see I've just come back. We've been to visit the French."

And Petya gave the Cossack a detailed account, not only of his expedition, but also why he had taken it, and why he considered it much better to risk his own life than to work at hap-hazard.

"Well, you'd better get some sleep," said the Cossack.

"No, I'm used to it," replied Petya. "I wonder if you are out of flints for your pistol. I brought some with me. Wouldn't you like some? Take them!"

The Cossack put his head out from under the wagon to get a closer look at Petya.

"Because I'm used to doing everything carefully — *akkuratno*" — said Petya. "Some never think of making ready beforehand, and they are sorry for it afterwards. I don't like that way."

"That's a fact," said the Cossack.

"I wonder if you'd be kind enough to sharpen my sabre. It got dull" — (but Petya could not tell a lie) "it's never been sharpened. Can't you do it for me?"

"Why, of course I can."

Likhatchef got up, fumbled in his pack, and soon Petya

* From *Likhatch*, a good driver of horses. Greek, *hippokrates*.

heard the warlike sound of the steel on the stone. He climbed upon the wagon and perched on the edge. The Cossack was sharpening the sabre under the wagon.

"Well, are the boys asleep?" asked Petya.

"Some of 'em are asleep, some ain't."

"Well, how about the lad?"

"Who? Vesénnui? He's crawled into the hay yonder. Asleep out of sheer fright. I was glad of it."

For a long time after that, Petya said nothing, but listened to the various sounds. Steps were heard approaching in the darkness, and a dark form appeared.

"What are you whetting?" asked a man, coming, up to the wagon.

"Whetting this barin's sabre."

"Good thing," said the man, whom Petya took to be a hussar. "I wonder if a cup was left over here with you?"

"There it is by the wheel."

The hussar took the cup.

"It'll be daylight soon," he added, yawning, and went off.

Petya might have been supposed to know that he was in the woods with Denisof's party, a verst from the highway, that he was perched on the wagon taken from the French, while around the horses were tethered, and under it sat the Cossack Likhatchef sharpening his sabre,—that the great black spot at the right was the guard-house, and the bright red spot below at the left was the dying watch-fire, that the man who came after the cup was a hussar, who wanted a drink; but he did not realize this, and had no desire to realize it.

He was in a magic realm, in which nothing resembled the reality.

The great black spot, perhaps, was simply the guard-house, but perhaps it was a cavern leading down into the depths of the earth.

The red spot, perhaps, was a fire, but perhaps it was the eye of a huge monster.

Perhaps he was really perched on the wagon, but very possibly he was sitting not on the wagon, but on a terribly high turret, from which, if he fell, it would take him a whole day, a whole month, to reach the earth—he might fall forever, and never reach it!

Perhaps it was merely the Cossack Likhatchef sitting under the wagon, but very possibly it was the best, kindest, bravest, most glorious, most admirable man in the world, and no one knew it!

Perhaps it was merely a hussar who came after water, and went down the ravine; but perhaps he had disappeared from sight, and vanished absolutely into nothingness.

Nothing that Petya might have seen at that moment would have surprised him. He was in a magic realm, in which everything was possible.

He glanced at the sky. And the sky was as magical a thing as the earth. The sky had begun to clear, and over the tree-tops swiftly scurried the clouds, as it were unveiling the stars. Sometimes it seemed as though the sky were clearing, and the black depths of clear sky were coming into sight. Sometimes it seemed as if those black spots were clouds. Sometimes it seemed as if the sky were lifted high, high above his head; sometimes the sky stooped down absolutely so that his hand could touch it.

Petya's eyes began to close, and he swayed a little.

Rain-drops dropped.* Men were talking in low tones. The horses neighed and shook themselves. Some one snored.

Ozhik, zhik, ozhik, zhik — sounded the sabre on the whetstone; and suddenly Petya heard a harmonious orchestra playing a solemnly exquisite hymn, which he had never heard before.

Petya had a gift for music, just as Natasha had, and greater than Nikolai's, but he had never taken music lessons. His mind was not occupied with music, and consequently the themes that entered his mind were to him absolutely new and fascinating.

The orchestra played louder and louder. The air was resolved, transferred from one instrument to another. The result was what is called a fugue, although Petya had not the slightest idea what a fugue was. Each instrument, the one corresponding to the violin, and the one corresponding to the horn, — only better and purer than violin or horn, — each instrument played its own part, and before it had played to the end of the *motif*, blended with another, which began almost the same way, and then with a third, and with a fourth, and then all of them blended in one, and again separated, and again blended, now into something solemnly ecclesiastical, now into something brilliant and triumphant.

"Oh, yes, I must be dreaming," said Petya to himself, as he pitched forward. "It was in my ears. But perhaps it is *my* music! Well, then, once more! Go on, music mine! Now!"

He closed his eyes. And from different directions, as though

* *Капли капали.*

from a distance, the sounds came trembling, began to fall into rhythmical form, to run into variations, to coalesce, and once more they united in the same sweet and solemn triumphal hymn.

"Akh! this is so exquisite. Truly at my beck and call," said Petya to myself. He tried to direct this tremendous orchestra of instruments.

"Now, more softly, more softly; let it almost die away!" And the sounds obeyed him. "Now, then, fuller, more gayly. Still more, still more jollity!"

And from the unknown depths arose the triumphant strains in vastly fuller volume.

"Now, voices, you come in!" commanded Petya. And at first far away he heard the voices of men, then of women. The voices grew in regular gradations into solemn power. Petya felt a mixture of terror and joy in recognizing their extraordinary loveliness.

With the solemn strains of the triumphal march blended the song, and the rain-drops dropped, and with its *Vzhik, zhik, zhik*, rang the sabre, and again the horses stirred and neighed, though not disturbing the chorus, but rather blending with it.

Petya knew not how long this lasted: he enjoyed it, was all the time amazed at his enjoyment of it, and regretted that there was no one to share it with him.

He was awakened by Likhatchef's affectionate voice.

"Ready, your nobility; you can split two Frenchmen* with it."

Petya aroused himself.

"It's getting light; truly it's growing light!" he cried.

The horses, before invisible, could now be plainly seen, and through the bare limbs of the forest trees gleamed a watery light.

Petya shook himself, sprang down, got a silver ruble out of his pocket, and gave it to Likhatchef, and, after brandishing his sword, he examined the blade, and pushed it into the sheath.

The Cossacks were beginning to untie their horses and tighten their girths.

"Here is the commander," said Likhatchef.

From the guard-house came Denisof, and, nodding to Petya, gave orders to get ready.

* He calls *Frantsús, Khrantsús*.

CHAPTER XI.

IN the half-light of the dawn the horses were speedily brought out, saddle-girths were tightened, and the men fell into line.

Denisof stood by the hut, giving the final directions. The infantry detachment, with their hundreds of feet splashing at once, marched ahead along the road, and soon were hidden from sight among the trees in the dawn-lighted mist.

The esaul gave some command to his Cossacks. Petya held his horse by the bridle, impatiently awaiting the signal to mount. His face, which had been laved in cold water, and especially his eyes, glowed with fire: a cold shiver ran down his back, and his whole body shook with a rapid, nervous trembling.

"Well, are you all ready?" asked Denisof. "To horse!"

The horses were brought out. Denisof scolded his Cossack because his saddle-girth was loose, and, after tightening it, he mounted. Petya put his foot in the stirrup. His horse, as was his wont, tried to bite his leg; but Petya, not conscious of weight, quickly sprang into the saddle, and, looking at the long line of hussars stretching away into the darkness, rode up to Denisof.

"Vasili Feodorovitch, you'll give me some charge, won't you? Please—for God's sake!" said he. Denisof seemed to have forgotten about Petya's existence. He glanced at him.

"I'll ask you one thing," said he severely, "to obey me and to mind your own business."

During all the march Denisof said not a word further to Petya, and rode in silence.

When they reached the edge of the forest the morning light was spreading over the fields. Denisof held a whispered consultation with the esaul, as the Cossacks rode past Petya and him. When they had all filed by, Denisof turned his horse and rode down the slope. The horses, sitting back on their haunches, and sliding, let themselves and their riders down into the ravine. Petya rode by Denisof's side. The trembling over his whole frame had greatly increased.

It was growing lighter and lighter. Only distant objects were concealed as yet in the fog. On reaching the bottom, Denisof, after glancing back, nodded to a Cossack standing near him.

"The signal," he cried.

The Cossack raised his hand. A shot rang out, and at the same instant they heard the trampling hoofs of the horses simultaneously dashing forward, and yells in different directions, and more shots.

At the instant that the first sounds of the trampling hoofs and the yells broke upon the silence, Petya, giving a cut to his horse, and letting him have full rein, galloped forward, not heeding Denisof, who called him back.

It seemed to Petya that at the moment he heard the musket-shot it suddenly became perfectly light, like midday. He galloped upon the bridge. In front of him, along the road, the Cossacks were dashing ahead. On the bridge he knocked up against a Cossack who had been left behind, but still he galloped on. In front of him he saw some men—they must be the French—running from the right side of the road to the left. One fell in the mud under the feet of Petya's horse.

Around one izbá a throng of Cossacks were gathered doing something. From the midst of the throng arose a terrible shriek. Petya galloped up to this throng, and the first thing that he saw was a Frenchman's white face, his lower jaw trembling. He was clutching the shaft of a lance directed at his breast.

"Hurrah! boys. Ours!" yelled Petya, and, giving free rein to his excited horse, he flew up the street.

In front of him shots were heard. Cossacks, hussars, and tattered Russian prisoners, running from both sides of the road, were incoherently shouting something at the top of their voices. A rather youthful Frenchman, without his cap, and with a red, scowling face, in a blue capote, was defending himself with his bayonet from the hussars.

When Petya reached there he was already fallen.

"Too late again!" flashed through Petya's head, and he dashed off where the shots were heard the thickest. This was in the yard of the manor-house, where he had been the night before with Dolokhof. The French had intrenched themselves behind the hedge and in the park, where the bushes had grown up dense and wild, and they were firing at the Cossacks clustering around the gates. On reaching the gates, Petya, through the gunpowder smoke, saw Dolokhof, with a pale greenish face, shouting something to his men.

"At their flank! Infantry, wait!" he was yelling, just as Petya rode up.

"Wait?—Hurra-a-a-ah!" yelled Petya; and he, without waiting a single instant, rode up into the very place where the

shots were heard, and where the gunpowder smoke was densest. A volley rang out; the bullets fell thick and fast, and did their work. The Cossacks and Dolokhof followed Petya through the gates. The Frenchmen could be seen through the thick, billowing smoke, some throwing down their arms and coming out from behind the bushes to meet the Cossacks, others running down the slope to the pond.

Petya still rode his horse at a gallop around the manor-house dvor, but, instead of guiding him by the bridle, he was waving both his hands in the strangest, wildest manner, and was leaning more and more to one side of the saddle. His horse, coming on the camp-fire, which was smouldering in the morning light, stopped short, and Petya fell heavily on the wet ground. The Cossacks saw his arms and legs twitch, although his head was motionless. A bullet had entered his brain.

Dolokhof, after a moment's conversation with an old French officer, who came out of the house with a handkerchief on his sword, and explained that they surrendered, dismounted and went to Petya, lying there motionless, with outstretched arms.

"Done up," he said, scowling; and he went to the gates to meet Denisof, who was coming to meet him.

"Killed!" cried Denisof, seeing, while still at a distance, the unquestionably hopeless position, only too well known to him, in which Petya's body lay.

"Done up," repeated Dolokhof, as though the repetition of this word gave him some satisfaction; and he hastened to the prisoners, around whom the Cossacks were crowding. "We can't take him," he called back to Denisof.

Denisof made no reply. He rode up to Petya, dismounted, and with trembling hands turned Petya over, looked at his face, already turned pale, and stained with blood and mud.

"I like something sweet. Splendid raisins, take them all," occurred to him. And the Cossacks, with amazement, looked around as they heard the sound, like the barking of a dog, with which Denisof quickly turned away, went to the hedge, and clutched it.

Among the Russian prisoners released by Denisof and Dolokhof was Pierre Bezukhoi.

CHAPTER XII.

CONCERNING the party of prisoners to which Pierre belonged at the time of the general exodus from Moscow, the French commanders had made no new dispensation.

On the third of November this party found itself with a different escort and with a different train of wagons from the one with which they had left Moscow.

One half of the provision train, which had followed them during the first stages of the march, had been captured by the Cossacks; the other half had gone on ahead. The cavalymen without horses, who had marched in the van, had every one disappeared: not one was left. The artillery, which during the first stages had been visible in front of them, was now replaced by Marshal Junot's huge baggage-wagons, under the escort of Westphalians. Behind the prisoners rode a train of cavalry appurtenances.

After leaving Viazma the French troops, which before had marched in three columns, now proceeded all in confusion. The symptoms of disorder which Pierre had observed in the first halting-place out of Moscow had now reached its very acme. The road along which they had passed was strewn on both sides with dead horses. Ragged men, stragglers from the different commands, constantly shifting about, now joined, then again fell out of, the moving columns.

Several times during the march there were false alarms, and the soldiers of the convoy raised their muskets, fired them, and ran headlong, pushing one another; but then again they would form and revile each other for the needless panic.

These three divisions which proceeded in company—the cavalry stores (*dépôt*), the detachment of the wounded and Junot's baggage—still constituted a separate and complete body, but each of them was rapidly melting away.

In the department, to which at first one hundred and twenty teams belonged, now remained no more than sixty; the rest were captured or abandoned. A number of wagons of Junot's train had also been left behind and captured. Three teams had been rifled by stragglers from Davoust's corps.

From the talk of the Germans, Pierre gathered that this train was more strongly guarded than that of the prisoners, and that one of their comrades, a German soldier, had been shot by order of the marshal himself because he had been

found with a silver spoon belonging to the marshal in his possession.

The number of prisoners had melted away more than any of the three divisions. Out of three hundred and thirty men who left Moscow, now less than one hundred remained. The prisoners were more of a care to the soldiers of the convoy than were the saddles of the cavalry stores or than Junot's baggage.

The saddles and Junot's spoons, they understood, might be of some advantage to some one; but for cold and hungry soldiers to stand guard and watch over Russians who were likewise cold and hungry, and who died and were abandoned on the way, whom they were commanded to shoot down, this was not only incomprehensible, but even repulsive.

And the men of the convoy, as though fearful that in the cruel position in which they found themselves they should give way to the real feeling of pity which they felt for the prisoners, and thus make their own condition harder, treated them with peculiar gruffness and severity.

At Dorogobuzh, while the soldiers of the convoy went off to plunder some of their own stores, and locked the prisoners in a barn, several of the Russian soldiers dug out under the walls and escaped, but they were caught by the French and shot.

The order which had been observed on the departure from Moscow, of keeping the officers from the other prisoners, had for some time been disregarded: all those who could march went together, and Pierre after the third march was again brought into the company of Karatayef and the short-legged pink dog, which had chosen Karatayef as her master.

Karatayef, on the third day out from Moscow, had a relapse of the same fever from which he had suffered in the Moscow hospital, and as he grew worse Pierre avoided him. He knew not why it was, but from the time that Karatayef began to fail, Pierre found himself obliged to exercise great self-control to be near him. And when he approached him, and heard the low groans which he kept up all the time when they were in camp, and smelt the odor which now more powerfully than ever exhaled from Karatayef, Pierre avoided him as far as possible, and kept him out of his mind.

While a prisoner in the balagán, Pierre was made aware, not by his reason, but by his whole being, by life, that man is created for happiness, that happiness is in himself, in the satisfaction of the simple needs of humanity, and that all unhappiness arises, not from lack, but from superfluity.

But now, during these last three weeks of the march, he had learned still another new and consoling truth—he had learned that there is nothing terrible in the world. He had learned that just as there was no position in the world in which a man would be happy and absolutely free, so also there was no position in which a man would be unhappy and unfree.

He had learned that suffering has its limits, and that freedom has its limits, and that these limits are very near together; that the man who suffered because one leaf on his bed of roses was crumbled, suffered just as much as he now suffered sleeping on the cold, damp ground, one side roasting, the other freezing; that when he used to wear his dancing-pumps too tight, he suffered just as much as he suffered now in going bare-footed, —his shoes were entirely worn out, —with his feet covered with sores.

He had learned that when he, as it seemed to him by his own free will, married his wife, he was not really any more free than now, when he was shut up for the night in the barn.

Of all that which he afterwards called sufferings, but which at the time he scarcely felt, the worst was from his bare, bruised, scurvy-scarred feet. (The horse-flesh was palatable and nourishing, the saltpetre odor of the gunpowder which they used instead of salt was even pleasant; the weather was not very cold; in the daytime while marching it was even hot, but at night they had bivouac fires; the vermin which fed upon him warmed his body.) The one thing hard at that time was the state of his feet.

On the second day of the retreat, Pierre, examining his sores by the fire, felt that it was impossible to take another step on them; but when all got up, he went along treading gingerly, and afterwards, when he was warmed to it, he walked without pain, though when evening came it was more terrible than ever to look at his feet. But he did not look at them, and turned his thoughts to other things.

Now for the first time Pierre realized all man's power of vitality, and the saving force of abstracting the attention, which, like the safety valve in the steam-engine, lets off the excess of steam as soon as the pressure exceeds the normal.

He saw not and heard not how the prisoners who straggled were shot down, although more than a hundred had perished in this way. He thought not of Karatayef, who grew weaker every day, and was evidently fated to suffer the same lot.

Still less Pierre thought of himself. The more trying his position, the more appalling the future, the more disconnected with the position in which he found himself, the more joyful and consoling were the thoughts, recollections, and visions which came to him.

CHAPTER XIII.

At noon of the third, Pierre was climbing up a muddy, slippery hill, looking at his feet and at the inequalities of the road.

Occasionally his eyes glanced at the familiar throng around him, and then back to his feet again. Both the one and the other were peculiarly connected with his individual impressions.

The pink, bandy-legged Sierui was frolicking by the side of the road, occasionally lifting up her hind leg, as a sign of her agility and jollity, flying along on three legs, and then again on all four darting off to bark at the crows, which were feasting on the carrion. Sierui was more frolicsome and in better condition than she had been in Moscow. On all sides lay the flesh of various animals — men as well as horses — in various degrees of putrefaction, and the constant passing of people did not permit of the wolves approaching, so that Sierui was able to get all that she wanted to eat.

It had been raining since morning, and if for a moment it seemed that it was passing over and the skies were going to clear, instantly after such a short respite the downpour would be heavier than ever. The road was perfectly soaked and could not absorb any more water, and little brooks ran along the ruts.

Pierre plodded along, looking at one side, counting his steps by threes, and doubling down his fingers. Apostrophizing the rain, he kept repeating mentally, "Rain, rain, please not come again." *

It seemed to him that he was not thinking of anything; but in the depths of his mind, remote, there were grave and comforting thoughts. They were the direct spiritual outcome of his yesterday evening's conversation with Karatayef.

The evening before, while they were halting for the night, after half freezing at a fire that had gone out, Pierre got up and went over to a neighboring camp-fire that was burning

* "*Nu ka, nu ka, yeshchó, yeshchó, naddái!*"

more brightly. Near this fire to which Pierre went, Platon was sitting, with his head wrapped up in his cloak as though it were a chasuble, and was telling the soldiers, in his fluent, agreeable, but weak and ailing voice, a story which Pierre had often heard.

It was already after midnight. This was the time that Karatayef usually recovered from his paroxysms of fever, and became peculiarly lively.

On approaching the camp-fire and hearing Platon's weak, ailing voice, and seeing his yellow face brightly lighted up by the fire-light, Pierre's heart reproached him. He was alarmed by his feeling of pity for the man, and wanted to go away; but there was no other camp-fire, and Pierre sat down by the bivouac fire, and tried not to look at Platon.

"Well, how is your health?" he asked.

"Health? Even if you weep for illness, God does not send death," said Karatayef, and instantly resumed the story he was telling.

"So, then, my dear brothers," Platon went on, with a smile illumining his thin, pale face, and with a gleam of peculiar delight in his eyes, — "so, then, my dear brothers" —

Pierre had heard this story a long time before; Karatayef had related it half a dozen times to him alone, and always with a peculiar feeling of pleasure. But, well as Pierre knew it, he now listened to it as though it were something new, and that genial enthusiasm which Karatayef evidently felt in relating it communicated itself to Pierre.

It was the story of an old merchant who lived a moral, God-fearing life with his family, and who once set out with a friend of his, a rich merchant, on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Makarii.

They put up one night at an inn, and the two merchants retired to bed; and the next morning, the merchant's companion was found robbed and with his throat cut. The bloody knife was found under the old merchant's pillow. The old merchant was tried, knouted, and after his nostrils had been slit — "as was proper according to the law," said Karatayef — was sent to hard labor.

"So, then, my brothers," — it was at this place that Pierre had interrupted Platon's story, — "ten years or more passed. The good old man lives in the mines. He submits as in duty bound; never does any one any harm. Only he prays to God to let him die. Very good. One time the convicts were gathered together — it was night — just as if it had been you and I,

and the good old man was with 'em. And they were telling each other what they had been punished for, and of what they were guilty before God. They began to confess, one that he had murdered a man; * another, two; a third that he had set a house on fire; another that he had been a deserter, and so on. Then they began to ask the old man: 'And you, grandsire, what are you being punished for?' — 'I, my dear friends,' † says he, 'am punished for my own sins, and for the sins of others. I never killed a soul, I never stole from any one; instead, I used to give to any needy brother. I, my dear friends, was a merchant, and I had a large property.' And so on and so on, he tells the whole story, of course, just as it happened. 'I don't complain,' says he. 'Of course, God did it to search me. Only,' says he, 'I am sorry for my old woman and my children.' And then the old man began to cry. It happened the very man who had murdered the merchant, you know, was there in that company. 'Where was it, grandsire, it happened? When? What month?' He asked all about it. His heart stung him. And so he goes up to the old man and falls at his feet. 'You were punished all on my account, you good old man,' says he. 'That's the truth, the honest truth. It's a fact, boys; ‡ this man is innocent, and has been punished for my crime,' says he. 'I did it myself,' says he, 'and I put the knife under your pillow while you was asleep. Forgive me, grandsire,' says he, 'for Christ's sake!'"

Karatayef paused, joyously smiling, and as he gazed into the fire he straightened the logs.

"And the good old man says, 'God will forgive you, but we are all of us,' says he, 'sinners before God. I suffer for your sin.' He wept bitter tears. And what think you, friends," § exclaimed Karatayef, with a radiant, beatific smile lighting his face more and more, as though what he had now to relate included the main charm and all the significance of the story, "what think you, friends! this murderer revealed the whole thing to the authorities. 'I,' says he, 'I have killed six souls' (he was a great villain!), 'but what I regret more than all is this good, old man. Let him not weep any longer on my account.' He explained the whole matter; they took it down, sent off the paper in proper shape. It's a long way off, and it was a long time before the matter was decided, and before all the papers were written as they had to be, as it always is with the authorities. It reached the tsar. And then came

* *Dusha*, a soul.

† *Rebyatushki*, little children.

‡ *Brátsui moi mîlenkiye* (brothers mine dear). § *Sokólik*, a hawk.

the ukase: 'Let the merchant go; give him a present, whatever they may decide.' The document came; they tried to find the poor old man. Where is the poor old man who was innocent and suffered so long? A document has come from the tsar. They began to search for him." Karatayef's lower jaw trembled. "But God had forgiven him—he was dead. That was the way of it, friends,"* concluded Karatayef, and for a long time he sat looking into the fire, with a smile on his lips.

It was not so much this story itself, but its mysterious meaning, that solemn joy which irradiated Karatayef's face as he related it, the mysterious significance of this joy, which filled Pierre's soul with a vague sense of joy.

CHAPTER XIV.

"*A vos places!*" suddenly cried a voice.

A glad stir and expectation of something good and solemn awoke among the prisoners and convoy. On all sides were heard shouts of command, and at the left suddenly appeared handsomely dressed cavalrymen, trotting by the prisoners, on handsome horses. All faces wore that expression of tension which is usually seen when important personages are expected.

The prisoners were collected and pushed out of the road; the soldiers formed in line.

"*L'empereur! l'empereur! Le maréchal! Le duc!*" and as soon as the plump horses of the mounted escort dashed by, a coach drawn by six gray steeds thundered past. Pierre, as by a flash, caught sight of the calm, handsome, plump but pale face of a man in a *tricorné*.

This was one of the marshals.

The marshal's eye rested on Pierre's rotund, noticeable figure, and the expression with which the marshal scowled and turned away his face made it evident to Pierre that he felt sympathy and wanted to hide it.

The general in charge of the division galloped after the carriage, with a red, frightened face, spurring on his lean horse. Several officers gathered together; the soldiers pressed around them. All faces wore an expression of excitement and tension.

* There is a variant of this same story, told by Count Tolstoi for children. See "A Long Exile" (T. Y. Crowell & Co.).

"Qu'est-ce qu'il a dit? qu'est-ce qu'il a dit?" — What did he say?" Pierre heard them asking.

While the marshal had been passing, the prisoners had been gathered in a clump, and Pierre noticed Karatayef, whom he had not seen since early that morning. Karatayef in his short cloak was leaning up against a birch-tree. While his face still bore that expression of joyful emotion which it had had the evening before, when telling the story of the merchant's unmerited punishment, it was lighted up by an expression of gentle solemnity.

Karatayef looked at Pierre out of his kindly round eyes, which were now full of tears, and he seemed to be calling him to him, as though he wanted to say something. But Pierre felt quite too terribly about himself. He affected not to see him, and hastened away.

When the prisoners were set on their march again, Pierre glanced back. Karatayef was sitting by the edge of the road, under the birch-tree, and two Frenchmen were discussing about something over him. Pierre did not look longer. He passed on his way, limping up the hill.

From the place where Karatayef had been left behind, the report of a musket-shot was heard. Pierre distinctly heard this report, but at the instant that he heard it he recollected that he had not finished his calculation how many stages there were to Smolensk, a calculation in which he had been interrupted by the arrival of the marshal. And he began to count.

The two French soldiers, one of whom held the smoking musket which he had just discharged, ran past Pierre. Both of them were pale, and in the expression of their faces — one of them looked timidly at Pierre — there was something that reminded him of the young soldier who had been executed.

Pierre looked at this soldier, and remembered how this private, a few days before they had started, had burned his shirt as he was drying himself by the camp-fire, and how they had made sport of him.

The dog staid behind, and was howling around the place where Karatayef was.

"What a fool! what is she barking about?" Pierre exclaimed inwardly.

The soldiers, Pierre's comrades, walking in file with him, like him did not look back to the place where first the shot and then the howl of the dog was heard, but a stern expression lay on all their faces.

CHAPTER XV.

THE provision train and the prisoners and the marshal's baggage-wagons were halting at Shamshevo. All gathered in groups around the watch-fires. Pierre went to a camp-fire, and, after eating some roasted horse-flesh, lay down with his back to the fire and instantly fell asleep. He slept the same kind of sleep which he had slept at Mozhaïsk after Borodino.

Once more real events mingled with visions, and once more some one, either himself or some other person, uttered thoughts, even the same thoughts which had been spoken to him at Mozhaïsk.

"Life is everything. Life is God. Everything changes and is in a state of flux, and this movement is God. And as long as there is life, there is enjoyment of the self-consciousness of the Divinity. To love life is to love God. More difficult and more blessed than all else is it to love this life in its sufferings, in undeserved sufferings."

"Karatayef!" it occurred to Pierre.

And suddenly there seemed to be standing before Pierre, as though alive, a dear little old man, long forgotten, who in Switzerland had taught Pierre geography.

"Wait," said the little man. And he showed Pierre a globe. This globe was a living, rolling ball, and had no natural divisions. The whole surface of the globe consisted of drops closely squeezed together. And these drops were all in motion, changing about, sometimes several coalescing into one, sometimes one breaking up into many. Each drop tried to expand, to occupy as much space as possible; but others, striving for the same end, crushed it, sometimes annihilated it, sometimes coalesced with it.

"Such is life," said the little old teacher.

"How simple and how clear," thought Pierre. "Why is it I never knew this before?"

"In the centre is God, and each drop strives to spread out, expand, so as to reflect him in the largest possible proportions. And each expands, and coalesces, and is pressed down, and is to all outward appearance annihilated, and sinks into the depths and comes out again."

"That was the case with Karatayef: he overflowed and vanished."

"*Vous avez compris, mon enfant,*" said the teacher.

"*Vous avez compris! Sacré nom!* Do you understand? The devil take you!" cried a voice, and Pierre awoke.

He sat up. Squatting on his heels by the camp-fire sat a Frenchman who had just been pushing away a Russian soldier, and was now broiling a piece of meat stuck on a ramrod. His muscular, red hand, covered with hairs, with short fingers, was skilfully twirling the ramrod. His cinnamon-colored, scowling face and knitted brows could be clearly seen in the light of the coals.

"*Ça lui est bien égal*—It's all the same to him," he growled out, addressing the soldier standing near him. "*Brigand! Va!*" And the soldier, twirling the ramrod, glared gloomily at Pierre. Pierre turned away and gazed into the darkness.

A Russian soldier, one of the prisoners, the very same whom the Frenchman had pushed away, was sitting by the fire and was patting something with his hand. Looking closer, Pierre recognized that it was the little bandy-legged pink dog, which was wagging her tail as she crouched down next the soldier.

"Ah? She's come, has she?" said Pierre, "but Plat"—he began, but did not finish the name. Suddenly in his imagination all blended together,—the recollection of the look which Platon had given him as he sat under the tree, the shot which he had heard at that same place, the howling of the dog, the guilty faces of the two Frenchmen who hastened past him, the empty, smoking musket, Karatayef left behind at that halting-place, and this now made him realize that Platon was dead, but at the same instant, suggested by God knows what, there arose in his mind the recollection of an evening that he had spent in company with a Polish beauty one summer, on the balcony of his mansion at Kief. And, nevertheless, without making any effort to co-ordinate his recollections, and drawing no conclusions from them, Pierre closed his eyes, and the vision of the summer scene mingled with his recollections of bathing, of the fluid, rolling globe, and he seemed to be sinking in water, so that the water went over his head.

Before sunrise he was wakened by loud and frequent firing and shouts. The French were flying past him.

"*Les Cosaques!*" cried one of them, and in a moment Pierre was surrounded by a throng of Russians.

It was some time before Pierre could realize what had hap-

pened to him. On all sides he heard the joyful vociferations of his comrades. "Brothers! comrades! friends!" shouted old soldiers, and burst into tears as they embraced Cossacks and hussars. Cossacks and hussars surrounded the prisoners and made haste to offer them some clothes, some shoes, some bread.

Pierre stood in the midst of them, sobbing, and could not speak a word. He threw his arms around the first soldier whom he met and kissed him weeping.

Dolokhof stood at the gates of the dilapidated mansion, watching the throng of the disarmed French file past him. The Frenchmen, excited by all that had occurred, were talking loudly among themselves; but when they passed Dolokhof, who stood lightly flecking his boots with his nagaïka, or short whip, and watched them with his cool, glassy glance, that boded them nothing good, their voices were hushed. On the other side stood Dolokhof's Cossack and counted the prisoners, scoring them in hundreds on the gate with a bit of chalk.

"How many?" asked Dolokhof of the Cossack who was counting the prisoners.

"Into the second hundred," replied the Cossack.

"*Fitez, fitez!* — Step on, step on!" exclaimed Dolokhof, who had learned this expression of the French; and as his eyes met those of the prisoners who filed past, they lighted with a cruel gleam.

Denisof, with a gloomy face, walked bare-headed behind the Cossacks who were carrying the body of Petya Rostof to a grave which they had dug in the garden.

CHAPTER XVI.

AFTER the ninth of November, when hard frosts began, the flight of the French assumed a still more tragic character because of the many who perished of the cold or were burned to death at the camp-fires, while the emperor, kings, and dukes continued to pursue their homeward way wrapped in furs and riding in carriages, and carrying the treasure that they had stolen.

But in its real essence the process of flight and dissolution of the army had not really changed.

From Moscow to Viazma the seventy-three thousand composing the French army, not counting the Guard, — which

throughout the whole war had done nothing except pillage, — the seventy-three thousand of the army were reduced to thirty-six thousand. Out of the number lost, not more than five thousand perished in battle. This is the first term of a progression whereby, with mathematical accuracy, the succeeding terms are determined.

The French army melted away and was destroyed in the same proportion from Moscow to Viazma, from Viazma to Smolensk, from Smolensk to the Beresina, from the Beresina to Vilno, independently of the greater or less degree of cold, the pursuit of the Russians, the obstruction of the road, and all other conditions taken singly.

After Viazma, the French armies, instead of marching in three columns, went in one crowd, and thus proceeded to the end.

Berthier wrote to his sovereign (it is well known how far commanders allow themselves to depart from the truth in describing the position of their armies). — He wrote: —

“I think it my duty to acquaint your majesty with the condition of the troops in the different army corps that I have observed during these last three days in the various stages. They are almost disbanded. Less than a fourth of the soldiers remain under the standards, at most. This proportion holds in nearly all the regiments. The others are straggling off by themselves in different directions, trying to find provisions and to escape from discipline. All of them look to Smolensk as the place where they will retrieve themselves. During the last few days many soldiers have been noticed throwing away their cartridges and muskets. In this condition of things, the interests of your majesty’s service require that, whatever your ultimate plans may be, the army should be rallied at Smolensk, and rid of non-combatants, of unmounted cavalrymen, of superfluous baggage, and of a portion of the artillery, since it is no longer in proportion to the effective of the army. Moreover, the soldiers require some days of rest and supplies of food, for they are worn out by hunger and fatigue; many in the last few days have died on the road or in bivouac. This state of things is constantly growing worse, and there is danger that, if remedies are not promptly applied, the troops could not be controlled in case of battle. — November 9, at thirty versts from Smolensk.”

* “Je crois devoir faire connaître à votre majesté l’état de ses troupes dans les différents corps d’armée que j’ai été à même d’observer depuis deux ou trois jours dans différents passages. Elles sont presque débandées. Le nombre des soldats qui suivent les drapeaux est en proportion du quart au plus dans presque tous les régiments, les autres marchant isolément dans différentes directions et pour leur compte, dans l’espérance de trouver des subsistances et pour se débarrasser de la discipline. En général ils regardent Smolensk comme la point où ils doivent se refaire. Ces derniers jours on a remarqué que beaucoup de soldats jettent leurs cartouches et leurs armes. Dans cette état de choses, l’intérêt du service de votre majesté exige, quelles que soient ses vues ultérieures, qu’on rallie l’armée à Smolensk en commençant à la débarrasser des non-combattants, tels que hommes démontés et des bagages inutiles

Rushing into Smolensk, which was to them like the promised land, the French fought with one another for food, pillaged their own stores, and when everything had been plundered they hurried on.

All fled, not knowing whither or why; and Napoleon, with all his genius, knew less than others why they did so, for no one ordered him to fly.

But, nevertheless, he and those around him observed their old habits: wrote orders, letters, reports, *ordres du jour*, and they addressed one another as—*Sire, Mon Cousin, Prince d'Eckmühl, Roi de Naples*, etc. But these orders and reports were only on paper; nothing was done according to them, because they could no longer be carried out; and though they continued to call each other Majesty, Highness, and Cousin, they all felt that they were miserable wretches, who had done much evil, and that expiation had begun. And, though they pretended to be very solicitous about the army, each of them thought only of himself and how he might get off and escape as speedily as possible.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE actions of the Russian and French troops during the retreat from Moscow to the Niemen were like the game of *zhmúrki*, or blind-man's-buff, where the two players have their eyes bandaged, and one of them rings a bell from time to time, to call the attention of the "catcher."

At first, the one who is to be caught sounds his bell without fear of the enemy; but when the pursuer is coming close to him, he seeks to evade his pursuer by going noiselessly, and often, when he thinks he is escaping, he runs directly into his arms.

At first Napoleon's troops let themselves be heard from—this was during the first period of their movement on the Kaluga road; but afterwards, when they had gone back to the Smolensk road, holding the clapper of the bell, they fled, and, while believing that they were escaping, they ran right into the enemy.

et du matériel de l'artillerie qui n'est plus en proportion avec les forces actuelles. En outre les jours de repos, des subsistances sont nécessaires aux soldats qui sont exténués par la faim et la fatigue; beaucoup sont morts ces derniers jours sur la route et dans les bivacs. Cet état de choses va toujours en augmentant et donne lieu de craindre que si l'on n'y prête un prompt remède, on ne soit plus maître des troupes dans un combat. Le 9 Novembre, à 30 verstes de Smolensk."

Owing to the speed with which the French ran and the Russians pursued and the consequent exhaustion of the horses, the chief method of ascertaining the position of an enemy — reconnoissance by cavalry — became impossible. Moreover, owing to the numerous and rapid changes of position in both armies, information, such as it was, always came too late.

If the news came on one day that the enemy's army was at such and such a place the night before, on the next day, by the time that anything could be undertaken, this army would have already made a two-days' march and occupied an entirely different position.

One army fled, the other pursued. From Smolensk the French had a choice among many different routes, and it would seem as if, during their four-days' halt there, they might have reconnoitred the enemy, adopted some advantageous plan, and tried some other way.

But after the four-days' rest the army hastened on in throngs, turning neither to the right nor to the left, and without manœuvres or combinations following the beaten track along their former route — the worst of all — that of Krasnoye and Orsha.

Thinking always that the enemy was behind and not before them, the French hastened on, spreading out and scattering often twenty-four hours' march from each other.

At the head of the whole army ran the emperor, then the kings, then the dukes.

The Russian army, believing that Napoleon would turn to the right toward the Dniepr, which was the only reasonable route, themselves turned to the right, and followed the main road toward Krasnoye.

And here, just as in the game of blind-man's-buff, the French ran against our advance guard.

Having thus unexpectedly caught sight of the enemy, the French were confused, and paused in astonishment and fright, only to resume their flight, abandoning their comrades, who followed them. There, for three days, the separate fragments of the French army ran, one after the other, as it were, the gantlet of the Russian troops; first came the corps of the viceroy, then Davoust's, then Ney's.

They all abandoned each other, they all abandoned their heavy possessions, the artillery, half of their forces, and took to flight, marching only by night and in *détours*, so as to avoid the Russians.

Ney, who came last (because, in spite of their wretched

condition, or rather in consequence of it, since, like the boy, he wanted to beat the floor on which he had been hurt, he had stopped to blow up the unoffending walls of Smolensk), — Ney, coming last, rejoined Napoleon at Orsha with only one thousand men out of the ten thousand of his corps. Having abandoned all his soldiers and all his artillery, he had succeeded in secretly making his way through the woods by night, and crossing the Dniepr.

From Orsha they hastened onward, taking the road to Vilno, in exactly the same way, playing blind-man's-buff with the pursuing army.

At the Beresina again they were thrown into confusion. Many were drowned, many gave themselves up; but those who crossed the river still hastened on.

Their chief commander wrapped himself up in his furs, got into a sledge, and, abandoning his companions, galloped off alone.

Those who could escaped the same way; those who could not surrendered or perished.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It would seem as if, during this period of the campaign, while the French did everything possible to ruin themselves, while in no single movement of this mass of men, beginning with its *détour* on the Kaluga road up to the flight of Napoleon, was there one gleam of sense, — it would seem as if those historians who consider the action of the masses subservient to the will of a single man might find it impossible to make this retreat fit in with their theory.

But no! Mountains of books have been written by historians concerning this campaign, and Napoleon's plans and dispositions have been characterized as profound, as well as the manœuvres executed by the troops, and the genius shown by the marshals in their measures.

The retreat from Malo-Yaroslavets — that useless retreat by a devastated route, when he was offered one through a well-supplied region, when he might have taken the parallel road by which Kutuzof afterwards pursued him — is explained for us according to various profound considerations. By these same profound considerations his retreat from Smolensk to Orsha is described. Then they describe his bravery at Krasnoye, where, we are led to believe, he was ready to put him-

self at the head of his troops and to give battle, and where he marched with a birchen cane, saying:—

"I have been emperor long enough; it is time to be the general." *

And yet, immediately after this, he fled, leaving to their fate the defenceless fragments of his army struggling after him.

Then they describe for us the grandeur of soul displayed by the marshals, especially by Ney, whose grandeur of soul was shown by his sneaking through the forest, and passing the Dniepr by night, and escaping into Orsha without his standards and artillery, and with a loss of nine-tenths of his troops.

And, finally, the great emperor himself abandoning his heroic army is represented by historians as something grand, as a stroke of genius. Even this last miserable trick of running away, which in ordinary language would be called the lowest degree of meanness, which every child is taught to consider a shameful deed, even this vile trick finds justification among the historians.

For when it is no longer possible to stretch out the attenuated threads of historical arguments, when actions flagrantly contradict what humanity calls good and even right, the historians bring up the saving idea of greatness. Greatness seems to exclude the possibility of applying the standards of good and evil. In the great, nothing is bad. He who is great is not charged with the atrocity of which he may have been guilty.

"It is great! — *C'est grand!*" say the historians; and then there is no more good or evil, but only *great* and *not great*.

Great is good; *not great* is bad.

Greatness is, according to them, the quality of certain peculiar beings, whom they call heroes.

And Napoleon, fleeing to his own fireside, wrapped in his warm furs, and leaving behind his perishing companions, and those men whom, according to his idea, he had led into Russia, feels *que c'est grand*, and his soul is tranquil.

"There is only one step," he said, "from the sublime to the ridiculous." (He thinks himself sublime!) And for fifty years everybody has repeated it: "*Sublime! Great! Napoléon le grand!*" Truly, there is only one step from the sublime to the ridiculous! †

* *J'ai assez fait l'empereur, il est temps de faire le général.*

† *Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas.*

It has never entered the mind of any man that by taking greatness as the absolute standard of good and evil, he only proclaims his own emptiness and immeasurable littleness.

For us who have the standard of right and wrong set by Christ, there is nothing incommensurate. And there is no greatness where there is not simplicity, goodness, and justice.

CHAPTER XIX.

WHAT Russian is there who, reading the descriptions of the last period of the campaign of 1812, has not experienced a profound feeling of annoyance, dissatisfaction, and perplexity?

Who has not asked himself: Why did we not capture or destroy all the French, when they were surrounded by our three armies, each of superior numbers; when, dying of starvation and cold, they surrendered in throngs; and when, as history tells us, the aim of the Russians was precisely this — to cut off the French, to stop them, and to take them all prisoners?

How was it that this army, — which, when weaker in numbers, fought the battle of Borodino, — how was it that this army, when it surrounded the French on three sides, and intended to take them prisoners, did not accomplish its purpose?

Had the French such immense pre-eminence over us that we, though possessing superior numbers, and having surrounded them, could not defeat them?

How was it that this failed of execution?

History, — or what is called history, — in reply to these questions, declares that it failed of execution because Kutuzof, and Tormasof, and Chitchagof, and this one and that one, and the other, did not execute such and such manœuvres.

But why did they not execute these manœuvres? If these generals were to blame because the end in view was not attained, why were they not court-martialled and put to death?

But even if we admit that Kutuzof and Chitchagof and the others were to blame for the Russian *non-success*, it is still impossible to understand why the Russian troops, under the conditions which obtained at Krasnoye and at the Beresina (for in both cases the Russians were superior in numbers), did not capture the French troops, with their marshals, kings, and emperors, if such was the object of the Russians.

This strange phenomenon cannot be explained — as is done by the Russian military historians — by saying that it was

because Kutuzof prevented offensive operations, for we know that Kutuzof's will was unable to restrain the troops from attacking at Viazma and at Tarutino.

If the Russian army, which with inferior forces was able at Borodino to wrest a victory from an enemy then at the zenith of its strength, why could it not conquer the demoralized throngs of the French at Krasnoye and at the Beresina, when its forces had become superior?

If the object of the Russians had been to cut off and capture Napoleon and his marshals, and this object not only was not attained, but all attempts in that direction failed in the most shameful manner, then the French were perfectly right in representing the last period of the campaign as a series of victories, and Russian historians are perfectly wrong in representing that we were victorious.

Russian military historians, if they have any regard for logic, must come to this conclusion, and, in spite of their lyrical effusions about courage and patriotism, must logically confess that the retreat of the French from Moscow was for Napoleon a series of victories, and for Kutuzof a series of defeats.

But, if we put absolutely aside national pride, we feel that this conclusion involves a contradiction, since this series of victories on the part of the French brought them to complete destruction, while the series of defeats on the part of the Russians led them to the absolute overthrow of their enemy, and the evacuation of their own country.

The source of this contradiction lies in the fact that historians who study events in the correspondence of kings and generals, and in official narratives, reports, and plans, have taken for granted the entirely false and unjustifiable idea that the object of the last period of the campaign of 1812 was to cut off and to capture Napoleon and his marshals and his army.

This object never existed, and could not exist, because it had no sense, and it was absolutely impossible of attainment.

The object had no sense, in the first place, because Napoleon's demoralized army was flying from Russia with all possible speed: in other words, was fulfilling the very wish of every Russian. What reason in directing various military operations against the French, who were running away as fast as they could go?

Secondly, it was senseless to try to stop men who were employing all their energy in getting away.

In the third place, it was senseless to sacrifice troops in destroying the French armies, who were going to destruction without external causes, and at such a rate that even when every road was given them undisputed, they could carry across the frontier only the small number that remained to them in the month of December—a hundredth part of their whole army.

In the fourth place, it was senseless to wish to make prisoners of the emperor, the kings, and the marshals, and the men, for their captivity would have been to the highest degree embarrassing to the Russians, as was recognized by the ablest diplomatists of the time, J. Maistre and others.

Still more senseless was the desire to capture whole regiments of the French, when the Russian army had been reduced one-half by the time it reached Krasnoye, and whole divisions would have been needed to guard the troops of prisoners, and when their own soldiers were not all the time receiving full rations, and when the French already captured were dying of starvation!

All of this profound plan of cutting off and seizing Napoleon and his army was like the plan of the gardener who, in trying to drive out of his enclosure the cattle that were trampling down his garden, should run to the gates and strike them on the head when they passed out. The only thing that could be said in the gardener's justification would be that he was very angry. But this excuse could not be made for those who devised this plan, for they were not the ones who suffered from the trampled garden.

The idea of cutting off Napoleon and his army, beside being senseless, was impossible.

It was impossible, first, because, since experience has shown that the movement of columns of soldiers in battle for a distance of five versts can never be made in accordance with plans, the probability that Chitchagof, Kutuzof, and Wittgenstein would effect a junction at a designated place on time was so slight that it amounted to an impossibility, as Kutuzof felt, who, on receiving the sovereign's plan, declared that operations at great distances never gave the desired results.

Secondly, it was impossible because, in order to neutralize that momentum with which Napoleon's army was recoiling, incomparably larger forces would have been necessary than those which the Russians had.

Thirdly, it was impossible because the military phrase "to

cut off" an enemy has no sense. We may cut off a piece of bread, but not an army.

To cut off an army, to dispute its road, is never possible, for there are always many places where *détours* can be made, and there is the night, when nothing can be seen, as military students may convince themselves from the example of what took place at Krasnoye or the Beresina.

It is just as impossible to take a person prisoner, unless the person taken prisoner consents to be seized, as it is to catch a swallow, unless it come and light on your hand.

Armies can be captured only when they surrender, as the Germans do — according to the rules of strategy and tactics. But the French troops, with perfect correctness, found this unfit, since death by cold and starvation awaited them alike in flight and in captivity.

Fourthly, — and chiefly, — this was impossible because never since the world began was there a war under such terrible conditions as those which characterized the campaign of 1812; and the Russian troops, in pursuing the French, strained every effort, and could do no more without going to destruction themselves.

During the movement of the Russian army from Tarutino to Krasnoye fifty thousand men — in other words, a number equivalent to the population of a large provincial city — were sick and disabled.

Half of the men left the army without a battle.

And in regard to this period of the campaign, — when the troops, without boots or great-coats, with insufficient food, and without vodka, for months spent the nights in the snow, in a temperature fifteen degrees below freezing; when the days were only seven or eight hours long, and all the rest of the twenty-four were night, discipline being in such circumstances impossible; when, not as in battle, men for a few hours only enter the domain of death where there was no discipline, but lived for months in an incessant struggle with death from cold and starvation; when in a single month half of the army perished, — in regard to this period of the campaign, historians tell us how Miloradovitch ought to have made a flank movement in this direction, and Tormasof in that, and Chitchagof in another (struggling through snow that was knee-deep), and how such and such a one "destroyed" and "cut off" — and so on, and so on!

The Russians, of whom one-half perished, accomplished all that they could or ought to have done to attain an end worthy

of the people, and they are not to blame if other Russians, sitting in warm apartments, proposed what it was impossible to do.

All this strange and at the present time incomprehensible contradiction between the fact and the historical account arises simply from this: the historians who have written about these events have described the fine sentiments and the fine speeches of different generals, and not the history of the event.

Very important to them seem the speeches of Miloradovitch, the rewards received by this, that, and the other general, and their proposals; but the question about the fifty thousand Russian soldiers who were left behind in hospitals or in nameless graves does not interest them, because it is outside of their studies.

And yet all it requires is for them to turn their attention from the study of the reports and plans of the generals, and to follow the movements of these hundred thousand men who took an active, immediate part in the event, and all the questions that before seemed insolvable will at once be solved with extraordinary ease and simplicity.

The aim of cutting off the retreat of Napoleon and his army never existed except in the imaginations of a dozen men. It could not exist, because it was absurd and its realization impracticable.

The Russian people had only one object in view: to rid their soil of the invaders.

The object was attained, in the first place, of its own accord, because the French ran away, and afterwards it was only necessary not to check that movement. In the second place, this object was attained by means of that popular warfare which destroyed the French; and, in the third place, because the great Russian army followed the enemy, ready to employ force in case the movement of the French was suspended.

The Russian army acted like the knout on a running animal. And the experienced cattle-driever knew that it was most advantageous to threaten it with upraised whip, but not to strike the running animal on the head.

PART FOURTH.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN a man sees a dying animal, horror seizes him: what he himself is, — his own essence, — is evidently perishing before his very eyes, — ceasing to exist.

But when the dying one is a human being, and a person beloved and tenderly cherished, then, over and above the horror at the cessation of the life, there is felt a rending and wounding of the soul. This wound, like a physical wound, sometimes kills, sometimes heals, but it is always sore, and shrinks from any external, irritating touch.

After Prince Andrei's death, Natasha and the Princess Mariya felt this in the same way. Their souls had quailed and bowed under the threatening cloud of death that hung over them, and they dared not look into the face of life. They were extremely cautious not to expose their wounds to humiliating, painful contact.

Everything — a swiftly passing carriage on the street, the announcement of dinner, the maid's question as to what dresses she should get ready for them; still worse, a word of perfunctory, feeble sympathy — made the wound throb painfully, seemed an affront, and profaned that urgent silence in which they both were striving to listen to that stern, terrible choir which ceased not, in their imagination, to chant, and prevented them from looking into those mysterious, infinite distances which, for an instant, opened out before them.

Only when they were together alone, they felt no sense of pain and humiliation. They talked together very little. When they talked, it was on the most insignificant topics. And both of them alike avoided all reference to anything concerning the future.

To recognize the possibility of a future seemed to them an offence to his memory. All the more sedulously they avoided in their talk everything that had reference to the departed. It seemed to them that what they experienced and felt could not be expressed in words. It seemed to them that every

verbal reference to the separate events of his life disturbed the majesty and sacredness of the mystery which had been accomplished before their eyes.

Their continual self-restraint, their constant, strenuous avoidance of all that might lead to mention of him, these halting-places which stood in the way of every possible approach to the subject which they had tacitly agreed to leave untouched, brought up before their imaginations with all the greater clearness and distinctness that which they felt.

But pure, unmitigated grief is as impossible as pure and unmitigated joy.

The Princess Mariya, by her position as sole and independent mistress of her fate, as guardian and instructor of her nephew, was the first to be brought, by the exigencies of real life, forth from that world of tribulation in which she had been living for the past fortnight. She received letters from her relatives, which had to be answered; the room which Nikolushka occupied was damp, and he began to have a cough. Alpatuitch came from Yaroslavl with his accounts to be rectified, and with his proposal and advice for her to go back to Moscow, to her house on the Vozdvizhenka, which had remained intact and needed only small repairs.

Life would not stand still, and it was necessary to live.

Hard as it was for the Princess Mariya to emerge from that world of solitary contemplation in which she had been living till then, sorry as she was, and almost conscience-stricken, to leave Natasha alone, the labors of life demanded her participation, and she, in spite of herself, had to give way.

She verified Alpatuitch's accounts, consulted with Dessalles in regard to her nephew, and made arrangements and preparations for her journey to Moscow.

Natasha had been left to herself, and, since the Princess Mariya began to get ready for her departure, avoided even her.

The Princess Mariya proposed to the countess to let Natasha go to Moscow with her, and both father and mother gladly consented, since each day they noticed a decline in their daughter's physical vigor, and hoped that a change of scene would do her good, and that the physicians of Moscow would help her.

"I will go nowhere," replied Natasha, when this matter was proposed to her. "All I ask is to be left in peace," said she, and she hastened from the room, scarcely able to restrain her tears, — tears not so much of grief as of vexation and anger.

Since she had felt herself abandoned by the Princess Mariya, and left alone with her grief, Natasha, for the most of the time, sat in her room with her feet in the corner of the sofa, and, while her slender, nervous fingers kept tearing or bending something or other, her eyes would remain obstinately fixed on whatever happened to attract her attention.

This solitude exhausted, tortured her; but it was something that she could not help. As soon as any one came to her, she would quickly get up, change her position and the expression of her eyes, and take up her book or her sewing, and make no attempt to conceal her desire that the one who came to disturb her should go.

It constantly seemed to her that she was on the very point of discovering, of penetrating that terrible, unendurable problem on which her mental eye was directed.

About the beginning of January, Natasha, thin and pale, and dressed in a black woollen dress, with her braid carelessly knotted up in a pug, was sitting with her feet up on the sofa, concentratedly puckering and folding out the ends of her sash, and gazing with her eyes fixed on the door.

She was looking at the place where he had vanished, at that side of life. And that side of life, of which she had never thought in the days gone by, which hitherto had always seemed to her so distant and unreal, was now nearer and more familiar, more comprehensible, than the ordinary side of life, where everything was either emptiness and decay, or suffering and humiliation.

She looked at the place where she knew he had been; but she could not make it out that he was not there still. She saw him once more as he had been at Muitishchi, at Troïtsa, at Yaroslavl.

She saw his face, heard his voice, repeated his words and the words which she had said to him, and sometimes she imagined words that they might have spoken.

There he is lying in the easy-chair, in his velvet shubka, with his head leaning on his thin white hand. His chest is terribly sunken and his shoulders raised. His lips are firmly set, his eyes are gleaming, and on his pallid brow a wrinkle comes and goes. One leg trembles almost imperceptibly with a rapid motion.

Natasha knew that he was struggling with tormenting pain. "What is that pain like? Why that pain? How does he feel? How does it pain him?" she wonders.

He noticed her fixed gaze, he raised his eyes, and without a trace of a smile began to speak:—

"There is one thing terrible," said he, "to be bound forever to a suffering man. This is eternal torment!" And he looked at her with a scrutinizing glance. Natasha replied then, as she always did, before she had time to think what she should reply. She said: "This cannot continue so, it will not be so always; you will get well—entirely well."

She now saw him as he had been from the first, and lived over in her memory all that she had then experienced. She recalled that long, melancholy, stern look which he had given her at those words, and she realized the significance of the reproach and despair expressed in this protracted look.

"I agreed with him," said Natasha to herself, "that it would be terrible if he should remain always suffering so. I said this at that time, simply because I meant that for him it would be terrible, but he understood it in a different way. He thought that it would be terrible for me. At that time he was still anxious to live, was afraid to die. And I said this so crudely, so stupidly! I did not think of that. I meant something entirely different. If I had said what I meant, I should have said: 'If he were to perish by a living death before my eyes, I should be happy in comparison with what I feel now.' Now—there is no one, nothing! Could he have known this? No! He knew it not, and he will never know! And now it is too late, too late to set this right."

And once more he said to her those same words, but this time Natasha, in her imagination, answered him in a different way. She stopped him and said: "Terrible for you, but not for me. You know that for me life without you would be nothing, and to suffer with you is the dearest happiness."

And he seized her hand and pressed it just as he had pressed it that terrible evening four days before he died. And in her imagination she spoke to him still other tender, loving words which she might have uttered then, but did not, and which now she could and did say:—"I love thee!—thee I love, I love!" she repeated, convulsively wringing her hands, clinching her teeth, with set determination.

And the bitter sweetness of grief took possession of her, and her eyes filled with tears, but suddenly she asked herself to whom she was saying that. "Where is he and what is he now?" And once more everything grew dark with hard and cruel doubt, and, once more closely drawing her brows into a frown, she looked at the place where he had been. And now, now it seemed to her that she was going to fathom the mys—

But at the very instant when it seemed to her that the in-

comprehensible was already about to reveal itself to her, a loud rattling of the door-knob painfully struck upon her ears. With hasty, incautious steps, with a frightened expression never before seen on her face, Dunyasha the maid came running into the room.

"Please come to your papa as quick as possible," said Dunyasha, with that peculiar and excited look. "Bad news about Piotr Ilyitch — a letter," she cried with a sob.

CHAPTER II.

BESIDES the general feeling of aversion for all people, Natasha at this time experienced a peculiar feeling of aversion for the members of her own family. All her relatives — father, mother, Sonya — were so near to her, so familiar, so *every-day*, that all their words, their sentiments, seemed to her a disrespect to that world in which she had been lately living, and she looked upon them not only with indifferent but even hostile eyes. She heard Dunyasha's words about Piotr Ilyitch, about bad news, but she did not take them in.

"What misfortune can have happened to them? what bad news can it be? Everything with them goes on calmly, as it always has," said Natasha mentally.

As she went into the hall her father was coming hastily out of the countess's room. He was evidently hastening from her room so as to give free course to the affliction that overmastered him. His face was wrinkled and wet with tears. When he saw Natasha he waved his hands in despair, and burst into painfully convulsive sobs, which distorted his round, placid face.

"Pet — Petya — go to her, go — she — she is — calling for you" —

And, crying like a child, swiftly shuffling along on his feeble legs, he went to a chair and almost fell into it, burying his face in his hands.

Suddenly something like an electric shock ran over Natasha's whole being. A terribly acute pain struck her heart. She experienced a cruel agony. It seemed to her that something within her snapped and that she was dying. But immediately succeeding this agony there came a sense of deliverance from the torpor which had been weighing down her life. Seeing her father, and hearing her mother's terribly

agonized cry in the next room, she instantly forgot herself and her own sorrow.

She ran up to her father, but he, listlessly waving his arm, pointed to her mother's door.

The Princess Mariya, with her lower jaw trembling, came out of the room and took Natasha by the hand and said something to her.

Natasha saw her not, heard her not. With swift steps she passed through the door, paused for an instant, as though struggling with her own inclinations, and ran to her mother.

The countess lay in her easy-chair, in a strangely awkward and stiff position, and was beating her head against the wall. Sonya and the maids were holding her by the arms.

"Natasha! Natasha!" cried the countess. "It is false! false!—He lies!—Natasha!" she cried, trying to tear herself away from those holding her—"Go away all of you. It is false! Killed?—Ha! ha! ha!—'Tis false!"

Natasha leaned her knee on the chair, bent over her mother, threw her arms around her, lifted her up with unexpected strength, turned her face around, and pressed her cheeks against hers.

"Mámenka!—Darling!—I am here, dearest! Mámenka!" she kept whispering, without a second's intermission.

She kept her arms firmly around her mother, gently struggled with her, called for cushions and water, and unbuttoned and undid her mother's dress.

"Darling, dearest — mámenka — dearest heart!"* she kept all the time whispering while she kissed her head, hands, and face, and felt how her tears, like rivulets, tickling her nose and her cheeks, kept flowing.

The countess pressed her daughter's hand, closed her eyes, and was calm for an instant. Then suddenly, with unnatural swiftness, she raised herself up, glared around wildly, and, seeing Natasha, pressed her hand with all her might. Then she turned toward her Natasha's face, convulsed with the pain, and long scrutinized it.

"Natasha, you love me," she said, in a low, confidential whisper. "Natasha, you would not deceive me?" Tell me the whole truth."

Natasha looked at her with eyes brimming with tears, and her face expressed only a prayer for forgiveness and love.

"Dearest, mámenka," she repeated, exerting all the energies of her love, in order to take upon herself some of the excess of

* *Druk moi, golubushka, mámenka, dúshenka.*

woe that had come too heavy for her mother to bear. And again, in that unequal struggle against the reality, the mother, refusing to believe that she could still exist when her darling boy, treasured far more than life, was killed, she relapsed from the reality into the world of unreason.

Natasha could not have told how that first day passed, that night, the following day, and the following night. She did not sleep, and did not leave her mother's side. Natasha's love, faithful, patient, every second, as it were, wrapped the countess round about not with consolation, not with explanation, but with something like a summons back to life.

On the third night the countess grew calm for several minutes, and Natasha closed her eyes, and rested her head on the arm of the chair. The bed creaked; Natasha opened her eyes. The countess was sitting on the bed, and said, in a low tone:—

"How glad I am that you have come! You are tired; wouldn't you like some tea?"

Natasha went to her.

"You have grown handsome and strong!" continued the countess, taking her daughter's hand.

"Mámenka, what are you saying?"—

"Natasha! he is dead, he is dead!" And, throwing her arms around her daughter, the countess for the first time began to weep.

CHAPTER III.

THE Princess Mariya had postponed her departure.

Sonya and the count tried to take Natasha's place, but they found it impossible. They saw that she was the only one who could keep the mother from wild despair. For three weeks Natasha lived constantly by her mother's side, slept in her chair in her room, gave her food and drink, and talked to her unceasingly, talked because her tender, caressing voice was the only thing that calmed the countess.

A wound in the heart of a mother cannot heal. Petya's death had torn away the half of her life. At the end of a month, after the news of Petya's death had arrived, though it had found her a fresh and well-preserved woman of fifty, she crept out of her room an old woman, half dead, and no longer taking any interest in life. But the same wound which had half killed the countess, — this new wound brought Natasha back to life.

The spiritual wound, arising from the laceration of the spiritual body, exactly like a physical wound, strange as it may seem, after the deep wound has cicatrized, and its edges have come together, — the spiritual wound, like the physical one, heals only through the inward working of the forces of life.

Thus healed Natasha's wound. She thought that life for her was finished. But suddenly her love for her mother proved to her that the essence of her life — love — was still alive within her. Love awoke and life awoke.

Prince Andrei's last days had brought Natasha and the Princess Mariya close together. This new misfortune still more united them. The Princess Mariya postponed her departure, and for three weeks she tended Natasha like an ailing child. The weeks spent by her in her mother's room had been a severe drain on her physical energies.

One time, toward noon, the Princess Mariya, observing that Natasha was trembling as though she had a fever, took her to her room, and made her lie down on her bed. Natasha lay down, but when the princess, pulling down the blinds, started to go, Natasha called her back.

"I don't care to sleep, Marie; sit down with me!"

"You are tired; try to go to sleep."

"No, no! Why did you bring me away? She will be asking for me!"

"She is much better. She talked so naturally to-day," said the Princess Mariya.

Natasha lay on the bed, and in the semi-darkness of the room studied the Princess Mariya's face.

"Is she like him?" Natasha asked herself. "Yes, like him and not like him. But she is peculiar, strange, entirely original, unlike anybody else. And she loves me! What is in her heart? Nothing but goodness! But what, what does she think of me? How does she regard me? Yes, she is beautiful!"

"Masha!" said she timidly, drawing her hand to her. "Masha, don't think that I am bad. You don't, do you? Masha! darling, how I love you! Let us always, always be friends!"

And Natasha, throwing her arms around the Princess Mariya, began to kiss her hands and face. The princess was both embarrassed and delighted at this expression of Natasha's feelings.

From that day forth began between the Princess Mariya

and Natasha that passionate and tender friendship which only exists between women.

They were constantly kissing each other, calling each other affectionate names, and spent the larger part of the time together. If one sighed, the other was anxious, and hastened to rejoin her friend. Each felt more at peace with herself when the two were together than when they were alone. There existed between them a stronger feeling than friendship: this was that exclusive feeling that life was only possible when they were together.

Sometimes they sat without speaking for hours at a time; sometimes while in bed they would begin to talk and talk till morning. Their conversation ran mainly on their earliest recollections.

The Princess Mariya would tell about her childhood, about her mother, about her father, about her hopes and fancies; and Natasha, who in times gone by, through her easy lack of comprehension, would have been repelled by this life of devotion, of humility, by this poetry of Christian self-sacrifice, now, feeling herself bound in affection to the princess, loved also so the princess's past life, and began to comprehend the hitherto incomprehensible side of her life.

She had no idea of applying in her own case the principles of this humility and self-abnegation, because she was accustomed to find other pleasures, but she comprehended and loved in her friend this formerly incomprehensible virtue.

For ages the Princess Mariya also, when she heard Natasha's stories all of her childhood and early youth, a formerly incomprehensible phase of life — faith in life itself and in the joys of life — real — was revealed.

Neither of them liked to speak of *him*, for fear they should in words again desecrate what seemed to them those lofty heights of feeling which were in their hearts; but this reticence concerning him was causing them, little by little, — though they would not have believed it, — to forget him.

Natasha now grew thin and pale, and physically she became so feeble that at her health was a constant topic of conversation, but this was always agreeable to her. But sometimes, unexpectedly, there came over her not so much a fear of death as a fear of pain, weakness, loss of beauty; and, in spite of herself, she sometimes almost tentatively contemplated her bare arm, marvelling at its thinness, or in the morning she gazed into the mirror at her pinched Russian, as it seemed to her, wretched-looking face. It seemed to her that this had to be so, and at the same time it filled her with terror and melancholy.

One time she ran quickly upstairs, and found herself breathing hard. She immediately, in spite of herself, invented some excuse to go down again, and then once more ran upstairs to test her strength and see what she could do.

Another time she called Dunyasha, and her voice sounded weak. She tried it once more; she called her, although she heard her coming — called her in those chest tones which she used to use in singing, and listened to them.

She did not know it; she would not have believed it; but under what seemed to her the impenetrable crust of mould with which her soul was covered, already the delicate, tender, young shoots of grass were starting, which were bound to grow, and thus, by their life-giving, victorious force, hide from sight the sorrow which she had suffered, so that it would soon be forgotten.

The wound was healing inwardly. Toward the beginning of February the Princess Mariya went to Moscow, and the count insisted upon Natasha going with her, so as to consult with the doctors.

CHAPTER IV.

AFTER the encounter at Viazma, where Kutuzof could not restrain his troops from the desire to overthrow, to cut off the enemy, the further movement of the fleeing French and the pursuing Russians took place without a battle until they reached Krasnoye.

The flight of the French was so rapid that the Russian army chasing them could not catch up with them, that the horses in the cavalry and artillery came to a standstill, and that information in regard to the movements of the French was always untrustworthy.

The men of the Russian army were so worn out by these uninterrupted marches of forty versts a day, that they could not move onward any faster.

To appreciate the degree of exhaustion which the Russian army suffered, it is only necessary to realize the significance of this fact, that, while the Russian army, on leaving Tarutino, had a hundred thousand men, and lost during the whole march not more than five thousand in killed and wounded, and less than a hundred taken prisoners, they had only fifty thousand men when they got to Krasnoye.

The swift pursuit of the Russians after the French was as

destructive in its effect on them as the retreat was to the French. The difference was only that the Russian army moved at will, without that threat of destruction which hung over the French army, and that, while the stragglers and the sick from among the French would fall into the hands of the enemy, the Russians who were left behind were at home.

The principal cause of the diminution of Napoleon's army was the rapidity of its flight, and indubitable proof of this is furnished by the corresponding diminution of the Russian troops.

All Kutuzof's efforts, just as had been the case at Tarutino and at Viazma, were directed — so far as lay in his power — solely to the preventing of interference with that destructive movement of the French (though this was contrary to desires expressed in Petersburg and in the Russian army by his own generals), but to co-operate with it, and to render the movement of his own troops as easy as possible.

But, moreover, ever since the troops had begun to suffer from fatigue, and from the tremendous losses due to the rapidity of the movement, Kutuzof had discovered still another reason for slackening the exertions of the army, and for delay. The object of the Russian troops was pursuit of the French. The route of the French was unknown, and therefore the more closely our troops followed on their heels, the more separated they became. Only by following at some distance was it possible (by the most direct road) to avoid the zigzags made by the French.

All the intricate manœuvres proposed by the generals involved an increase for the troops in their marches, while the only reasonable course was to minimize these marches; and, to this end, all Kutuzof's efforts were directed throughout the campaign from Moscow to Vilno, not as a matter of accident or caprice, but so consistently that he did not for a moment relax them.

Kutuzof knew, not by reason or science, but by his whole Russian nature, — knew and felt what every Russian soldier felt, that the French were conquered, that the enemy were running away, and that it was necessary to escort them; but at the same time he felt with his soldiers the burden of a campaign unprecedented for the rapidity of the marches and the time of the year.

But it seemed to the other generals, especially those who were not Russian, — being anxious to distinguish themselves, to astonish the world, for some reason or other to take some

duke or king prisoner, — it seemed to these generals that now, when any battle was odious and absurd, it was the very golden time to give battle and conquer some one.

Kutuzof merely shrugged his shoulders when, one after another, they laid before him their plans for manœuvres to be accomplished by these badly shod, half-famished soldiers, without great-coats, who, during a month, had been reduced one-half, though they had not fought a battle, and with whom, under the most favorable conditions of a prolonged retreat, he must go to the frontier, — a distance greater than that already traversed.

This desire to gain personal distinction, to manœuvre, to harass and cut off the enemy, was especially manifested when Russian troops encountered French troops.

That was the case at Krasnoye, where the Russian generals thought that they had found one of the three columns of the French, and hurled themselves upon Napoleon himself with sixteen thousand men. In spite of all the means employed by Kutuzof to avoid this destructive engagement and to save his troops, for three days an indiscriminate attack on the demoralized mob of the French was kept up by the weary troops of the Russian army.

Toll wrote out a plan, — "*Die erste Colonne marschirt*, The first column will march," etc., — and, as always happens, everything took place contrary to the plan.

Prince Eugene of Württemberg saw from a hill-top a number of French fugitives fleeing past him down the road, and asked for re-enforcements, which did not arrive.

That night the French, managing to avoid the Russians, scattered and hid through the woods, and made their way onward as best they could.

Miloradovitch, who declared that he cared nothing whatever about the provisioning of his troops, who could never be found when he was wanted, — a "*chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*," as he called himself, — and was fond of talking with the French, sent a flag of truce, offering terms of surrender, and lost time and failed to execute the orders intrusted to him.

"I make you a present of that column, my children," he said, riding up to his troops, and pointing out the French to his cavalry.

And his troops, mounted upon horses that could barely move, urged them with spur and sword-pricks into a trot, and, after intense efforts, advanced upon the column which had

been given to them, — in other words, upon a crowd of benumbed Frenchmen half dead with hunger and cold ; and this column, which had been given to them, threw down its arms and surrendered, — as it long had been wishing to do !

At Krasnoye they took twenty-six thousand prisoners, and captured hundreds of cannon and a kind of a stick which they called "the marshal's bâton ;" and they quarrelled as to who had distinguished themselves, and they were contented with this, but much regretted that they had not captured Napoleon or some hero, some one of the marshals, and they blamed each another, and especially Kutuzof.

These men, carried away by their passions, were only the blind agents of the most grievous law of necessity, but they considered themselves heroes, and imagined that what they had done was a most worthy and noble work.

They blamed Kutuzof, and declared that ever since the beginning of the campaign he had prevented them from conquering Napoleon, and thought only of his own personal pleasures, and that he had been unwilling to leave Polotniani Zavodui because he was comfortable there ; that at Krasnoye he stopped the movement because, on learning that Napoleon was there, he had lost his presence of mind, and that it was quite supposable that he had an understanding with Napoleon, that he had been bought over, etc.*

Because contemporaries, carried away by their passions, spoke thus, Kutuzof is regarded by posterity and history (which call Napoleon "great"), by foreigners, — only as a sly, weak, and debauched old courtier ; by Russians, as an indefinite sort of person, a puppet useful because of his Russian name.

CHAPTER V.

IN 1812-1813, Kutuzof was openly accused of serious mistakes.

The sovereign was displeased with him ; and in the history of the campaign, written not long since, by imperial orders,† it is declared that Kutuzof was a crafty courtier and liar, who trembled at the name of Napoleon, and who, by his blunders at Krasnoye and the Beresina, deprived the Russian troops of the glory of a complete victory over the French.

* Wilson's Memoir.

† "History of the Year 1812," Bogdanóvitch ; characteristics of Kutuzof, and dissertation on the unsatisfactory results of the battles at Krasnoye.

Such is the fate of men who are not *great* — not *grand homme* — or, since the Russian intellect never recognizes them, such the fate of those rare and always solitary men who, being able to comprehend the will of Providence, subordinate their own wills to it.

The hatred and scorn of the multitude punish these men for their comprehension of the higher laws.

To Russian historians — a strange and terrible thing to say! — Napoleon, that insignificant instrument of history, who never anywhere, even in exile, showed human dignity, — Napoleon is the object of admiration and enthusiasm: he is great — *grand!*

Kutuzof, on the other hand, the man who from the beginning to the end of his active life in 1812, from Borodino to Vilno, not once, by a single act or word, proved a traitor to himself, but offers an example unique in history, of self-sacrifice and present insight into the future significance of an event, — Kutuzof is to them something vague and pitiable, and when they speak of him and of 1812 they seem to be somewhat ashamed.

And yet it is hard to conceive an historical personage whose activity was so faithfully and so constantly devoted to a single aim. It is hard to imagine an aim more worthy or which better coincided with the will of a whole people.

Still more difficult it would be to discover another example, in history, where an aim set by an historical personage was so completely realized as the aim to the attainment of which Kutuzof's whole activity was devoted in 1812.

Kutuzof never talked about the forty centuries that looked down from the Pyramids, of the sacrifices he had made for his country, of what he intended to accomplish or had already accomplished.

As a general thing, he spoke little of himself, never played any part, seemed always a most simple and ordinary man, and said only the most simple and the most ordinary things.

He wrote letters to his daughters and to Madame Stahl,* read romances, liked the society of pretty women, jested with generals, officers, and soldiers, and never contradicted ~~any~~ anybody who tried to prove anything to him.

When Count Rostopchin galloped across the Yauza bridge up to Kutuzof and loaded him with personal reproaches for the loss of Moscow, and said, "You promised not to give up

* De Staël?

Moscow without a battle," Kutuzof replied, although Moscow was already abandoned, —

"I shall not give up Moscow without a battle."

When Arakcheyef came to him from the sovereign and said that Yermolof must be appointed chief of artillery, Kutuzof replied, although a few moments before he had expressed himself quite differently, —

"Yes. I only just now proposed that myself."

What was it to him, who alone amid the foolish throng about him understood all the mighty significance of the event, what was it to him whether Count Rostopchin attributed to him or any one else the desertion of Moscow? Still less could he be concerned with the question who should be named chief of artillery.

Not only in these circumstances, but on all occasions, this old man, who by experience of life had come to the conviction that thoughts, and the words whereby thoughts are expressed, do not stir men to action, spoke words absolutely without meaning, saying whatever came into his head.

But this same man, who so scorned speech, never once, throughout the whole period of his activity, uttered a single word which would not have agreed with the one object toward the attainment of which he moved throughout the course of the war.

It was with evident reluctance, with a painful assurance that he would not be understood, that again and again in the most varied circumstances he expressed his thoughts.

From the time of the battle of Borodino, when his quarrel with those around him began, he alone declared that *the battle of Borodino was a victory*, and he repeated it both orally and in his letters, as well as in his reports, till the very end of his life.

He alone declared that *the loss of Moscow was not the loss of Russia*.

He, in reply to Lauriston, who was sent to offer terms of peace, said that *peace could not be made, because such was not the will of the people*.

He alone, during the retreat of the French, declared that *all our manœuvres were useless, that everything would come out of itself better than we could wish, that it was only necessary to give the enemy the "golden bridge;"** *that neither the battle of Tarutino, nor that of Krasnoye, nor that of Viazma was necessary; that if they must reach the frontier, they must have troops;*

* That is, give them every facility to destroy themselves.

that he would not sacrifice a single Russian soldier for ten Frenchmen.

And he alone, this deceitful courtier, as he is represented to us, this man who to please his sovereign lied to Arakcheyef, he alone, this courtier, at the risk of winning his sovereign's ill will, declared, at Vilno, that *war beyond the frontier would be dangerous and useless.*

But words alone would not prove that he grasped the significance of the event. His acts — all without the slightest variation — all were directed to one and the same threefold object:—

1. To concentrate all his forces for any encounter with the French.

2. To vanquish them, and

3. To drive them from Russia, while alleviating, so far as was possible, the sufferings of the people and the troops.

He, this Kutuzof, the temporizer, whose device was "patience and time," the enemy of decisive actions, he gives battle at Borodino, clothing the preparation for it with unexampled solemnity.

He, this Kutuzof, who at Austerlitz, before the battle began, declares that it will be lost; and at Borodino, in spite of the conviction of the generals that it was a defeat, protests up to the time of his death that the battle of Borodino was a victory, though the example of an army winning a victory, but being obliged to retreat, was unheard of in history, — he alone, during all the time of the retreat, insists upon refraining from further battles, since they were now useless — from beginning a new war, and from crossing the frontier.

It is easy at the present time to comprehend the significance of the event, provided we do not concern ourselves with the mass of plans fermenting in the heads of a dozen men, since the great event, with all its consequences, lies before us.

But how was it that at that time this old man, alone, against the opinions of many, was able to divine so accurately the significance of the national impression of the event, that he did not once through his whole activity prove false to it?

This extraordinary power of insight into the import of the events accomplishing had its source in that national sentiment which he carried in his heart in all its purity and vigor.

Only the recognition of this sentiment in Kutuzof compelled the people by such strange paths to choose this old man, in disgrace as he was, against the will of the sovereign, to be their representative in the national war.

And only this sentiment elevated Kutuzof to the high pinnacle of humanity from which he, the general-in-chief, employed all his efforts, not to kill and exterminate men, but to save and have pity upon them.

This simple, modest, and therefore truly grand figure could not be cast in the counterfeit mould employed by history for the European hero who is supposed to govern the nations.

For the valet there can be no great man, because the valet has his own conception of greatness.

CHAPTER VI.

THE seventeenth of November was the first day of the so-called battle of Krasnoye. Before dark, when after many disputes and blunders caused by generals who did not reach the places where they should have been, after much galloping about of adjutants with commands and counter-commands, when it was already self-evident that the enemy were everywhere running away, and that a battle could not and would not take place, Kutuzof set forth from Krasnoye and rode to Dobroye, where headquarters had been established that same day.

The day was clear and frosty. Kutuzof, with a big suite of generals most of whom were dissatisfied with him and were whispering behind his back, rode to Dobroye, mounted on his stout white cob.

The road all along was crowded with a party of French prisoners captured that day—seven thousand of them had been taken—who were trying to warm themselves around the bivouac fires.

Not far from Dobroye a huge throng of ragged prisoners, wearing whatever they happened to have laid their hands on, were loudly talking, as they stood in the road near a long row of unlimbered cannon.

As the commander-in-chief approached, the talking quieted down, and all eyes were fixed on Kutuzof, who, in his white hat with red band, and wadded capote hunched upon his stooping shoulders, slowly moved along the road. One of the generals reported to Kutuzof where the prisoners and cannon had been captured.

Kutuzof seemed pre-occupied and did not hear the general's words. He involuntarily blinked his eyes, and kept gazing attentively and fixedly at the figures of the prisoners, who

presented a particularly melancholy spectacle. The most of the French soldiers were maimed, with frost-bitten noses and cheeks, and almost all of them had red, swollen, and mattery eyes. One clump of the French were near the roadside, and two soldiers—the face of one was covered by scars—were tearing a piece of raw meat. There was something terrible and bestial in the wild glances which they cast on the newcomers and in the ugly expression with which the scarred soldier, after gazing at Kutuzof, immediately turned away and went on with his operations.

Kutuzof gazed long and attentively at these two soldiers; frowning still more portentously, he blinked his eyes and thoughtfully shook his head.

In another place he observed a Russian soldier, who, with a laugh, gave a Frenchman a slap on the shoulder and made some friendly remark to him. Kutuzof, again with the same expression, shook his head.

"What were you saying?" he demanded of the general who had gone on with his report and was calling the commander-in-chief's attention to the captured French colors that were bunched in front of the Preobrazhensky regiment.

"Oh, the colors," said Kutuzof, finding it evidently hard to turn his mind from the object that attracted his attention. He looked around absent-mindedly. Thousands of eyes, from every side, looked at him, expecting his reply.

He reined in his horse in front of the Preobrazhensky regiment, drew a heavy sigh, and closed his eyes. One of the suite made a signal to the soldiers who had charge of the standards to advance and group the flagstuffs around the commander-in-chief.

Kutuzof said nothing for some seconds; and then, with evident reluctance, yielding to the necessity of his position, raised his head and began to speak.

The officers gathered around him in throngs. With an attentive glance he surveyed the circle of officers, some of whom he recognized.

"I thank you all," he said, addressing the soldiers and then the officers again. In the silence which reigned around him his slowly spoken words were perfectly distinct. "I thank you all for your hard and faithful service. The victory is complete, and Russia will not forget you. Your glory will be eternal."

He was silent and looked around.

"Bend down, bend down his head!" said he to the soldier

who held the French eagle and had unexpectedly inclined it toward the Preobrazhensky standard. "Lower, lower still, — that's the way. Hurrah, children!" he cried, with a quick movement of his chin, turning to the soldiers.

"Hurrah, rah-rah!" roared forth from thousands of voices.

While the soldiers were cheering, Kutuzof bent down to his saddle, inclined his head, and his eyes gleamed with a gentle, perceptibly ironical gleam.

"Well, boys!"* he began when the cheering had ceased.

And suddenly his voice and the expression of his face changed; it was no longer the commander-in-chief who spoke, but simply an old man, who evidently had something of importance to communicate to his companions in arms.

Through the crowd of officers and the ranks of the soldiers ran a stir, as they pressed forward to hear more distinctly what he should now have to say: —

"Well, boys! I know it's hard for you, but what's to be done? Have patience; it is not for long. When we have escorted our guests out of the country we will rest. The tsar will not forget your labors, will not forget you. It is hard for you, but you are at home all this time, while they — see what they have come to," said he, indicating the prisoners, — "worse than the lowest beggars. While they were strong we had no pity on them, but now we may pity them. They, too, are men. Isn't that so, children?"

He glanced around him, and in the earnest, respectfully perplexed glances fixed upon him he read their sympathy in what he had said. His face was constantly more and more illumined by the benevolent smile of old age, by the star-like lines irradiating from the corners of his mouth and eyes.

He remained silent for a little, and in seeming perplexity dropped his head.

"Of course it may be said, who invited them to come to us? They deserve it, by —" said he, suddenly raising his head. And, cracking his whip, he rode off at a gallop, for the first time in the whole campaign followed by roars of laughter and a terrific hurrah ringing down the long lines of the soldiers as they broke ranks.

The words spoken by Kutuzof could have been scarcely understood by the troops. No one would have been able to report accurately, either the solemn words which the field-marshal had spoken first, or the kindly simplicity of the old man's words at the last; but not only was the tone of sincerity

* *Bratsui*, brothers.

that rang through the whole speech comprehensible, but that peculiar sense of majestic solemnity in union with compassion for their enemies, and with the feeling of the righteousness of their cause, expressed, if in nothing else, in that old-fashioned, good-natured execration, this feeling found an echo in every man's breast, and found utterance in that joyful, long undying shout.

When afterwards one of the generals came and asked Kutuzof if he would not prefer to ride in his calash, in his reply he unexpectedly broke into sobs, evidently being overcome by the greatest emotion.

CHAPTER VII.

ON the twentieth of November, the last day of the battles of Krasnoye, it was already twilight when the troops reached their halting-place for the night. The whole day had been calm and cold with an occasional light fall of snow. Toward evening it had begun to clear off. Even while the last flakes were falling the dark purple starry sky could be seen and the cold grew more intense.

A regiment of musketeers, which had left Tarutino three thousand strong, and now mustered nine hundred, was one of the first to reach the place of bivouac, — a village on the high-road.

The billeters, who met the regiment, explained that all the cottages were occupied by sick and dying Frenchmen, cavalrymen, and staff officers. There was only one izbá for the regimental commander.

The regimental commander went to his quarters. The regiment marched through the village and stacked their arms near the last houses on the high-road.

Like a monstrous many-limbed animal, the regiment at once set to work to provide for itself a lair and food. One squad of the men, ploughing through snow above their knees, went to a birch grove, at the right of the road, and immediately from the grove were heard the sounds of axes, cutlasses, the crashing of falling limbs, and gay voices.

A second detachment were gathered around the place where the regiment's carts and horses were drawn up, noisily busy in getting out kettles and hardtack and in foddering the horses.

A third detachment were scattered through the village, preparing quarters for the staff officers, clearing away the dead

bodies of the French that lay in the izbás, and dragging off beams, dry wood, and straw from the roofs for their fires, and wattled hedges for shelter. A dozen or more soldiers behind a row of cottages at the extreme edge of the village, with a jocund shout, were pulling at the high wattling of a shed from which the roof had already been torn.

"Now then! once more, all together!" cried the voices, and under the darkness of the night the fabric of the hedge, laden with snow, rocked with a frosty, crackling sound.

The lower posts gave way more and more, and at last the wattling started to give way, taking with it the soldiers who were pushing against it. There were heard loud, coarse shouts and laughter.

"Look out there, you two!" — "Give the hand-spike* here!"

"There, that's the way!"

"What are you climbing up there for?"

"Now, all together. Now wait, boys! — With a chorus!"

All became silent, and a mellow, velvety, sweet voice struck up the song. At the end of the third stanza, as the last note died away, a score of voices took up the refrain in unison, —

"U—u—u—u! *idyót! Razóm! Navális dyétki!*" —

"She falls! once more—a long pull and a strong pull, boys!"

But, in spite of their united efforts, the wattling gave but little, and in the silence that ensued was heard their heavy breathing.

"Ho there, Company Six! Fiends! Devils! Lend a hand! We'll do as much for you some day!"

A score of men from Company Six, who were passing through the village, joined forces with the others, and the wattling, five sazhen long and a sazhen, or seven feet, wide, bending under its own weight, and crushing and bruising the shoulders of the panting soldiers who carried it, moved along the village street. "Keep step there! — There you are stumbling! Can't you keep your balance?"

There was no cessation of the jovial though sometimes coarse objurgation.

"What is the matter with you?" suddenly rang out the imperious voice of a soldier, who came hastening toward them.

"There are gentlemen here! The *anaral*, himself, is in

* The speaker, a man from Tula perhaps, says *rotchag* instead of *ruitchag*.

that izbá, but you are devils, fiends incarnate, foul-mouthed wretches! I'll give it to you!" yelled the sergeant, and, with all his might, he struck the first soldier he encountered a blow on the back. "Can't you keep quiet?"

The soldiers ceased their noise. The soldier who had been struck grunted, and began to rub his face, which was covered with blood from being knocked head first into the wattled branches of the hedge, which had lacerated it.

"The devil! How he made me smart for it! See how it made my whole mug bleed!" said he, in a timid whisper, when the sergeant had gone back.

"And so you don't like it!" said a mocking voice, and, moderating their tones, the soldiers went on their way. When once they were beyond the village, they once more began to talk as loud as ever, punctuating their conversation with the same aimless objurgations.

In the cottage by which the soldiers had been passing were collected some of the higher officers, and, as they drank their tea, the conversation waxed lively over the events of the past day and the proposed manœuvres of the following day. It was proposed to make a flank march to the left, to cut off the viceroy and take him prisoner.

When the soldiers brought in the wattled hedge, already in various directions the fires for cooking were merrily burning. The wood was snapping, the snow melted, and the dark shadows of soldiers were moving up and down over the whole space, trampling down the snow.

Axes and cutlasses were busy at work in various directions. Everything was done without special orders. Wood was brought for the night supply; wigwams were prepared for the officers, kettles were set to boiling, arms and ammunition were put into order.

The hedge brought in by the men of the Eighth Company was set up in the form of a semicircular screen toward the north, and propped up with stakes while the fire was kindled under its shelter. The drums beat the tattoo, the roll was called, the men took their supper and disposed themselves for the night around the bivouac fires — one repairing his foot-gear, another smoking his pipe, another (stripped to the skin) roasting his lice!

CHAPTER VIII.

It would seem as if in those almost unimaginably difficult conditions of existence in which the Russian soldiers were brought at this time, lacking warm boots, lacking overcoats, without shelter over their heads, in the snow with the temperature at eighteen degrees below zero, lacking a sufficiency of provisions, which frequently failed to arrive,—it would seem as if these soldiers might by good rights have presented a most pitiable and melancholy spectacle.

On the contrary, never, even in the very most favorable material conditions, did the army present a more gay and animated spectacle. It was due to the fact that each day the army lost out of its ranks all those who began to show signs of weakness or depression, all who were physically or morally feeble had long since been left behind; the very flower of the army remained — through strength of spirit and of body.

The Eighth Company, who had set up the shelter of the wattle, had more than its share of men. Two sergeant-majors had come behind it, and their fire blazed up brighter than any of the others. — They demanded in exchange for the right to sit behind the shelter an offering of firewood.

"Hey, Makayef! what's the matter with you? Did you get lost, or did the wolves eat you? Bring us some wood," cried one, a rubicund-faced, red-haired soldier, scowling and winking from the smoke, but not offering to stir from the fire. "Come here, you crow, bring us some wood," cried this soldier, addressing another.

The red-headed man was neither a non-commissioned officer nor a corporal, but was simply a sound, healthy private, and therefore he ordered around those who were weaker than he.

A thin little soldier with a sharp nose, the one they called "Crow," — Voróna, — submissively got up and started to obey the command; but at this time the firelight fell on the slender, graceful figure of a soldier lugging an armful of fagots.

"Give it here, that's first-rate."

The wood was broken up and thrown on, and the men blew it with their mouths and fanned it with their coat-tails, and the flame began to hiss and crackle. The soldiers, gathering closer, lighted their pipes. — The handsome young soldier who

had brought the fagots put his arms akimbo and began swiftly and skilfully to dance a shuffle where he stood, to warm his frozen feet.

*"Akh, mámenka,
kholódnaya rosá
Da khoroshá —
Da f mushkatera.**

"But the musketeer," he added, apparently hiccoughing at every syllable of the song.

"Hey, there, your soles are flying off," cried the red-haired man, observing that one of the young soldier's soles was hanging loose. "It's poison to dance."

The dancer paused, tore off the loose leather and flung it into the fire.

"That's so, brother," said he, and, sitting down, he got out of his knapsack a piece of blue French cloth and proceeded to wrap it around his foot and leg. "It will do for a pair," he added, stretching his feet out toward the fire. "We'll soon have new ones. They say, when we've killed 'em all off, we'll have enough for a couple of pairs."

"But, say, did you see that son of a dog Petrof? He straggled behind, didn't he?" asked one of the sergeant-majors.

"I saw him some time ago," said another.

"So, then, the soldier boy" —

"They say that in the Third Company yesterday nine men missed roll-call."

"Well, but how's a man to walk when his feet are frozen off, tell me that!"

"Eh, it's idle to talk about it," said the sergeant-major.

"Well, how would you like it?" asked an old soldier reproachfully, addressing the one who had spoken about feet being frozen off.

"What's your idea about it?" suddenly getting up from the farther side of the fire, cried, in a shrill, trembling voice, the sharp-nosed soldier whom they called Voróna, the crow. "The fat grows lean, and lean ones has to die. ~~That's~~ My case. My strength's all gone," said he, suddenly taking a resolute tone and addressing the sergeant-major. "Have me sent to the hospital. The rheumatiz has got the upper hand o' me. And, besides, what difference does it make?"

* "Ah, dear little mother, cold is the dew, but the musketeer" —

"There, now, that'll do, that'll do," said the sergeant-major calmly.

The little soldier relapsed into silence, and the general conversation went on.

"To-day they took a good number of these Frenchmen, but, as for boots, it's safe to say not one had any good for anything — not one worthy of the name," began one of the soldiers, with the purpose of starting a new subject.

"The Cossacks got all their boots. When they cleaned out the izbá for the colonel, they dragged 'em out. It was a pity to see, boys," said the dancer. "How they flung them around. One was so alive that, would you believe it, he muttered something in his own language! A wonderful people."

"They're a clean people, boys," said the first. "White as a white birch, and some fine fellows among them, I tell you, — noblemen."

"Well, why shouldn't there be? They've recruited all sorts."

"But they can't talk with us in our language," said the dancer with a smile of perplexity. "I say to one of 'em, 'Under what crown — *chéi korónui?*' and he talks back in his own gibberish. A wonderful people!"

"There's something odd about it, brothers," pursued the one who had been amazed at the whiteness of their skins, "the peasants told me at Mozhaïsk that when they started to clear up the dead where the battle was and where their bodies had been laying most a month, and what do you think, says he, theirs was as white as white paper and just as clean, and there wasn't the slightest bit of smell about them."

"Well, don't you suppose 'twas from the cold?" suggested one man.

"Well, you are smart! From the cold! Why, it was hot weather. Besides, if it had been from the freezing, then ours wouldn't have spoiled either. But no, says he, when they came to one of ours, he'd be all eaten up with worms, says he. And so, says he, we had to put a handkerchief round our noses and turn away our heads and get 'em off — couldn't stand it. But theirs, says he, was like white paper; and not a grain of smell about 'em."

All were silent.

"Must be from their victuals," said the sergeant-major.

"They feed like gentlemen."

No one replied to this.

"This muzhik told me at Mozhaïsk that they came out from a dozen villages and worked twenty days carting 'em off, and didn't get the job done even then — the dead, I mean — The wolves too, says he" —

"That battle amounted to something," said an old soldier. "That was a thing to remember; but those since, why, they've been nothing but a torment to the boys."

"Well, little uncle, day before yesterday, we gave it to 'em. But they won't let us catch up with 'em. They've been throwing down their muskets lively. Down on their knees! 'Pardon,' they say. Now take one example. Platof twice took 'Poleon himself. He did not know a word about it. He gets him, gets him. That's the way, has the bird in his hands, lets him go — and off he flies, off he flies. And so no chance to kill him."

"What a healthy liar you are, Kiselef. I'm looking at you."

"Why liar? Honest truth!"

"If I'd had the chance, I'd given it to him. I'd knocked him down with an aspen cudgel. See how he's ruined us."

"We'll do it before we get through. No way of his escaping," said the old soldier, yawning.

The conversation died away: the soldiers began to get ready for the night.

"Just see the stars, terrible lot of them! One would say the women had been spreading out clothes," said a soldier, pointing to the Milky Way.

"Signs of a good year, boys."

"Will any more fuel be needed?"

"My back's scorching, but my belly's frozen. Queer things happen."

"O Lord" —

"What are you jabbering about? Are you the only one, pray, that's burning? There — stretch yourself out."

Amid the gradually established silence was heard the snoring of several sleepers; the rest kept turning from side to side in their efforts to keep warm, and occasionally uttered exclamations.

From a bivouac fire a hundred paces distant was heard a burst of jovial, good-natured laughter.

"Hark! What a noise they're making in the Fifth Company," said one soldier. "And what a terrible lot of men!" One soldier got up and went over to Company Five.

"Great fun!" said he, when he came back. "They've got

a couple of Frenchmen: * one's half frozen; but t'other one's lively enough. He's singing."

"O-o? let's go and see!"

Several of the soldiers went over to Company Five.

CHAPTER IX.

THE Fifth Company were stationed near the grove. A huge bivouac fire was brightly blazing in the midst of the snow, casting its light on the branches of the trees, weighed down with their burden of frost.

In the midst of the night the soldiers of Company Five had heard steps in the snow, and the cracking of dry branches in the forest.

"Boys, a bear!" † cried one soldier.

All raised their heads and listened; and forth from the forest, into the bright light of the fire, pushed two human forms, strangely clad and holding by each other's hands.

They were two Frenchmen, who had hidden in the forest. Hoarsely speaking something in a tongue unknown to the soldiers, they approached the fire.

One was tall and wore an officer's hat, and seemed perfectly fagged. Approaching the fire, he tried to sit down, but fell flat.

The other, a small, dumpy private, with his ears tied up in a handkerchief, was stronger. He lifted his comrade, and, pointing to his mouth, said something.

The soldiers gathered around the Frenchman, spread down a cloak for the sick one, and gave them both kasha-gruel and vodka.

The enfeebled French officer was Ramball; the one with the handkerchief tied around his ears was his servant Morel.

When Morel had drunk the vodka and eaten a small kettle of kasha, he suddenly grew painfully jolly, and kept talking all the time, though the soldiers could not understand a word he said.

Ramball refused the food, and lay silently leaning on his elbow by the fire, with dull red eyes, staring at the Russians. Occasionally he uttered a long, low groan, and then relapsed into silence.

* *Khrantsisa*.

† *Rebydta, vyedmed'*! The speaker is from Southern Russia, and says *vyedmed'* for *medvyed'*.

Morel, pointing to his shoulders, made the soldiers understand that he was an officer, and that he needed to be warmed.

A Russian officer who came up to the bivouac fire sent to ask the colonel if he would not take in a French officer; and when the messenger said that the colonel ordered the officer to be brought to him, Ramball was invited to go.

He got up and tried to walk, but tottered, and would have fallen if a soldier who happened to be standing near had not supported him.

"What? Can't you come it?" asked one soldier, turning to Ramball with a wink and a grin.

"Oh, you idiot! *durák!*"—"Can't you have some decency?"—"What a muzhik! Truly a muzhik!" were heard in accents of reproach to the jesting soldier.

They gathered round Ramball; two of them lifted him up in their arms and bore him to the *izbá*. He threw his arms around their necks and kept repeating in piteous tones:—"Oh! *mes braves, oh mes bons, mes bons amis! Voilà des hommes! oh mes braves, mes bons amis!*" and like a child rested his head on the shoulder of one of the soldiers.

Meantime Morel sat in the seat of honor, surrounded by the soldiers.

Morel, a little squat Frenchman, with inflamed, teary eyes, with a woman's handkerchief tied over his cap, was dressed in a woman's shabby sheepskin *shubyónka*. The vodka had evidently gone to his head, and he, while holding the hand of the soldier who sat next him, was singing, in a hoarse, broken voice, a French song.

The soldiers held their sides as they looked at him.

"Now then, now then, teach us that. How does it go? I'll catch it in a moment. How is it?" asked the jester, who was a singer, and whose hand Morel had seized.

"Vive Henri Quatre!
Vive ce roi vaillant!"

sang Morel, winking one eye.

"Ce diable à quatre! . . ."

"*Vivariká Vif seruvaru! Sidiobliaká!*" repeated the soldier, beating time with his hand, and actually catching the tune. "See how clever! ho!—ho!—ho!—ho!—ho!"

* "Live Henry IV.! Long live the gallant king," etc. (French song.)

arose the coarse, jocund laughter from every side. Morel, frowning, laughed also.

"Well, give us some more, more!"

*"Qui eut le triple talent
De boire, de battre,
Et d'être un vert galant!"* *

"Now that goes well, too!" — "Now, then, Zaletayef!"

"*Kiu!*" repeated Zaletayef, with a will, — "*kiu — iu — iu*" — he dwelt on the diphthong, trying to stick out his lips, — "*letriptala de bu de ba i detravagala,*" he sang.

"*Ai!* splendid! He's a real Frenchy!"

"*Oi!* — ho! ho! ho! ho!" — "Don't you want something more to eat?"

"Give him some more kasha! It'll take some time to fill up his hunger."

They gave him another bowl of the gruel, and then Morel, laughing, took still a third. Jovial smiles broadened the faces of all the young soldiers as they looked at Morel. The old veterans, counting it unseemly to descend to such trivialities, lay on the other side of the fire, but occasionally raised themselves on their elbows and stared at Morel.

"They're men like us," said one of them, as he wrapped himself up in his cloak. "Even wormwood has roots to grow by." — "Oo! Lord! Lord! What a terrible lot of stars! It's going to be a cold night."

And all grew silent again.

The stars, as though knowing that now no one was looking at them, played merrily in the dark sky. Now flashing out, now dying down again, now twinkling, they seemed to be busily engaged in communing among themselves concerning something pleasant but mysterious.

CHAPTER X.

THE French troops melted away in a regular mathematical progression.

Even this passage of the Beresina, about which so much has been written, was only one of the intermediate steps in the destruction of the French army, and not at all a decisive episode of the campaign.

* "Who had the threefold talent of drinking, of fighting, and of being loved."

If so much has been written and still is written about the Beresina, it is, so far as concerns the French, simply because the misfortunes which the French army had, up to that time, endured coming steadily, here suddenly accumulated in one moment at the broken bridge on the river — one tragic disaster, which remained in the memory of all.

On the part of the Russians much has been talked and written about the Beresina, simply because at Petersburg, far away from the theatre of war, a plan was made (by Pfuhl) for drawing Napoleon into a strategical snare on the river Beresina.

All were persuaded that everything would be carried out in conformity with the plan, and therefore they insisted that the passage of the Beresina was the destruction of the French.

In reality, the results of the passage of the Beresina were far less disastrous to the French in loss of artillery and prisoners than the battle of Krasnoye, as is proved by statistics.

The sole significance of the passage of the Beresina lies in this, that it proved beyond a doubt the absurdity of all plans for cutting off the retreat of the French, and the correctness of the only feasible operation, that demanded by Kutuzof and all the troops (as a whole), — the idea of simply pursuing the enemy.

The throngs of the French hurried on with constantly increasing velocity, with all their energies concentrated upon reaching their goal. They fled like a wounded animal, and it was impossible to stop them in their course.

This is proved not so much by the arrangements made for the passage as by what occurred at the bridges.

When the bridges were destroyed, — soldiers without weapons, natives of Moscow, women and children, who were in convoy of the French, all carried away by the force of inertia, instead of giving themselves up, pushed on, throwing themselves into the boats or into the icy waters.

This impetus was a matter of course.

The situation of the fugitives and of the pursuers was equally bad. Each one being in company with his fellows in misfortune had hope of their help from the definite place which he held among his fellows.

If he surrendered to the Russians, he would be in the same condition of wretchedness, would indeed be far worse off as far as all the requirements of living were concerned.

The French did not need exact information of the fact that half of the prisoners whom the Russians did not know what to do with, in spite of their desires to save them, had died of hunger and starvation.

The most compassionate Russian generals, those well disposed toward the French, Frenchmen in the Russian service, could do nothing for the prisoners. The French perished of the miseries which attended the Russian army.

It was an impossibility to take from their famished soldiers bread and clothes in order to give them to the French, however inoffensive, friendly, and even innocent they might be.

A few even did this, but they were only exceptions.

Behind the French was certain destruction; before them was hope. They had burned their ships, there was no other safety than in associated flight; and upon this associated flight all the energies of the French were concentrated.

The farther the French fled and the more pitiable the condition of their remnants became, especially after the Beresina, — on which, in consequence of the Petersburg plan, especial hopes were rested, — the more frantically excited waxed the passions of the Russian generals, who indulged in recriminations of each other and especially of Kutuzof.

Taking for granted that the failure of the Petersburg plan at the Beresina would be attributed to him, their discontent with him, their scorn of him, and their sarcasms at his expense were expressed with greater and greater violence. Their sarcasms and scorn, of course, were couched under the form of respect, so that Kutuzof could not demand in what way and why he was blamed.

They never talked with him seriously; while making their reports to him and asking his advice, they affected to conform with the gravest ceremony, but behind his back they winked at each other and at every step tried to deceive him.

All these men, from the very reason that they could not understand him, were convinced that there was nothing to be said to this old man, that he would never penetrate into all the wisdom of their plans, that he would simply repeat his phrases — it seemed to them they were nothing but phrases — about "the golden bridge," and that he could not think of crossing the border with a troop of vagabonds.

This was all that he had ever been heard to say. And all that he said, — for example, that it was necessary to wait for provisions, that the men were unprovided with boots, — all this was so simple, and all that they proposed was so complicated and deep, that it was a self-evident truth for them that he was stupid and old, and they were the commanders of genius, who were only lacking in power.

Especially after that brilliant admiral and hero, Wittgen-

stein, from Petersburg, joined the army, this disposition and this disaffection reached its height. Kutuzof saw it, and, sighing, simply shrugged his shoulders. But one time — after the Beresina — he lost his temper, and wrote the following note to Wittgenstein, who had made a special report to the sovereign.

“Owing to your severe attacks of illness, your excellency* will be kind enough on receipt of this to retire to Kaluga, where you will await his imperial majesty’s further commands and orders.”

But after the retirement of Benigsen came the Grand Duke Konstantin Pavlovitch, who had been present at the beginning of the campaign and had been removed from Kutuzof’s army. Now the grand duke, on reaching the army, assured Kutuzof of the dissatisfaction of his majesty the emperor at the insufficient successes of our troops and the slowness of our movements, and informed him that his majesty the emperor, himself, intended shortly to be present with the army.

This old man, who was no less experienced in the affairs of courts than in affairs military, this Kutuzof, who had been appointed commander-in-chief the previous August against the sovereign’s will, this man who sent the heir-apparent and the grand duke away from the army, who by the power invested in him had signed the abandonment of Moscow, this same Kutuzof now instantly realized that his time was come, that his part was played, and that the semblance of power which he had held was his no more.

And not by his court instinct alone did he realize this. On the one hand, he saw that the war in which he had played his part was ended, and he felt that his calling was fulfilled. On the other hand, at the same time, he began to feel physical weariness in his old frame and the absolute need of physical rest.

Kutuzof, on the eleventh of December, arrived at Vilno — “his good Vilno,” as he called it. Twice during his career Kutuzof had been governor of Vilno. In the rich city, which had not suffered from the devastation of war, Kutuzof found, besides the amenities of life, of which he had been deprived so long, old friends and pleasant recollections. And suddenly, casting off all military and governmental cares, he plunged into this calm, equable life so far as he was allowed to do so by the passions seething around him, as though all that was

* *Vashe visokoprevoskhodityelstvo.*

occurring and about to occur in the historical world concerned him not.

Chitchagof, one of the most disaffected and volatile of men, — Chitchagof, who had at first been anxious to make a diversion into Greece and afterwards against Warsaw, though he was never willing to go where he was sent, — Chitchagof, who was famous for his audacious speech to the sovereign, — Chitchagof, who considered himself Kutuzof's benefactor, because when, in 1811, he had been sent to conclude peace with Turkey, without Kutuzof's knowledge, he, on discovering that the peace was already concluded, acknowledged before the sovereign that the credit of concluding the peace belonged to Kutuzof, — this same Chitchagof was the first to meet Kutuzof at the castle of Vilno, where Kutuzof was to be lodged. Chitchagof, in naval undress uniform, holding his forage cap under his arm, gave Kutuzof his report and handed him the keys of the city.

That scornfully respectful demeanor of the young to Kutuzof, who was regarded as in his dotage, was shown in the highest degree in all the behavior of Chitchagof, who knew of the charges made against his senior.

While engaged in conversation with Chitchagof, he told him, among other things, that the carriages with plate which had been captured from him at Borisovo were safe and would be restored to him.

"You wish to inform me that I have nothing to eat on. — On the contrary, I can furnish you with everything even in case you should wish to give dinner-parties,"* replied Chitchagof angrily, in every word that he spoke wishing to prove his correctness of style, and therefore supposing that Kutuzof was occupied with the same.

Kutuzof smiled his peculiar, shrewd smile, and, shrugging his shoulders, replied, "*Ce n'est que pour dire ce que je vous dis.*" — "It was only to tell you that I told you."

Kutuzof, contrary to the sovereign's wish, kept the larger part of the army at Vilno. Kutuzof, according to those who had most to do with him, was greatly shaken and was very weak physically during his stay at Vilno. It was with a very bad grace that he occupied himself with military affairs; he intrusted everything to his generals, and, while waiting for the sovereign, gave himself up to a life of dissipation.

* "*C'est pour me dire que je n'ai pas sur quoi manger . . . Je puis au contraire vous fournir de tout dans le cas même où vous voudriez donner des diners.*"

When, on the twenty-third of December, the sovereign with his suite, — Count Tolstoi, Prince Volkonsky, Arakcheyef, and others, — after a four days' journey from Petersburg, reached Vilno, he drove in his travelling sledge directly to the castle. In spite of the severe cold, a hundred generals and staff officers, in full-dress uniform, and the guard of honor of the Semyonovsky regiment, were waiting at the castle.

A courier, dashing up to the castle in a sledge drawn by a sweaty *tróika*, cried, "He's coming!" Konovnitsuin hurried into the vestibule to inform Kutuzof, who was expecting him in the small room of the *concierge*.

At the end of a moment the old general's stout, portly form, in full-dress uniform, his full regalia covering his chest, and with a scarf tied around his abdomen, came tottering and swaying to the head of the stairs. Kutuzof put his three-cornered hat on, point front, took his gloves in his hand, and, letting himself painfully, toilsomely sideways down the steps, stepped forth and took in his hand the report which had been prepared to give to the sovereign.

There was a running to and fro, a sound of hurried talking, another *tróika* came unexpectedly flying by, and all eyes were fixed on a sledge that came flying along, in which could be already seen the figures of the sovereign and Volkonsky.

All this had its physically exciting effect on the old general, though he had been used to it for half a century. With a hasty, nervous movement he adjusted his decorations and straightened his hat, and the instant that the sovereign, stepping out of the sledge, raised his eyes to him, taking courage and lifting himself up to his full height, he handed him the report and began to speak in his measured, ingratiating voice.

The sovereign, with a swift glance, measured Kutuzof from head to feet, frowned for an instant, but, instantly mastering himself, stepped forward, and, stretching out his arms, embraced the old general.

Once more, owing to the old familiar impression and to the thoughts that came surging into his mind, this embrace had its usual effect upon Kutuzof: he sobbed.

The sovereign greeted the officers and the Semyonovsky Guard, and, having once more shaken hands with the old general, he went with him into the castle.

After the sovereign was left alone with his field-marshal, he freely expressed his dissatisfaction with the slowness of the pursuit, with the mistakes made at Krasnoye and on the

Beresina, and gave him his ideas as to what should be the coming campaign beyond the frontier.

Kutuzof made no reply or remark. That same submissive and stupid expression with which seven years before he had listened to his sovereign's comments on the field of Austerlitz rested now on his face.

When Kutuzof left the cabinet and was passing along the hall with his heavy, plunging gait and with sunken head, some one's voice called him back.

"Your serene highness," cried some one.

Kutuzof raised his head and looked long into the eyes of Count Tolstoi, who with a small trinket on a silver platter stood before him.

Kutuzof apparently knew not what was wanted of him.

Suddenly he came to himself; a scarcely perceptible smile flashed across his pudgy face, and, making a low and respectful bow, he took the object lying on the platter.

It was "the George" of the first degree.

CHAPTER XI.

THE next day the field-marshal gave a dinner and a ball which the sovereign honored with his presence.

Kutuzof had received the George of the first degree; the sovereign had paid him the highest honors; but the sovereign's dissatisfaction toward the field-marshal was noticeable to every one. The proprieties were strictly observed, and the sovereign set the first example of this; but all knew that the old general was considered blameworthy and unfit for further employment.

When, at the ball, Kutuzof, in accordance with an old custom of Catherine's time, commanded the standards captured from the enemy to be inclined before the sovereign as he entered the ball-room, the sovereign frowned with annoyance, and muttered certain words, among which some overheard the expression, — "*Stáruí Komedíánt* — the old actor!"

The sovereign's dissatisfaction with Kutuzof was increased in Vilno, especially because Kutuzof evidently would not or could not understand the significance of the campaign before him.

When, on the following morning, the sovereign said to the officers who came to pay their respects to him, "You have saved not Russia alone; you have saved all Europe," every one very well understood that the war was not ended.

Kutuzof was the only one who would not see this, and he openly expressed his opinion that a new war could not improve the position or increase the glory of Russia, but could only weaken her position and diminish the already lofty pinnacle of glory on which Russia, in his opinion, was now standing. He endeavored to show the sovereign the impossibility of recruiting fresh armies; he spoke about the difficult position of the inhabitants, and hinted at the possibility of failure and the like.

Having such ideas, the field-marshal naturally made himself only a hinderance and a stumbling-block in the way of the war then beginning.

In order to avoid collisions with the old general, a convenient way presented itself, which was: — just as at Austerlitz, and as at the beginning of the campaign when Barclay was commander-in-chief, to take out from under the commander-in-chief the ground of the power whereon he stood, without disturbing him, or even letting him realize it, and to transfer it to the sovereign himself.

With this end in view, the staff was gradually re-formed, and all that constituted the strength of Kutuzof's staff was destroyed or transferred to the sovereign's.

Toll, Konovnitsuin, Yermolof, received other appointments. All openly expressed the opinion that the field-marshal was becoming very weak, and that his health was in a precarious condition.

It was necessary for him to be in "weak health," so that he might transfer his place to his successor. And the truth was his health was feeble.

Just as naturally and simply and gradually as Kutuzof had been summoned from Turkey to appear in the court of the exchequer at Petersburg to take charge of the landwehr and afterwards of the army, so now when it was necessary it came about just as naturally, gradually, and simply, when Kutuzof's part had been played to the end, that his place should be filled by the new actor that was required.

The war of 1812, besides accomplishing the national object so dear to every Russian heart, was destined to have another significance still: — one European.

The movements of the nations from west to east was to be followed by a movement from east to west, and for this new war a new actor was needed, who had other qualities and views from those of Kutuzof, and was moved by other impulses.

Alexander the First was as necessary to move the nations

from east to west and to establish the boundaries of the nations as Kutuzof had been for the salvation and glory of Russia.

Kutuzof had no notion of the meaning of Europe, the Balance of Power, Napoleon. He could not understand this. For the representative of the Russian people, after the enemy had been annihilated, Russia saved and established on the highest pinnacle of her glory, for him a Russian, as a Russian, there was nothing left to do. For the representative of the national war there was nothing left except death.

And he died.

CHAPTER XII.

PIERRE, as is generally the case, felt the whole burden of his physical deprivations, and the long strain to which he had been subjected while a prisoner, only when the strain and the privations were at an end.

After his liberation he went to Orel;* and on the second day after his arrival, just as he was about to start for Kief, he was taken ill, and remained in Orel for three months.

He had what the doctors called bilious fever.

In spite of the fact that the doctors treated him, bled him, and made him swallow drugs, he nevertheless recovered.

All that had happened to him between the time of his liberation and his sickness left scarcely the faintest impression upon him. He remembered only gray melancholy, sometimes rainy, sometimes snowy days, internal physical distress, pain in his legs, in his side; he had a general impression of unhappy, suffering people; he recollected the annoying inquisitiveness of officers and generals, who asked him all sorts of questions; his difficulties in finding carriages and horses; and, above all, he recalled his disconnected thoughts and his feelings at the time.

On the day that he was liberated, he saw Petya Rostof's dead body. On the same day he learned that Prince Andrei had lived more than a month after the battle of Borodino, and had died only a short time previously, at Yaroslavl, at the Rostofs' house.

On that same day, also, Denisof, who had given Pierre this piece of news, spoke of Ellen's death, supposing that Pierre had known about it long before.

* Pronounced Aryól.

All this, at that time, had merely seemed strange to Pierre. He felt that he could not take in the significance of all this news.

His sole desire at that time was to get away as speedily as possible from those places where men were killing each other, to some quiet refuge, and there to collect his senses, to rest, and to think over all that was so strange and new that he had learned in those days.

But as soon as he reached Orel he was taken ill. When he regained his consciousness, he saw two of his servants, — Terentii and Vaska, — who had come from Moscow, and the oldest of the princesses, who had been residing at Yelets, on one of Pierre's estates, and, hearing of his liberation and illness, had come to take care of him.

During his convalescence, Pierre only gradually got rid of the impressions which the preceding months had made upon him, and accustomed himself to the thought that no one would drive him forth the next morning, that no one would dispossess him of his warm bed, and that he was certain to have dinner and tea and supper. But in his dreams he still, for a long time, continued to see himself in the same conditions of captivity.

In the same way Pierre gradually came back to realization of the news which he had heard on the day of his liberation: Prince Andrei's death, the destruction of the French.

The joyous feeling of freedom, that perfect, inalienable freedom inherent in man, a realizing sense of which he had for the first time experienced at the first halting-place, when he was carried away from Moscow, filled Pierre's soul during his convalescence. He was amazed that this inner freedom, independent of all external circumstances, now, as it were, surrounded him with an excess, with a luxury of external freedom.

He was alone in a strange city, where he had no acquaintances. No one wanted anything of him, no one forced him to go anywhere against his will. He had everything that he wanted; the thought about his wife, that had formerly tormented him, had vanished as though she had never existed.

"Ah, how good! how splendid!" he would say to himself, when a table with a clean cloth was moved up to him with fragrant bouillon, or when, at night, he lay stretched out on the soft, clean bed; or when he remembered that his wife and the French no longer existed. "Ah! how good! how splendid!" And out of old habit he would ask himself the ques-

tions: "Well, what is to be? what am I going to do?" and instantly he would answer himself, "Nothing at all! I'm going to live. Akh! how glorious!"

The very thing that he had formerly tormented himself about, and constantly sought in vain, — an object in life, — now no longer existed for him.

This long-sought-for object of life was not merely absent by chance for the time being, but he felt that it did not exist and could not exist. And it was precisely this absence of an object in life which at this time constituted his happiness.

He could have no object, because now he had a faith — not a faith in any rules or creed or dogmas, but faith in a living, everywhere perceptible God.

Hitherto he had sought for God in objects which he had set for himself. This searching for the object was only the seeking for God, and suddenly, during his captivity, he had learned, not from words, not from reasoning, but from his immediate consciousness, what his old nurse had used long, long before to say, that God was here, there, and everywhere.

He had learned, during his captivity, that God in Karatayef was more majestic, endless, and past finding out, than in what the Masons called the Architect of the Universe.

He had a similar experience to that of the man who should find under his very feet the object of his search, when he had been straining his eyes in looking at a great distance. All his life long he had been looking away over the heads of the surrounding people, while all the time there had been no need to strain his eyes, but merely to look straight ahead.

He had not been able hitherto to see the Great, the Incomprehensible, the Infinite in anything. He had only felt that it ought to be somewhere, and he had searched for it.

In all that was near and comprehensible, he had seen only what was limited, the narrow, finite, meaningless. He had provided himself with a mental telescope, and looked out into the distance, yonder, where this narrow, finite object, concealed in the murky distance, seemed to him great and infinite, simply because it was not clearly seen.

In this way European life, politics, Masonry, philosophy, philanthropy, had presented themselves to him.

But at the very moments when he had accounted himself most weak his mind had leapt forth into that same distance, and then he had seen how small and narrow, how finite and meaningless, it all was.

Now, however, he had learned to see the Great, the Eternal,

and the Infinite in everything, and therefore, naturally, in order to see it, in order to enjoy the contemplation of it, he had thrown away his telescope, through which he had, till then, been looking over men's heads, and joyfully contemplated the ever changing, incomprehensible, and eternal life all around him. And the more closely he looked, the more serene and happy he became.

The terrible question which hitherto had overturned all his mental edifices — the question *Why* — no longer tormented him. His mind had always ready the simple answer: *Because God is*, that God without whose will not a hair falls from the head of a human being.

CHAPTER XIII.

PIERRE had scarcely changed in his outward habits.

At first sight he was just the same as he had been before. Just as before he was absent-minded, and seemed inly absorbed, not in what was before his eyes, but in his own thoughts. The difference between his former and his present self lay in this: hitherto, when he had forgotten what was before him, or paid no attention to what was said to him, he would wrinkle his brows with a martyr-like air, as though striving, but without success, to study into something that was far away. Now in the same way he was inattentive to what was said to him, and oblivious of what was before him; but now with a scarcely perceptible, what one might almost think a satirical, smile, he looked at what was before him, he listened to what was said to him, although it was evident that his eyes and his mind were concerned with something entirely different.

Hitherto he had seemed to be a good man, but unhappy, and therefore people could not help being repelled by him. Now a smile, called forth by the mere pleasure of living, constantly played around his mouth, and his eyes were lighted up by a sympathetic interest in people, — in the question "Were they as happy as he was?"

And people liked to be with him.

Hitherto he had talked much, got easily excited, and was a poor listener; now he was rarely carried away by the heat of an argument, and had become such a good listener that people were glad to tell him the deepest secrets of their hearts.

The princess, who had never liked Pierre and had cherished a peculiar feeling of animosity against him ever since that

time when after the count's death she had found herself under obligations to him, greatly to her annoyance and surprise, after a short stay at Orel, whither she came with the intention of showing Pierre that, in spite of his "ingratitude," she considered it her duty to take care of him,—the princess quickly felt that she was growing fond of him.

Pierre did nothing for the sake of winning her good graces. He merely studied her with curiosity. Hitherto the princess had felt that only indifference and irony were expressed in his view of her, and she shrank into herself before him, just as she did in the presence of other people, and showed only her harsh and disagreeable side; while now she at first with distrust, but afterwards with gratitude, showed him the good side of her character, which she had kept hidden.

The craftiest of men could not have been more skilful in winning the princess's confidence, than he was in eliciting her recollections of the happiest days of her youth, and expressing his sympathy. But all the time Pierre's whole craft consisted in his seeking his own pleasure in calling out humane feelings in the spiteful, acidulous princess, who had her own measure of pride.

"Yes, he is a very, very good man when he is under the influence of people who are not bad—of people like myself," said the princess to herself.

The change that had taken place in Pierre was remarked, in their own way, by his servants Terentii and Vaska. They found that he had grown vastly more simple.

Terentii oftentimes, while undressing his barin, and while he had his boots and his clothes in his hand, and had wished him good-night, would hesitate about leaving the room, thinking that his barin might like to engage him in conversation. And it was a very common occurrence for Pierre to call Terentii back, noticing that he was in a mood for talking.

"Well, now, tell me—how did you manage to get anything to eat?" he would ask.

And Terentii would begin to relate about the destruction of Moscow, or about the late count, and would stand for a long time with the clothes in his hand, telling stories, or sometimes listening to Pierre's yarns, and then, with a pleasing sense of nearness to his barin and of friendliness to him, go into the anteroom.

The doctor who had charge of Pierre's case, and who visited him every day, in spite of the fact that, in accordance with the custom of doctors, he felt it his duty to assume the mien of a

man every minute of whose time was precious in the care of suffering humanity, would spend hours with Pierre, relating his favorite stories and making his observations on the peculiarities of the sick in general, and the ladies in particular.

"Yes, there is something delightful in talking with such a man—very different from what one finds in the provinces," he would say.

In Orel there were several French officers who had been taken prisoner, and the doctor brought one of them, a young Italian, to see Pierre.

This officer began to be a frequent visitor, and the princess laughed at the sentimental affection which the Italian conceived for Pierre.

The Italian was happy only when he could be with Pierre and talk with him, and tell him about his past, about his home life, about his love affairs, and pour out in his ears his indignation against the French and particularly against Napoleon.

"If all the Russians are in the least like you," he would say to Pierre, "it is a sacrilege to wage war on a people like yours—*c'est un sacrilège que de faire la guerre à un peuple comme le vôtre!* Though you have suffered so much from the French, yet you seem to have no ill will against them."

This passionate love shown by the Italian, Pierre had won only because he had brought out in him the best side of his nature and took pleasure in him.

During the latter part of Pierre's stay in Orel, he received a visit from his old acquaintance, the Freemason Count Villarsky—the same one who had introduced him into the lodge in 1807. Villarsky had married a rich Russian lady, who had a great estate in the government of Orel, and he held a temporary position in the commissariat department in the city.

Learning that Bezukhoi was in Orel, Villarsky, though his acquaintance with him had been far from intimate, came to call upon him with the same manifestations of friendship and neighborliness which men are apt to show each other when they meet in a wilderness. Villarsky was bored to death in Orel, and he was delighted to meet a man of the same social rank as himself, and with similar interests, as he supposed. But Villarsky quickly discovered, to his amazement, that Pierre was far behind the times and had fallen into a state of apathy and egotism, as he expressed it in criticising Pierre to himself.

"*Vous vous encroutez, mon cher*—you are becoming a

fossil," he would say to him. Nevertheless Villarsky was more at home with Pierre than he had ever been in times past, and he came to see him every day.

As Pierre looked at Villarsky and listened to him now, it was strange and almost incredible to think that he himself had been like him only such a short time before.

Villarsky was a married, family man, occupied with the business connected with his wife's estate, and with his public duties and with his family. He looked upon all these occupations as a hinderance to life, and felt that they were all worthy of contempt, because their end and aim was the personal advantage of himself and his wife. Military, administrative, political, and Masonic affairs constantly engrossed his attention. And Pierre, without making any effort to change Villarsky's views, and not blaming him, studied this strange but only too well-known phenomenon with his now constantly gentle and pleasant smile of irony.

In Pierre's relations with Villarsky, with the princess, with the doctor, with all the people with whom he was now brought in contact, he displayed a new characteristic, which won for him the good will of all men:—this was the recognition of the possibility of every one to think and feel for himself, and to look upon things in his own way; the recognition of the impossibility of convincing any one of anything by mere words: this legitimate, lawful prerogative of every man, which formerly had excited and annoyed him, now gave him ground for the sympathy and interest which he felt in people. The variance and sometimes the perfect contradiction between the views of people and his life, and among themselves, delighted Pierre, and brought to his lips a gentle, satirical smile.

In practical affairs Pierre now unexpectedly felt that he had a centre of gravity, that had been lacking before. Hitherto, every question concerning finance, especially demands upon him for money, to which, like every rich man, he was often subjected, aroused in him helpless worry and perplexity.

To give, or not to give? that was the question with him. "I have it and he needs it. But another one needs it still more. Which needs it the most? But perhaps both are frauds."

And in days gone by, out of all these hypotheses he had found no exit, and was in the habit of giving to all indiscriminately, so long as he had anything to give. He used to find himself in precisely the same quandary at every question which concerned his estate, when one would say that he must do this way, and another would recommend another way.

Now he found, to his amazement, that he was troubled no longer with doubts and perplexities. He now seemed to have some sense of judgment, which, deciding by some laws unknown to himself, decided what was necessary and what was unnecessary for him to do.

He was no less than before indifferent to pecuniary matters; but now he knew infallibly what he ought to do and what not. The first time that this new sense of justice had to decide a question was in the case of one of the prisoners, a French colonel, who came to him, told him many stories of his great exploits, and, finally, almost demanded that Pierre should give him four thousand francs to send to his wife and children.

Pierre, without the slightest difficulty or effort, refused him, amazed afterwards to find how simple and easy it was to do what had always before seemed to him unutterably difficult.

At the very time, however, that he refused the colonel, he made up his mind that it required the utmost shrewdness in order, on the eve of his departure from Orel, to induce the Italian officer to take some money, which he evidently needed.

A new proof for Pierre of the greater soundness in his views of practical affairs was his decision of the question concerning his wife's debts, and whether his house in Moscow and his Pod-Moskovnaya datcha or villa should be rebuilt or not.

While he was at Orel, his head overseer came to him, and he and Pierre made out a general schedule of his altered income. The conflagration of Moscow had cost Pierre, according to the overseer's reckoning, about two millions.

The head overseer, as a measure of relief for his losses, proposed a scheme whereby, notwithstanding the losses, his income would be not only not diminished, but rather increased, and this was that he should refuse to honor the debts left by the late countess, for which he was not accountable, and should not rebuild his Moscow house and Pod-Moskovnaya datcha, which cost him, to keep up, eighty thousand a year, and brought him in nothing.

"Yes, yes, that is true," said Pierre, gayly smiling. "Yes, yes, I don't need it at all. The fire has made me vastly richer!"

But in January Savelyitch came from Moscow, told him about the condition of the city, about the estimate which the architect had made for rebuilding the Moscow mansion and the Pod-Moskovnaya, and spoke about it as though it were a matter already decided.

At the same time Pierre received letters from Prince Vasili and other acquaintances in Petersburg. These letters mentioned his wife's debts. And Pierre decided that the scheme proposed by his head overseer, which had pleased him so much at first, was not right, and that he must go to Petersburg to wind up his wife's business affairs, and settle down in Moscow. Why this was necessary he knew not; he only knew beyond a peradventure that it was necessary. His income, in consequence of this decision, would be diminished three-fourths; but it was a case of necessity; he felt it.

Villarsky was going to Moscow, and they decided to travel together.

Pierre had experienced during all the time of his convalescence, in Orel, a sense of delight, of freedom, of life; but when, during his journey, he came out into the free world and saw hundreds of new faces, this feeling was still further intensified.

During all the time of his journey he felt as happy as a schoolboy at having his vacation. All the faces,—the postilion, the watchman,* the peasants along the road or in the village,—all had a new meaning for him.

The presence of Villarsky, with his observations and his constantly expressed regret at the poverty, barbarism, and backwardness of Russia compared with Europe, only heightened Pierre's delight.

Where Villarsky saw only deadness, Pierre saw the extraordinary fecund power of life, that power which, in the snow, in that expanse of plains, upheld the life of this united, peculiar, and unique people. He did not contradict Villarsky, and affected to agree with him—since pretended agreement was the shortest means of avoiding arguments from which there was no escape—and, gayly smiling, listened to him.

CHAPTER XIV.

Just as it is hard to explain why and whither the ants rush from a dismantled ant-hill, some dragging away little fragments, eggs, and dead bodies, others hurrying back to the ant-hill again,—why they jostle each other, push each other, and fight,—so would it be hard to explain the causes that compelled the Russian people, after the departure of the French,

* *Yámshechik, smatrítel.*

to throng back to that place which had formerly been called Moscow.

But just as when one looks at the ants tearing in wild confusion around their despoiled abode, notwithstanding the complete destruction of the ant-hill, one can see by the activity and energy, by the myriads of insects, that everything is utterly destroyed, except the something indestructible, immaterial, which constitutes the whole strength of the ant-hill, — so, in Moscow, in the month of October, though there was no one in authority, no churches open, no priesthood, no riches, no houses, still it was the same Moscow that it had been the month of August.

Everything was destroyed except the something immaterial but potent and indestructible.

The motives of the people who flocked from all sides into Moscow after its evacuation by the enemy, were the most various and personal, and, for the most part, savage, animal. One motive, only, was common to all: that was the tendency toward the place that had once been called Moscow, for the employment there of their activity.

Within a week Moscow already had fifteen thousand inhabitants; in a fortnight twenty thousand, and so on. Constantly rising and rising, the population, by the autumn of 1813, reached a figure which exceeded that which it had in 1812.

The first Russians to enter Moscow were the Cossacks of Winzengerode's division, the muzhiks from the neighboring villages, and the inhabitants of Moscow who had fled and concealed themselves in the environs.

Returning to ruined Moscow, the Russians, finding it plundered, began also to plunder. They continued the work begun by the French. Muzhiks brought in carts, in order to carry back to their villages whatever was to be found abandoned in the houses or streets of ruined Moscow.

The Cossacks carried off what they could to their tents; proprietors of houses took possession of whatever they could lay their hands on in other houses, and carried it home under the pretext that it was their own property.

But the first comers were followed by other plunderers, and they by still others; and pillage each day, in proportion as the numbers increased, became more and more difficult, and was conducted under more definite forms.

The French found Moscow, though deserted, yet provided with all the forms of a city the life of which flowed in accordance with organic laws, with its various functions of trade,

handicraft, luxury, imperial administration, religion. These forms were a dead letter, but they still existed. There were markets, shops, magazines, grain stores, bazaars,—most of them provided with wares; there were manufactories and workshops; there were palaces, noble mansions filled with objects of luxury; there were hospitals, prisons, court-rooms, churches, cathedrals.

The longer the French staid, the less these forms of city life were kept up, and toward the end everything was resolving itself into one common dead level of pillage.

The longer the pillage conducted by the French continued, the more it diminished the wealth of Moscow and the strength of the pillagers.

The pillage conducted by the Russians (and the occupation of the capital by the Russians began with this)—the longer it lasted, and the more freely it was shared by the people, the more rapidly it increased the wealth of Moscow and restored the regular life of the city.

Besides the pillagers, the most varied sort of people, attracted, some by curiosity, some by their duties in the service, some by interest,—householders, clergymen, high and low chinovniks, tradesmen, artisans, muzhiks from various directions,—flowed back into Moscow like blood to the heart.

At the end of a week, already, peasants who drove in with empty carts in order to carry away things, were halted by the authorities and compelled to carry away dead bodies from the city.

Other muzhiks, hearing of the lack of commodities, came in with wheat, oats, hay, by competition with each other reducing prices even lower than they had been before. Master carpenters, hoping for fat jobs, each day flocked to Moscow, and in all directions new houses began to go up and the old burned mansions to be restored.

Merchants displayed their wares in huts. Restaurants and taverns were established in mansions that had been through the flames. The clergy conducted divine service in many churches that had escaped the conflagration. People contributed ecclesiastical furniture that had been stolen.

Chinovniks spread their tables and set up their document-cupboards in little rooms. High officials and the police made arrangements for restoring property that had been abandoned by the French. The owners of houses in which were found many articles that had been brought from other houses, complained of the injustice of the order to bring everything to

the court of the exchequer. Others urged that, as the French had brought things from different houses into one place, it was therefore unfair to allow the owner of that house to keep whatever was found in it. They abused the police; they tried to bribe them. Estimates were received, tenfold too high, for building crown edifices that had been burned. Pecuniary assistance was asked for. Count Rostopchin began to write his proclamations.

CHAPTER XV.

TOWARD the beginning of February, Pierre came to Moscow and established himself in the flügel or wing that remained intact. He paid visits to Count Rostopchin and various acquaintances who had returned to Moscow, and he planned to go a couple of days later to Petersburg.

All were enthusiastic over the victory. There was a ferment of life in the ruined and revived capital. All welcomed Pierre warmly. All were anxious to meet him, and plied him with questions in regard to all that he had seen.

Pierre felt drawn by special ties of sympathy and friendship to all whom he met; but he now treated every one guardedly, so as not to bind himself to any one. To all questions which he was asked — whether important or the most trivial — where he was going to live? was he going to rebuild? when was he going to Petersburg, and should he try to take his trunk with him? — he would answer "Yes," or "Perhaps so," or "I think so," or the like.

He heard that the Rostofs were in Kostroma, and the thought of Natasha rarely occurred to him. If it came to him, it was only as a pleasant recollection of something long past. He felt himself not only freed from the conditions of life, but also from that sentiment which, as it seemed to him, he had wittingly allowed himself to cherish.

On the third day after his arrival at Moscow, he learned from the Drubetskois that the Princess Mariya was in Moscow. Prince Andrei's death, sufferings, and last days had often recurred to Pierre's mind, and now they came back to him with fresh force. When, after dinner, he learned that the Princess Mariya was in Moscow, and was residing in her own house, which had escaped the conflagration, he went, that same evening, to call upon her.

On the way to the mansion on the Vozdvizhenka, Pierre

constantly thought about Prince Andrei, about his friendship for him, about his various meetings with him, and especially their last meeting at Borodino.

"Can he have died in that same sardonic mood in which he then was? Can the explanation of life have been revealed to him before his death?" Pierre asked himself. He remembered Karatayef and his death, and involuntarily he began to compare these two men, so antipodal, and, at the same time, so alike in the love which he had felt for them, and then from the fact that both had lived and both were dead.

In the most serious frame of mind, Pierre reached the old prince's mansion. This house remained intact. It still bore traces of wear and tear, but the character of the house was the same as before.

Pierre was met by an old *ofitsiánt*, or head lackey, with a stern face, who, by his face, seemed to wish it to be understood that the prince's absence did not affect the strictness of the *régime*, and said that the princess had been pleased to retire to her room, and received on Sundays.

"Carry her my name; perhaps she will receive me," said Pierre.

"*Slusháyus* — I obey," replied the lackey. "Please come to the portrait gallery."

In a few moments, the *ofitsiánt* returned to Pierre with Dessalles. Dessalles, in the name of the princess, informed Pierre that she would be very glad to see him, and begged him, if he would excuse her for the lack of ceremony, to come upstairs to her room.

In the low-studded room, lighted by a single candle, the princess was sitting, and some one else in a black dress. Pierre remembered that the princess had always with her lady-companions,* but who and what these lady-companions were, Pierre knew not and could not remember.

"That is one of her lady-companions," he said to himself, glancing at the lady in the black dress.

The princess quickly arose, came forward to meet him, and shook hands with him.

"Yes," said she as she looked into his altered face, after he had kissed her hand. "So we meet again at last. He often used to speak about you during the last days of his life," said she, turning her eyes from Pierre to the "kompanyonka" with an embarrassment that for an instant struck Pierre. "I was

* *Kompanyonki*.

so glad to know of your rescue. That was truly the best piece of news we had received for a long time."

Again the princess looked still more anxiously at the "kompanyonka," and wanted to say something, but Pierre did not give her an opportunity.

"You can imagine I knew nothing about it," said he. "I thought he was killed. All that I knew, I knew from others, and that at third hand. All I know is that he fell in with the Rostofs. What a strange good fortune!"

Pierre spoke rapidly, excitedly. He looked once into the "kompanyonka's" face, saw an apparently flattering, inquisitive glance fastened upon him, and, as often happens during a conversation, he gathered a general idea that this "kompanyonka" in the black dress was a gentle, kindly, good creature, who would not interfere with the sincerity and cordiality of his conversation with the Princess Mariya.

But when he said the last words about the Rostofs, the embarrassment expressed on the princess's face was even more noticeable than before. She again turned her eyes from Pierre's face to the face of the lady in the black dress, and said, —

"But don't you recognize her?"

Pierre once more looked into the "kompanyonka's" pale, delicate face, with the dark eyes and strange mouth. Something near and dear, something long forgotten and more than kind, was looking at him from those attentive eyes.

"But no, it cannot be," he said to himself. "That face so stern, thin, and pale, and grown so old. That cannot be she! It is only something that reminds me of her!" But while he was thus reasoning with himself, the Princess Mariya said: "Natasha!"

And the face with the attentive eyes, with difficulty, with an effort, — just as a rusty door opens, — smiled, and from the opened door suddenly breathed forth and surrounded Pierre the perfume of that long-forgotten happiness, of which he had rarely thought, especially of late. Forth breathed the perfume, seized his senses and swallowed him up entirely. When she smiled, all doubt ceased; it was Natasha, and he loved her!

At the first minute, Pierre involuntarily told both her and the Princess Mariya, and chief of all his own heart, the secret that he long had not confessed. He reddened with delight and passionate pain. He tried to hide his agitation. But the more he tried to hide it, the more distinctly — more distinctly

than in the most definite words — he told himself and her and the Princess Mariya that he loved her!

"No, of course it is only from the surprise," said Pierre to himself; but in spite of all his efforts to prolong the conversation that he had started with the Princess Mariya, he could not help looking again at Natasha, and a still deeper flush suffused his face, and a still deeper agitation of joy and pain clutched his heart. He hesitated in his speech, and stopped short in the midst of what he was saying.

Pierre had not remarked Natasha for the reason that he had never expected to see her there, but the reason that he did not recognize her was because of the immense change that had taken place in her since he had seen her last.

She had grown thin and pale. But it was not that that had changed her identity; it was impossible that he should have recognized her on the first moment of his entrance, because that face from whose eyes hitherto had always gleamed forth the secret joy of living, now when he came in and for the first time glanced at her, now had not even the shadow of a smile; they were merely attentive, kindly, and pathetically questioning eyes.

Pierre's confusion did not waken any answering confusion in Natasha, but only a contentment that lighted up her face with an almost imperceptible gleam.

CHAPTER XVI.

"SHE came to make me a visit," said the Princess Mariya. "The count and countess will be here in a few days. The countess is in a terrible state. But Natasha herself had need of consulting the doctor. They sent her with me by main force."

"Yes, is there a family without its own special sorrow?" said Pierre, addressing Natasha. "You know that it happened on the very day that we were set free. I saw him. What a charming boy he was!"

Natasha looked at him, but in answer to his words her eyes dilated and a shade crept over them.

"What consolation can be given in either thought or word?" exclaimed Pierre. "None at all! Why should such a glorious young fellow, so full of life, be called upon to die?"

"Yes, indeed, in our time it would be hard to live, if one had not faith," said the Princess Mariya.

"Yes, yes! That is the real truth," interrupted Pierre hastily.

"Why?" asked Natasha, gazing attentively into Pierre's eyes.

"How can you say why?" asked the Princess Mariya. "The mere thought of what awaits us there"—

Natasha, without hearing the Princess Mariya to the end, again looked with questioning eyes to Pierre.

"Why, because," continued Pierre, "only that man who believes that there is a God who directs our ways can endure such a loss as hers—and yours," added Pierre.

Natasha had her lips parted to say something, but suddenly stopped. Pierre quickly turned from her, and again addressed the princess with a question concerning his friend's last days.

Pierre's embarrassment had now almost disappeared, but at the same time he felt that all his former freedom had also disappeared. He felt that his every word and act had now a critic, a judge that was dearer to him than the opinion of all the people in the world.

When he spoke now, he measured at every word the impression which his words produced upon Natasha. He purposely refrained from saying what would have pleased her; but whatever he said he judged from her standpoint.

The Princess Mariya, reluctantly at first, as is always the case, began to tell him about the state in which she had found her brother. But Pierre's questions, his evidently troubled eyes, his face trembling with emotion, gradually induced her to enter into particulars which she would have been afraid to call back to her recollection for her own sake.

"Yes, yes, indeed it is so," said Pierre, leaning forward with his whole body toward the Princess Mariya, and eagerly listening to her story,—"Yes, yes, and so he grew calmer? more softened? He so earnestly sought with all the powers of his soul for the one thing: to be perfectly good. He could not have feared death. The faults that he had—if he had any—came from other sources than himself. And so he grew softened?" exclaimed Pierre. "What good fortune that he met you again," he added, turning to Natasha and looking at her, his eyes brimming with tears.

Natasha's face twitched. She frowned, and for an instant dropped her eyes. For a minute she hesitated; should she speak, or not speak.

"Yes, it was good fortune," said she in a low chest voice. "For me indeed it was a happiness." She became silent.

"And he—he—he said that it was the very thing that he was longing for when I went to him"—

Natasha's voice broke. She clasped her hands together on her knees, and suddenly, evidently making an effort to contain herself, raised her head and began rapidly to speak:—

"We knew nothing about it when we left Moscow. I had not dared to ask about him. And suddenly Sonya told me that he was with us. I had no idea, I could not imagine in what a state he was. I only wanted one thing—to see him, to be with him," said she, trembling and choking. And without letting herself be interrupted, she related what she had never before told a living soul; all that she had suffered in those three weeks of their journey and their sojourn at Yaroslavl.

Pierre listened to her with open mouth and without taking from her his eyes full of tears. In listening to her he thought not of Prince Andrei or of death, or even of what she was telling him. He heard her and only pitied her for the suffering which she underwent now in telling the tale.

The princess, frowning with her endeavor to keep back her tears, sat next Natasha, and listened for the first time to the story of these last days that her brother had spent with Natasha.

This tale, so fraught with pain and joy, it was evidently necessary for Natasha to relate.

She spoke commingling the most insignificant details with the intimate secrets of the heart, and it seemed as if she would never reach an end. Several times she repeated the same things.

Dessalles's voice was heard outside the door, asking if Nikolushka might come and bid them good-night.

"And so that is all, all"—said Natasha. When Nikolushka came in she quickly sprang up and almost ran to the door, and, hitting her head against the door, which was hidden by a *portière*, flew from the room with a groan which was caused neither by pain nor grief.

Pierre gazed at the door through which she had disappeared, and could not understand why he seemed suddenly left alone and deserted in the world.

The Princess Mariya aroused him from his fit of abstraction by calling his attention to her nephew, who had come into the room.

Nikolushka's face, which resembled his father's, had such an effect upon Pierre, in this moment of soul-felt emotion into

which he had come, that after he had kissed the lad he quickly arose, and, getting out his handkerchief, went to the window.

He wanted to bid the Princess Mariya good-night and go, but she detained him.

"No, Natasha and I often sit up till three o'clock; please stay a little longer. I will order supper served. Go downstairs, we will follow immediately."

But before Pierre left the room the princess said to him, —
"This is the first time that she has spoken of him."

CHAPTER XVII.

PIERRE was conducted into the large, brightly lighted dining-room. In a few minutes steps were heard, and the princess and Natasha came into the room. Natasha was now calm, although a grave expression, untouched with a smile, still remained on her face.

The Princess Mariya, Natasha, and Pierre alike experienced that sense of awkwardness which is sure to follow after a serious and intimate conversation. To pursue the former subject is no longer possible; to talk about trifles does not seem right; and silence is disagreeable because such silence seems hypocritical, especially if one wishes to talk.

They silently came to the table. The servants drew the chairs back and pushed them forward. Pierre unfolded his cold napkin, and, making up his mind to break the silence, looked at Natasha and the Princess Mariya.

Each of them had evidently at the same time made the same resolve; the eyes of both shone with the satisfaction of life, and the avowal that if sorrow exists, so also joy may abound.

"Will you have vodka, count?" asked the Princess Mariya, and these words suddenly drove away the shadows of the past.

"Tell us about yourself," said the Princess Mariya. "We have heard such incredible stories about you."

"Yes?" replied Pierre with that smile of good-humored irony which was now habitual with him. "I too have heard most marvellous things about myself—things that I have never even dreamed of seeing. Marya Avramovna invited me to her house, and told me all that ever happened to me or was supposed to have happened. Stepán Stepánitch also gave me a lesson in the way that I should tell my story. As a

general thing, I have observed that it is a very comfortable thing to be an 'interesting person' (I am now an interesting person)! I am invited out and made the subject of all sorts of stories."

Natasha smiled, and started to say something.

"We were told," said the Princess Mariya, forestalling her, "that you lost two millions here in Moscow. Is that true?"

"But still it made me three times as rich as before," replied Pierre.

Pierre, in spite of his wife's debts and the necessity upon him of rebuilding his houses, which would alter his circumstances, continued to tell people that he had grown three times as rich as before.

"What I have undoubtedly gained," said he, "is this freedom which I enjoy" — he had begun seriously, but he hesitated about continuing, observing that the topic of the conversation was too egotistical.

"And are you going to rebuild?"

"Yes: Savelyitch advises it."

"Tell me, you did not know at all about the countess's death when you were in Moscow?" asked the Princess Mariya, and instantly reddened, noticing that in having put this question immediately after what he had said about his freedom, she might have given a sense to his words which perhaps they had not.

"No," replied Pierre, evidently not discovering anything awkward in the interpretation which the Princess Mariya had given to his remark about his freedom. "I first heard about it in Orel, and you cannot imagine how it surprised me. We were not a model husband and wife," he quickly added, with a glance at Natasha, and observing in her face a gleam of curiosity as to what he would have to say about his wife. "But her death gave me a terrible shock. When two people quarrel, always both are at fault. And a person's fault suddenly becomes awfully serious when the other party comes to die. And then such a death! — without friends, without consolation! I felt very, very sorry for her," said he, in conclusion, and noticing with a sense of satisfaction a look of glad approval in Natasha's face.

"Well, and so you are a single man and marriageable again," said the Princess Mariya.

Pierre's face suddenly grew livid, and for long he tried not to look at Natasha. When at length he had the courage to look at her, her face was cold, stern, and even scornful as it seemed to him.

"And did you really see Napoleon and talk with him? That's the story they tell us," said the Princess Mariya.

Pierre laughed.

"Not once, never! It always seems to every one that to have been a prisoner was to have been Napoleon's guest. I not only never saw him, but did not hear him talked about. I was in far too humble company."

Supper was over, and Pierre, who at first refused to tell about his captivity, was little by little drawn into stories about it.

"But it is true, isn't it, that you remained behind for the purpose of killing Napoleon?" asked Natasha, with a slight smile. "I imagined as much when we met you at the Sukharef Tower, — do you remember?"

Pierre acknowledged that this was true; and with this question as a starting-point, and gradually led on by the Princess Mariya's questions, and especially by Natasha's, Pierre was brought to give them a detailed account of his adventures.

At first he told his story with that gentle, ironical expression which he now used toward other people and especially himself; but afterwards, when he came to tell about the horrors and sufferings which he had beheld, he, without being himself aware of it, was carried away, and began to talk with the restrained excitement of a man who was reliving, in his recollections, the most vivid impressions.

The Princess Mariya, with a gentle smile, looked now at Pierre, now at Natasha. Throughout all this narration, she saw only Pierre and his goodness.

Natasha, leaning her head on her hand, with her face reflecting in its expression all the varying details of the story, gazed steadily at Pierre without once taking her eyes from him, evidently living with him through all the dreadful scenes of which he told.

Not only her looks, but her exclamations and the brief questions which she asked, showed Pierre that, from his story, she took to heart exactly what he wanted to convey. It was evident that she understood not merely what he told her, but also that which he would have wished but was unable to express in words.

Concerning his adventure with the child and the woman the protection of whom had led to his arrest, Pierre told in the following manner: —

"This was a horrible sight: children deserted, some in the flames — one child was dragged out before my very eyes —

women who were robbed of their possessions, their ear-rings snatched away" —

Pierre reddened and stammered.

"Then came the patrol and arrested all those who were not engaged in pillage — all the men. — And myself!"

"You certainly are not telling the whole story; you certainly did something," said Natasha, and paused a moment, — "something good!"

Pierre went on with his narration. When he came to tell about the execution, he wished to avoid the horrible details, but Natasha insisted that he should not omit anything.

Pierre began to tell about Karatayef. By this time he had risen from the table, and was walking back and forth, Natasha's eyes following him all the time. — But he paused, —

"No, you cannot understand how I learned from that illiterate man — half an idiot!"

"Yes, yes, go on," cried Natasha. "What became of him?"

"He was shot almost in my very presence."

And Pierre began to tell about the last period of the retreat of the French, Karatayef's illness (his voice constantly trembled) and his death. Pierre, in relating his adventures, found that they came back to him in an entirely new light.

He now found what seemed to be a new significance in all that he had experienced. Now, while he was telling all this to Natasha, he experienced that rare delight afforded by women — not *intellectual* women, who, in listening, try either to remember what is said for the sake of enriching their minds, and, on occasion, of giving it out themselves, or to apply what is said to their own cases, and to communicate with all diligence their intellectual remarks elaborated in the workshops of their petty brains — but the delight afforded by genuine women gifted with the capacity to bring out and assimilate all that is best in a man's impulses.

Natasha, without knowing it, was all attention: she did not lose a word, or an inflection of his voice, or a glance, or the quivering of a muscle in his face, or a single gesture that he made.

She caught on the wing the word as yet unspoken, and took it straight to her generous heart, divining the mysterious meaning of all the spiritual travail through which Pierre had passed.

The Princess Mariya comprehended his story, sympathized with him, but now she saw something else which absorbed all

her attention: she saw the possibility of love and happiness for Pierre and Natasha. And this thought, occurring to her for the first time, filled her heart with joy.

It was three o'clock in the morning. The servants, with gloomy, stern faces, came to bring fresh candles, but no one heeded them.

Pierre finished his story. Natasha, her eyes gleaming with excitement, continued to look steadily and earnestly at Pierre, as though wishing to read the portions of his story that he had perhaps not told.

Pierre, with a shamefaced but joyous sense of embarrassment, occasionally looked at her, and wondered what to say next in order to change the conversation to some other topic.

The Princess Mariya was silent. It occurred to none of them that it was three o'clock in the morning, and time to go to bed.

"We talk about unhappiness, sufferings," said Pierre. "Yet if now, this minute, I were asked, 'Would you remain what you were before your imprisonment, or go through it all again?' I should say, 'For God's sake, the imprisonment once more and the horse-flesh.' We think that when we are driven out of the usual path, everything is all over for us; but it is just here that the new and the good begins. As long as there is life, there is happiness. There is much, much before us! I tell you so," said he, addressing Natasha.

"Yes, yes," said she, answering something entirely different. "And I should wish nothing better than to live my life all over again."

Pierre looked at her keenly.

"No, I could ask for nothing more."

"You are wrong, you are wrong," cried Pierre. "I am not to blame because I am alive and want to live; and you also."

Suddenly Natasha hid her face in her hands, and burst into tears.

"What is it, Natasha?" asked the Princess Mariya.

"Nothing, nothing." She smiled at Pierre through her tears.

"Good-by, it is bed-time."

Pierre got up and took his departure.

The Princess Mariya and Natasha, as usual, met in their sleeping-room. They talked over what Pierre had told them. The princess did not express her opinion of Pierre. Neither did Natasha speak of him.

"Well, good-night, Marie," said Natasha. "Do you know I am often afraid that in not speaking of him (Prince Andrei) for fear of doing wrong to our feelings, we may forget him?"

The Princess Mariya drew a deep sigh, and by this sigh confessed to the justice of Natasha's words; but when she spoke, her words expressed a different thought:—"How could one forget him?" she asked.

"It was so good for me to-day to talk it all over; and hard too, and painful and good—very good," said Natasha. "I was certain that he loved him so. That was why I told him.—There was no harm in my telling him, was there?" she asked, suddenly reddening.

"To Pierre? Oh, no! What a fine man he is!" exclaimed the Princess Mariya.

"Do you know, Marie," suddenly broke out Natasha, with a roguish smile, which the Princess Mariya had not seen for a long time on her face, "he has grown so clean, neat, fresh, just as though he were out of a bath. Do you know what I mean—morally out of a bath! Isn't that so?"

"Yes," said the Princess Mariya. "He has gained very much."

"And his jaunty little coat,* and his neatly cropped hair; just exactly—yes, just exactly as papa used to look when he was fresh from his bath!"

"I remember that *he* (Prince Andrei) liked no one so well as Pierre," said the Princess Mariya.

"Yes; and yet both of them were peculiar in their own way. They say that men are better friends when they are not alike. It must be so. Don't you think that they were very different?"

"Yes, and he's splendid."

"Well, good-night," replied Natasha; and the same mischievous smile long remained in her face, as though she had forgotten to drive it away.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It was long before Pierre went to sleep that night. He strode back and forth through his chamber, now scowling, now burdening himself with heavy thoughts, then suddenly shrugging his shoulders and starting, and then again smiling.

He was thinking about Prince Andrei, about Natasha, and

* *Surtoutchek korótenkii.*

the love which they bore each other; and sometimes he felt jealous of her for what was past, sometimes he reproached himself for it, sometimes he justified it.

It was already six o'clock in the morning, and still he kept pacing through his room.

"Well, what's to be done? Is it still impossible? What is to be done? Of course it must be so," said he to himself, and, hastily undressing, he got into bed, happy and excited, but free from doubt and irresolution. "Yes, strange and impossible as this happiness seems, I must do everything, everything, to make her my wife," he said to himself.

Several days previously, Pierre had fixed upon Friday for the day of his departure for Petersburg. When he woke up it was Thursday, and Savelyitch came to him for orders in regard to the packing of his things for the journey.

"Petersburg? What about Petersburg? Who is going to Petersburg?" he could not help asking of himself! "Oh, yes, some time ago, before ever this happened, I had some such thought—I was going to Petersburg for some reason or other," he remembered. "Why was it? Yes, perhaps I shall go as it is. How good and attentive he is! How he remembers everything," he said to himself, as he looked into Savelyitch's old face. "And what a pleasant smile," he thought.

"Aren't you always longing to have your freedom, Savelyitch?" demanded Pierre.

"Why should I wish my freedom, your illustriousness? While the late count was alive—the Kingdom of Heaven be his—we lived with him, and now we have nothing to complain of from you."

"Well, but your children?"

"The children will live also, your illustriousness: one can put up with such masters."

"Yes, but my heirs," suggested Pierre. "I may suddenly marry.—You see, that might happen," he added, with an involuntary smile.

"And may I be bold enough to say, a very good thing, too, your illustriousness!"

"How easy it seems to him," thought Pierre. "He cannot know how terrible, how perilous a thing it is. Too soon or too late—terrible!"

"What orders do you please to give? Do you wish to start to-morrow?" asked Savelyitch.

"No, I am going to postpone it for a few days. I will tell you when the time comes. Forgive me for putting you to so

much trouble," said Pierre, and, as he saw Savelyitch's smile, he said to himself, "How strange it is that he doesn't know that Petersburg is now nothing to me, and that this matter must be decided before anything is. Of course he must know—he's only pretending! Shall I talk with him about it? How will he like it?" wondered Pierre. "No, I will wait a little."

At breakfast, Pierre informed his cousin, the princess, that he had been the evening before to call upon the Princess Mariya, and whom did she suppose he found there? Natasha Rostova!

The princess pretended that she saw nothing more extraordinary in this than if he had seen Anna Semyonovna.

"Do you know her?" asked Pierre.

"I have met the princess," she replied. "I have heard that she has become engaged to young Rostof. That would be a very good thing for the Rostofs; they say their affairs are all in confusion."

"No, but do you know the Countess Natasha?"

"I have heard something about her story. It's very sad."

"Either she does not understand, or she is pretending not to understand," said Pierre to himself; "I'd better not tell her, either."

The princess, also, had been making some preparations for Pierre's journey.

"How kind they all are," thought Pierre, "when now there can be nothing at all interesting to them in all this, to take so much trouble with my affairs. And all for me! truly it's wonderful!"

On that same day Pierre went to the chief of police to tell him that he would send a trusty servant to receive the property that was to be restored to the citizens that day at the *granavitaya palatá*, or court of the exchequer.

"And now this man, also," thought Pierre, as he looked into the *politsiméister's* face. "What a splendid, fine-looking officer, and how kind he is! Now he is occupied with such trifles! And yet they say that he is not honest, and is making use of his opportunities! What nonsense! Besides, why should he not take advantage? He was educated to do so. And that's the way they all do. But he had such a pleasant, good face! and smiled so agreeably when he looked at me."

Pierre went that evening to dine at the Princess Mariya's.

As he went along the streets, lined with the blackened ruins of houses, he was amazed at the beauty that he discovered in

these ruins. The chimney-stacks, the fallen walls, vividly reminding Pierre of the Rhine and the Colosseum, stretched along one behind the others, all through the burnt districts. The hack-drivers and passers-by, the carpenters hewing timbers, merchants and shop-keepers, all with jovial, shining faces, gazed at Pierre, and seemed to say, — "Ah, there he goes. Let us see what will come of it."

Before he reached the Princess Mariya's, the doubt occurred to Pierre's mind whether it were true that he had been there the evening before, and seen Natasha and talked with her.

"Perhaps I was dreaming? Perhaps I shall go in and find no one."

But he had no sooner entered the room, than, in his whole being, by the instantaneous loss of his freedom, he realized her presence. She wore the same black dress with soft folds, and her hair was done up in the same way as the evening before, but she herself was entirely different. If she had been like that the evening before, when he went into the room, he could not have failed, for a single instant, to recognize her.

She was just the same as she had been when almost a child, and afterwards, when she was Prince Andrei's affianced bride. A merry, questioning gleam flashed in her eyes; her face had a genial and strangely roguish expression.

Pierre dined with them, and would have spent the whole evening, but the Princess Mariya was going to vespers, and Pierre accompanied them.

The following day, Pierre went early, dined with them, and spent the whole evening.

Although the Princess Mariya and Natasha were evidently glad of his company, although all the interest of Pierre's life was now concentrated in this house, still, as the evening wore away, they had talked everything out, and the conversation constantly lagged from one trivial subject to another, and often flagged altogether.

Pierre staid that evening so late that the Princess Mariya and Natasha exchanged glances, evidently feeling anxious for him to go. Pierre saw it, and yet could not tear himself away. He felt embarrassed and awkward, but still he staid because he *could not* get up to go.

The Princess Mariya, not seeing any end to it, was the first to get up, and, pleading *migraine* as an excuse, started to bid him good-night.

"And so you are going to Petersburg to-morrow?" she asked.

"No, I don't expect to go," hastily replied Pierre, with surprise and apparent annoyance. "Yes, — no — oh, to Petersburg? Day after to-morrow, perhaps. Only I won't say good-by now. I will call to see if you have any commissions," said he, standing in front of the Princess Mariya, with flushed face and embarrassed manner.

Natasha gave him her hand, and left the room. The Princess Mariya, on the contrary, instead of going, resumed her chair, and, with her luminous, deep eyes, gazed gravely and earnestly at Pierre. The weariness which she had really felt just before had now entirely passed away. She drew a long and deep sigh, as though nerving herself for a serious conversation.

All Pierre's confusion and awkwardness instantly disappeared the moment that Natasha left the room, and gave place to an agitated excitement.

He swiftly drew his chair close to the Princess Mariya.

"Yes, I wanted to have a talk with you," said he, responding to her look, as though it were spoken words.

"Princess! help me! What am I to do? Have I reason to hope? Princess, my friend, listen to me. I know all about it. I know that I am not worthy of her. I know that it is wholly impossible, at the present time, to speak about it. But I wish to be like a brother to her. — No, I do not, I cannot wish that. — I cannot" —

He paused, and rubbed his face and his eyes with his hand.

"Now, here!" he pursued, evidently making an effort to command himself to speak coherently. "I don't know when I first began to love her. But all my life long I have loved her, and her alone, and I love her so that I cannot imagine life without her. I cannot make up my mind to sue for her hand now; but the thought that perhaps she might be mine, and that I had lost this opportunity — opportunity — is horrible to me. Tell me, have I reason to hope? Tell me what I must do. Dear princess," said he, after a little silence, and he touched her hand when she did not reply.

"I was thinking of what you have told me," returned the Princess Mariya. "This — hear what I have to say. You are right that to speak to her now of love" —

The princess paused. She meant to say, to speak to her of love was impossible now; but she paused because for two days past she had observed, from the change that had taken place in Natasha, that Natasha would not only not be offended if

Pierre should confess his love for her, but that this was the very thing that she was longing for him to do.

"To tell her now — is impossible," said the Princess Mariya, nevertheless.

"But what am I to do?"

"Leave it all to me," said the Princess Mariya. "I know" —

Pierre looked into the Princess Mariya's eyes. "Well — well" — said he.

"I know that she loves you — will love you," said the Princess Mariya, correcting herself.

She had scarcely said these words before Pierre sprang up, and, with a frightened face, seized the Princess Mariya's hand.

"What makes you think so? Do you really think that I may hope? Do you think so?"

"Yes, I think so," said the Princess Mariya, with a smile. "Write to her parents. And trust it all to me. I will tell her when the suitable time comes. I am anxious for it. And my heart tells me that it will be."

"No, it cannot be! How happy I am! But it cannot be!" repeated Pierre, kissing the princess's hand.

"You go to Petersburg; that is best. And I will write to you," said she.

"To Petersburg? Go away? Yes, very good, I will go. But may I come to call to-morrow?"

On the following day, Pierre went to say good-by. Natasha was less animated than on the preceding days; but to-day when Pierre occasionally looked into her eyes he felt that his existence was nothing, that he was not, and that she was not, but that one feeling of bliss filled the world.

"Can it be? No! impossible!" he said to himself at each glance, word, motion of hers, so filling his heart with joy.

When, on saying "good-by," he took her delicate, slender hand, he involuntarily held it rather long in his.

"Can it be that this hand, this face, these eyes, — all this marvellous treasure of womanly beauty, — can it be that it will be mine forever, as familiar to me as I am to myself? No, it is impossible!"

"Good-by, count — *prashchâite, graf!*" said she to him aloud. "I shall await your return with impatience," she added in a whisper.

And these simple words, the look and the expression of her face that accompanied them, constituted the basis of inexhaust-

ible recollections, memories, and happy dreams during Pierre's two months' absence.

"'I shall await your return with impatience.' Yes, yes, how did she say? — Yes, 'I shall await your return with impatience.' Akh! how happy I am! What does it mean that I am so happy?" —

CHAPTER XIX.

IN Pierre's soul nothing took place like what had taken place under precisely similar circumstances at the time of his engagement with Ellen.

He did not repeat as before, with a sickening sense of shame, the words that he said; he did not ask himself: "Akh! why did I not say that, and why, why did I say, *Je vous aime*?"

Now, on the contrary, every word that she said, every one of his own words, he repeated in his imagination with all the various details of her face and her smile, and he had no wish to take away or add a single one. His sole desire was to repeat them.

There was now not the slightest shadow of doubt as to whether what he was going to do was right or wrong. Only one terrible doubt ever occurred to his mind: — Was it not all a dream? Was not the Princess Mariya mistaken? "Am I not too proud and self-conceited? I believe I am; but this surely might happen — the Princess Mariya might tell her, but she would smile and reply, 'How strange! He is surely mistaken! Does he not know that he is a man, a simple man? while I — I am entirely different, vastly superior.'"

This was Pierre's only doubt, and it frequently recurred to him. He now even ceased to make plans. His actual happiness seemed to him so incredible that the accomplishment of this seemed enough of itself, and anything more was a work of supererogation. All was over.

A joyous, unexpected insanity, of which Pierre believed himself incapable, possessed him. All the meaning of life, not for himself alone, but for the whole world, seemed to him to be included only in his love for her and the possibility of her love for him.

It sometimes seemed to him that all men were occupied with only one thing — his future happiness. It sometimes seemed to him that they were all rejoicing, just as he was, and were only trying to hide this happiness, while pretending to

be absorbed in other interests. In every word and action he discovered hints pointing toward his happiness. He often surprised the people who met him, by his blissful looks and smiles, which expressed some secret, inward harmony.

But when he realized that these people could not know about his happiness, he pitied them with all his heart, and experienced a keen desire somehow to explain to them that all that occupied their time was perfect rubbish and trifles not worthy of their attention.

When it was proposed to him to take some office, or when criticisms were made on the general course of political events or the war, and suppositions were advanced that such and such a method of procedure would bring happiness to all men, he listened with his gentle, compassionate smile, and amazed those who were talking with him by his odd observations.

But those men who seemed to Pierre to comprehend the real meaning of life, that is, his own views of it—as well as those who were unfortunate enough apparently not to comprehend it—in fact, all men at this particular time were brought into such a brightly concentrated light, radiating from his own heart, that without the slightest difficulty he at once on meeting with any one saw in him whatever was good and worthy of love.

On examining his late wife's affairs and papers, he, in his memory of her, experienced nothing, no other feeling than one of pity, that she knew not the happiness which he now knew. Prince Vasili, who was now especially proud of a new place and decorations, seemed to him a touchingly good and miserable old man.

Pierre often in after-days remembered this time of happy folly. All the judgments which he formed for himself of men and events at this time remained forever established in his mind. He not only did not afterwards renounce these views of men and things, but, on the contrary, in all his inward doubts and contradictions, he came back to that view which he had during this time of folly, and this view always seemed correct.

"Perhaps," he would say to himself, "I seemed strange and absurd at that time. But I was not so foolish as it might appear. On the contrary, I was wiser and more sagacious than ever before, and I understood all that is worth understanding in life, because—I was happy."

Pierre's folly or unreason consisted in this, that he did not as before wait for the personal reasons—the merits of people,

as he called them—to be displayed before he loved them, but love filled his heart, and he, by constantly loving his fellow-men, found undoubted reason for making it worth his while to love them.

CHAPTER XX.

FROM that first evening when Natasha, after Pierre had left them, had told the Princess Mariya with a joyously mischievous smile that he was just as though he had come out of his bath, and called attention to his jaunty coat and his closely cropped hair, from that moment something awoke in her heart that had lain dormant, and was unknown even to her, but irresistible.

Everything about her suddenly underwent a change—her face, her gait, her look, her voice. Unexpectedly to herself the power of life and hope of happiness flashed forth outwardly and demanded satisfaction. From that first evening Natasha seemed to have forgotten all that had happened to her. Henceforth she never once complained of her situation or said one single word about the past, and she had no hesitation even in forming happy plans for the future.

She had little to say about Pierre; but when the Princess Mariya mentioned him, the long extinguished gleam was kindled in her eyes, and her lips were curved with a strange smile. The change that took place in Natasha at first amazed the Princess Mariya; but when she understood the significance of it she was grieved.

"Could it be that she had loved my brother so little that she is so ready to forget him?" mused the Princess Mariya when by herself she pondered over this change that had come over Natasha.

But when she was with Natasha she neither felt angry with her nor reproached her. The awakening powers of life, which had taken such hold of Natasha, were evidently so uncontrollable, so unexpected to herself, that the Princess Mariya while in her presence felt that she had no right to reproach her even in her heart.

Natasha gave herself up with such completeness and frank honesty to this new feeling, and made so little pretence to hide it, that now she became glad and merry instead of sad and sorry.

When the Princess Mariya, after that midnight declaration

of Pierre's, returned to her room, Natasha met her on the threshold.

"He has spoken? Yes? He has spoken?" she insisted, and an expression, joyous, and at the same time pathetically pleading for forgiveness for her joy, came into Natasha's face. "I was tempted to listen at the door; but I knew that you would tell me."

Thoroughly as the princess understood the look which Natasha gave her, touching as it was, much as she pitied her emotion, still Natasha's words, at the first instant, offended the Princess Mariya. She remembered her brother, his love for her.

"But what is to be done? She cannot be otherwise than what she is?" reasoned the Princess Mariya, and with a melancholy and rather stern face she told Natasha all that Pierre had said to her.

When she heard that he was going to Petersburg, Natasha was thunder-struck.

"To Petersburg?" she repeated, as though not taking it in. But when she observed the melancholy expression which the Princess Mariya's face wore, she surmised the reason for her melancholy, and burst into tears.

"Marie," said she, "tell me what must I do? I am afraid I am doing wrong. I will do whatever you say; teach me."

"Do you love him?"

"Yes," whispered Natasha.

"What makes you cry, then? I am glad for you," said the Princess Mariya, already, because of these tears, completely pardoning Natasha's joy.

"It will not be very soon. — Just think what happiness when I am his wife and you marry Nicolas."

"Natasha, I have asked you never to speak about that. We will talk about yourself."

Both were silent.

"But why must he go to Petersburg?" suddenly exclaimed Natasha, and made haste to answer her own question. "Well, well, it is best so. — Yes, Marie, it is best so." —

EPILOG.

PART FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

SEVEN years had passed. The storm-tossed historical sea of Europe lay sleeping on its shores. It seemed at peace; but the mysterious forces which moved humanity — mysterious because the laws which govern their movements are unknown to us — were continually at work.

Though the surface of the historical sea seemed motionless, humanity was pressing onward with a motion as continuous as the passage of time.

Distinct groups of men were organized and disorganized: causes for the formation and disintegration of empires and the migrations of nations were set on foot.

The historical sea no longer, as before, swayed in vast swells from shore to shore. It boiled in its secret depths.

Historical characters no longer, as before, rode on the crest of the billows from shore to shore: they now seemed to be gathered together in one place. Historical personages, who before, at the head of armies, had reflected the motion of the masses by calls to war, by campaigns and battles, now reflected this movement by political and diplomatic combinations, laws, treaties.

This activity of historical personages historians call *re-action*.

Historians, in describing the activity of these historical personages, who, according to their judgment, were the cause of what they call the *re-action*, are very severe in their strictures upon them. All the famous people of that time, from Alexander and Napoleon to Madame de Staël, Fothier, Schelling, Fichte, Chateaubriand, and the like, are haled before this stern court of justice, and justified or condemned, from the standpoint of whether they helped *progress* or *re-action*.

In Russia, also, according to their writings, *re-action* set in

about this same time, and the one principally to blame for this re-action was Alexander I. — that same Alexander I. who, according to their writings, was the principal cause of the liberal tendencies of his reign and the salvation of Russia.

In Russian literature at the present time there is no one, from the schoolboy to the accomplished historian, who would not cast a stone at Alexander for his faulty behavior at this period of his reign.

“He ought to have done this or done that.”

“In such and such a case he did well, in something else he did ill.”

“He behaved splendidly at the beginning of his reign and during 1812; but he did wrong in giving a constitution to Poland, in establishing the Holy Alliance, in granting power to Arakcheyef, in encouraging first Golitsuin and mysticism, and afterwards encouraging Shishkof and Fothier.”

“He made an error in employing the van of the army; he blundered in disbanding the Semyonovsky regiment,” and so on and so on.

One might fill a dozen pages with the enumeration of all the reproaches which the historians have made against him on the ground of that knowledge of the welfare of humanity which they possess.

What is the significance of these reproaches?

The very same actions for which the historians praise Alexander I. — for instance, the liberal tendency of his reign, his quarrel with Napoleon, the firmness which he displayed in the year 1812 and during the campaign of 1813 — do they not flow from exactly the same sources — the conditions of blood, education, life, which made Alexander's personality what it was — from which also flowed the actions for which the historians blame him: for instance, the Holy Alliance, the restoration of Poland, the re-action of the twenties?

What constitutes the essence of these reproaches?

In this — that such an historical personage as Alexander I., a personage standing on the highest possible pinnacle of human power, as it were in the focus of the dazzling light of the historical rays concentrated upon him; a personage subjected to the most potent influences in the world, in the form of intrigues, deceptions, flatteries, inseparable from power; a personage who, every moment of his life, bore the responsibility of all that took place in Europe; and not an imaginary personage, but as much alive as any other man, with his own individual peculiarities, passions, aspirations for the good, the

beautiful, the true, — that this personage, fifty* years ago, lacked not virtue (the historians do not reproach him for that), but those views concerning the welfare of humanity which are now held by any professor who from early youth has been occupied with science, that is, with the reading of books and lectures, and the copying of these books and lectures into a note-book.

But even if it be granted that Alexander I. fifty years ago was mistaken in his views as to what constitutes the true welfare of nations, it cannot but be taken for granted that the historian also who criticises Alexander will, in exactly the same way, after the lapse of some time, prove himself incorrect in his view as to what is the welfare of humanity.

This proposition is all the more natural and inevitable from the fact that, in the development of history, we see that every year, with every new writer, the standard as to what is the welfare of humanity changes: thus what once seemed good becomes evil in the course of ten years, and *vice versa*. Still, we find occurring, at one and the same time, perfectly contradictory views as to what is good or what is evil: some regard the constitution granted to Poland and the Holy Alliance as creditable, others as disgraceful, to Alexander.

As to the activity of Alexander and Napoleon, it is impossible to declare that it was advantageous or harmful, since we cannot say wherein it was advantageous or wherein it was harmful. If this activity fails to please any one, then it fails to please simply in consequence of its failure to coincide with this person's limited comprehension as to what is good.

Apart from the question whether the preservation of my father's house in Moscow in 1812, or the glory of the Russian troops, or the weal of the Petersburg or any other university, or the freedom of Poland, or the might of Russia, or the balance of Europe, or a certain state of European enlightenment — progress — appear to me advantageous, I must acknowledge that the activity of every historical personage had, besides these ends and aims, still others, more universal and beyond my comprehension.

But let us grant that so-called science has the capacity of reconciling all contradictions, and has for all historical characters and events an invariable, absolute standard of right and wrong.

Let us grant that Alexander might have done everything in a different way. Let us grant that he might, according to the

* "War and Peace" was written between 1864 and 1869.

prescription of those who accuse him, those who profess to have a knowledge of the final causes of the movements of humanity, — that he might have acted in accordance with the program of nationality, liberty, equality, and progress, which his present-day accusers would have laid down for him. Let us grant that this program might have been possible and might have been laid down, and that Alexander might have acted in accordance with it. What, then, would have become of the activity of all those men who at that time were in opposition to the tendency of the administration? — of that activity which, according to the opinion of the historians, was good and profitable?

This activity would not have existed; there would have been no life; there would have been nothing.

If it is admitted that human life can be directed by reason, then the possibility of life is annihilated.

CHAPTER II.

If it is admitted, as the historians do, that great men lead humanity toward the attainment of certain ends, such as the greatness of Russia or France, or the balance of Europe, or the propagation of the ideas of the Revolution, or progress in general, or any other object, then it is impossible to explain the phenomena of history without the concept *chance* or *genius*.

If the object of the European wars at the beginning of the present century had been the greatness of Russia, this object might have been attained without the preliminary wars and without the invasion.

If the object had been the greatness of France, this object might have been attained without the Revolution and the empire.

If the end had been the propagation of ideas, the Press would have accomplished it far better than soldiers.

If the object had been the progress of civilization, it is perfectly easy to suppose that there are ways for the propagation of civilization more expedient than the destruction of men and their property.

Why did it happen this way and not that?

Simply because it happened so.

"*Chance* created the situation, *genius* profited by it," says history.

But what is chance, and what is genius ?

The words "chance" and "genius" represent nothing that actually exists, and therefore cannot be defined.

These words only indicate a certain degree of comprehension of phenomena.

I know not the cause of a certain phenomenon ; I believe that I cannot know it ; therefore I do not try to know it, and I say *chance*.

I see that a force has produced an action disproportionate to the ordinary human qualities : I cannot understand the cause of this force, and I cry *genius*.

To the flock of sheep, the sheep which is driven off every evening by the shepherd to a separate pen, and given extra food, and becomes twice as fat as the others, must seem to be a genius. The very fact that every evening this particular sheep, instead of going to the common fold, has a special pen and extra food, and that this sheep, this particular sheep, once fattened, is killed for mutton, doubtless impresses the other sheep as a remarkable combination of genius with a whole series of extraordinary chances.

But if the sheep will only stop thinking that everything that happens to them results solely for the attainment of their sheepish welfare ; if they grant that the events happening to them may have objects which they cannot comprehend, they will immediately perceive a unity and logic in what happened to the fattened sheep.

Even if they cannot know why it was fattened, they will, at least, know that nothing that happened to the sheep happened by chance, and they will not need either the concept of *chance* or the concept of *genius*.

Only when we rid ourselves of the idea of the proximate and visible object, the end of things, and recognize that the ultimate end is wholly unattainable to us, can we see a logical connection in the lives of historical personages ; there will be revealed to us the cause of that disproportion between the capacities of ordinary men and the deeds that they perform, and we shall not need the words *chance* and *genius*.

It is sufficient simply to admit that the object of the movements of European nations is unknown to us, and that we know only facts, such as the butcheries first in France, then in Italy, in Africa, in Prussia, in Austria, in Spain, in Russia, and that the movement from west to east and from east to west constituted the essence and object of events, and we shall not only no longer need to find *genius* or anything excep-

tional in the characters of Napoleon and of Alexander, but it will be impossible for us to imagine these personages as anything else than men like all other men, and we shall not only not need to explain on the score of *chance* the little events that made these personages what they were, but it will be evident to us that all these little events were necessary.

When we rid ourselves of the knowledge of the ultimate end, we clearly understand that, just as it is impossible to imagine on a given plant other flowers and other fruits than those which it produces, so is it impossible to imagine two other men with all that they did who would have been fitted to such a degree and in the smallest details to the mission which they were called upon to fulfil.

CHAPTER III.

THE fundamental, essential fact in European events at the beginning of the present century is the warlike movements of masses of the nations of Europe from west to east, and then from east to west.

The first sign of this movement was the movement from west to east.

In order that the nations of the west might push their warlike advance as far as Moscow, it was necessary :—

1. That they should be concentrated into a warlike mass of sufficient magnitude to endure conflict with the warlike mass of the east ;

2. That they should renounce all their long-founded traditions and habits ; and

3. That, when this warlike movement was accomplished, they should have at their head a man of their own sort, who could justify himself and them for the lies, the pillage, and the slaughter which accompanied this movement of theirs as an essential concomitant.

And, beginning back with the French Revolution, the primitive group, which is not large enough, disperses ; old habits and traditions come to naught ; little by little, a group of new precedents, new habits, and new traditions is formed, and the man who is to take his place at the head of the coming movement, and bear all the responsibility of the events to follow, is prepared for his mission.

A man without convictions, without habitudes, without traditions, without name, not even a Frenchman, — by what

seems strange chances, — glides through all the parties agitating France, and, taking part with none, is borne to his destined place.

The stupidity of his associates, the weakness and inanity of his rivals, his own frankness in lying, and his brilliant and self-confident mediocrity, place this man at the head of the army.

The excellent quality of the soldiers in his Italian army, the disinclination of the enemy to fight, his childish audacity and self-confidence, give him military glory.

An infinite number of so-called chances meet him everywhere.

The disfavor into which he falls with the authorities of the French serves to his advantage.

His attempts to change his predestined career are failures : he is not received into the Russian service, the appointment to Turkey is not given to him.

During the war in Italy, he several times comes to the very brink of destruction, and every time escapes in some unexpected way.

The Russian troops, the very ones who have the power to extinguish his glory, through various diplomatic combinations, do not enter Europe while he is there.

On his return from Italy, he finds the government at Paris in a state of decomposition so far advanced that the men forming it are inevitably doomed to ruin ; and an escape from this dangerous situation offers itself to him in the senseless, unreasonable expedition to Africa.

Again so-called chances accompany him. Impregnable Malta surrenders without the firing of a shot ; the most foolhardy plans are crowned with success.

The hostile fleet, which afterwards would not allow a single row-boat to pass, allows his army to pass !

In Africa, a whole series of atrocities are committed upon the almost unarmed inhabitants. And the men who unite with him in these atrocities, and especially their chief, persuade themselves that this is admirable, that this is glory, that this is like Caesar and Alexander of Macedon, and that this is great !

This ideal of *glory* and *greatness*, which consists in the thought that nothing is to be considered wicked, and that every crime is to be arrogated for pride and takes an inconceivable and supernatural significance, — this ideal, which is destined to be the guide of this man and of those allied with him, has full field for increase in Africa.

All that he undertakes prospers. The plague touches him not. The cruelty of the massacre of prisoners is not imputed to him as a crime.

His puerile, senseless, unreasonable, dishonorable departure from Africa, from his companions in distress, is accounted to him as meritorious, and again, the second time, the hostile fleet allows him to pass.

When, dazzled by the fortunate crimes committed by him, and ready to play his part, but without any definite object in view, he reaches Paris, the republican government, which a year before might still have put an end to him, has now attained the last degree of disintegration, and the fact that he, a man belonging to no party, is on hand, can only bring him to the supreme power.

He has no plan; he fears every one; but the parties hold out their hands to him, and beg his support.

He alone, with that ideal of glory and greatness built up in Italy and Egypt, with his idiotic self-adoration, with his audacity in crime, with his frankness in lying, — he alone is able to bring to realization the events which are about to take place.

He is the one needed for that place which is waiting for him, and therefore, almost independently of his own will, in spite of his irresolution, his lack of any determined plan, and all the blunders that he makes, he is drawn into a conspiracy the aim of which is the possession of power, and the conspiracy is crowned with success.

He is thrust into a session of the Directory. Alarmed, he wishes to escape, counting himself lost; he pretends that he is faint; he utters senseless things that ought by good rights to have been his destruction.

But the directors of France, once so bold and haughty, now feeling that their part is played, and being more confused than he is, say just the words that they should not have said to retain their power and overthrow him.

Chance, millions of *chances* give him power, and all men, as if in haste, agree to confirm this power.

Chance forms the character of the members of the Directors of France at that time subservient to him.

Chance forms the character of Paul I., who recognizes his power.

Chance forms against Napoleon a plot which, instead of being prejudicial to him, confirms his power.

Chance brings the Prince d'Enghien into his hands, and

unexpectedly compels him to assassinate him; this very act, more than any other, proving to the multitude that he had the right, since he had the might.

Chance brings it about that he gives all his powers to an expedition against England which would evidently have ruined him, and never carries out the plan, but falls unexpectedly upon Mack and the Austrians, who surrender without a battle.

Chance and *genius* give him the victory at Austerlitz, and, by *chance*, all men, not only the French but all Europe (with the exception of England, which takes no part in the events about to occur), — all men, in spite of their former horror and repulsion at his crimes, now recognize his power, his title, which he has given himself, and his ideal of glory and greatness, which seems to them all reasonable and beautiful.

As though practising and preparing for the future movement, the forces of the west several times push toward the east in 1805, 1806, 1807, and 1809, all the time strengthening and increasing.

In 1811 the group of men formed in France unites into an enormous group with the nations of Central Europe.

While this group of men goes on increasing, the man at the head of the movement finds his powers more and more developed.

During the ten years' preparatory period preceding this great movement, this man has been the leader of all the crowned heads of Europe. Dethroned rulers of the world have no reasonable ideal to oppose to the senseless Napoleonic ideal of *glory* and *greatness*. One after another they strive to show him their own insignificance.

The King of Prussia sends his wife to solicit the great man's favor; the Emperor of Austria considers it a favor if this man will take to his bed the daughter of the Kaisers; the pope, holy guardian of the nations, makes use of his religion to raise the great man higher.

Napoleon does not prepare himself for the fulfilment of his part so much as it is his whole environment, which makes him assume all the responsibility for what is taking place and for what is about to take place.

No act, no crime, no petty deception which he essays fails to be instantly hailed by those around him as some mighty deed.

The best entertainment for him which the Germans can think of is the celebration of Jena and Auerstädt.

Not alone is he great ; his ancestors, his brothers, his stepsons, his brothers-in-law are also great.

Everything conspires to take from him the last vestige of reason, and to make ready for his terrible career.

When he is ready, the forces are also ready.

The invasion rushes toward the east, reaches its final goal — Moscow.

The capital is taken. The Russian army is more completely shattered than ever were the hostile armies from Austerlitz to Wagram.

But suddenly, instead of the *chances* and strokes of *genius* which have borne him so steadily till now through an uninterrupted series of successes to the predestined end, appear an incalculable quantity of contrary *chances*, from the influenza at Borodino, to the frosts and the sparks that set fire to Moscow ; and instead of *genius* appear unexampled stupidity and baseness.

The invasion runs away, turns back, again runs away, and all the chances are now not in his favor but against him.

There occurs a counter-movement, from east to west, bearing a close resemblance to the preceding movement from west to east.

The same symptoms of the movement from east to west as occurred in 1805-1807, and 1809, precede the great movement: the same union into a group of colossal proportions ; in the same way the nations of Central Europe rally to this movement ; the same irresolution in the midst of the way, and the same velocity in proportion as the goal is approached.

Paris, the ultimate goal, is reached. The Napoleonic government and army are overthrown.

Napoleon himself no longer has any of his former significance, all his actions strike men as pitiable and disgusting : but once more an inexplicable chance supervenes ; the allies hate Napoleon, and see in him the cause of their misfortunes ; deprived of prestige and power, convicted of crimes and perfidy, he ought to have been regarded as he had been ten years before, and as he was a year later, as a bandit, outside of the law. But, by a strange chance, no one sees this.

His rôle is not yet finished.

The man who, ten years before and a year later, men held to be a bandit, outside the law, is sent two days' distance from France to an island, which is given to him as a domain, with a guard, and millions which are paid to him, for some reason !

CHAPTER IV.

THE movement of the nations begins to calm itself along the shores. The waves of the great uprising fall back, and on the tranquil sea are formed various eddies on which float diplomatists, imagining that they have brought about the cessation of the commotion.

But the tranquil sea suddenly rises again. The diplomatists imagine that their dissensions are the cause of the new storm; they anticipate another war among their sovereigns. The situation seems to them inexplicable.

But the wave the approach of which they feel comes not in the direction from which they expect it.

It is the uprising of the same wave from the same point of departure, Paris. The last recoil of the movement from the west takes place—a recoil which is destined to solve the diplomatic difficulties, which have seemed inexplicable, and to put an end to the warlike movement of that period.

The man who has devastated France returns to France alone, without the aid of a conspiracy, without soldiers. Any guardsman is at liberty to capture him, but, by a strange chance, not only does no one touch him, but all run with enthusiasm to meet this man whom they had cursed the day before, and whom they will curse a month later.

This man is still needed for the completion of the last act.

The act is ended.

The play is over. The actor is told to remove his costume, and wash off the antimony and the rouge.

He is no longer needed.

And several years pass while this man, in solitude on his island, plays by himself a miserable comedy, intrigues and lies, justifying his actions, when justification is no longer necessary, and shows to the whole world what it was that men took for a force when the invisible Hand made use of it.

The Manager, having ended the drama and unmasked the actor, exposes him to us.

"See in whom you have believed! Here he is. Do you see now that not he, but I, moved you?"

But, blinded by the violence of the movement, men long failed to understand this.

Still greater logical sequence and necessity can be seen in the life of Alexander I., that personage who was at the head of the counter-movement, from east to west.

What qualities should the man possess who should take precedence of others and be placed at the head of this movement from east to west ?

He must have the sense of justice, and take a sympathetic part in the affairs of Europe, one free from all petty interests.

He must have a loftier moral character than any of his contemporaries, the other sovereigns of his time. He must have a sweet and captivating personality. And he must have a personal grievance against Napoleon.

And all this is found in Alexander I. ; all this was produced by innumerable so-called chances throughout his past life: his education, his liberal beginnings, and the counsellors by whom he was surrounded, by Austerlitz and Tilsit and Erfurt.

Throughout the patriotic war, this personage is inactive, because he is not needed.

But, as soon as the necessity of a general European war becomes evident, this personage is found at the given moment in his place, and, rallying the nations of Europe, he leads them to their goal.

The goal is reached.

After the final war of 1815, Alexander finds himself at the highest pinnacle of human power.

What use does he make of this power ?

Alexander I., the pacificator of Europe, the man who from his youth had striven only for the welfare of his people, the first to introduce liberal innovations in his country, now, it seems, when he possesses unlimited power, and therefore the ability to bring about the welfare of his people at the very time that Napoleon, in exile, is making childish and fictitious plans how he would benefit humanity if he had the power, — Alexander I., who has fulfilled his mission, and feels the hand of God upon him, suddenly comes to a realizing sense of the nothingness of this presumable power, renounces it, and gives it into the hands of men whom he scorns and despises, and merely said, —

“Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy name !” I am a man like other men. Let me live like a man, and think of my soul and of God.”

As the sun and every atom of ether is a sphere perfect in itself, and at the same time only an atom in the mighty All inaccessible to man, so each individual has within himself his own objects, and at the same time serves the common object inaccessible to man.

The bee, poisoning on a flower, stings a child. And the child is afraid of bees, and declares that the object of the bee is to sting people.

The poet admires the bee sucking from the calyx of a flower, and declares to us that the object of bees is to absorb into itself the aroma of the flowers.

The bee-keeper, observing that the bee gathers pollen and brings it home to the hive, declares that the object of bees is the manufacture of honey.

Another bee-keeper, observing more closely the habits of the swarm, declares that the bee gathers pollen for the nourishment of the young bees and the exploitation of the queen, and that the object of the bee is the propagation of the species.

A botanist observes that the bee, in flying with the dust of a diceous flower to the pistils of another, fertilizes it; and the botanist sees in this the object of the bee.

Another, observing the transmigration of plants, sees that the bee assists in this transmigration; and this new observer may say that in this consists the object of the bee.

But the final object of the bee is not wholly included in the first or the second or the third of the objects which the human mind is able to discover.

The higher the human mind rises in its efforts to discover these objects, the more evident it is that the final object is inaccessible to man.

Man can only observe the correlation existing between the life of the bee and the other phenomena of life. The same is true in regard to the objects of historical personages and nations.

CHAPTER V.

NATASHA'S marriage to Bezukhoi, which took place in 1813, was the last happy event in the "old" family of the Rostofs. That same year Count Ilya Andreyevitch died, and, as always happens, his death brought about the end of the former family. The events of the preceding year, the conflagration of Moscow and the family's flight from the city, the death of Prince Andrei and Natasha's despair, Petya's death, the countess's grief, all taken together, blow upon blow, fell upon the old count's head.

It seemed as though he could not comprehend, and as though he realized that he had not the strength to comprehend, the

significance of all these events; he morally, as it were, bent his old head, as though expecting and inviting the new blows which would finish him.

He appeared sometimes frightened and abstracted, sometimes unnaturally excited and alert.

Natasha's marriage, for the time being, gave him something to think about outside of himself. He ordered dinners and suppers, and evidently tried to be cheerful; but his gayety was not contagious as of yore; on the contrary, it aroused compassion in people who knew and liked him.

After Pierre and his bride had taken their departure, he fell into a very feeble condition, and began to complain of not feeling well. In a few days he grew really ill and took to his bed. From the first days of his illness, in spite of the doctor's encouragement, he felt certain that he should not recover.

The countess, without undressing, spent a fortnight in her arm-chair by his bedside. Every time that she gave him his medicine, he would sob and silently kiss her hand. On the last day he wept and begged the forgiveness of his wife and his absent son for the dissipation of their property, the chief blame for which, he felt, rested on himself.

Having taken the last communion and final unction, he died peacefully, and on the following day a throng of acquaintances, who came to pay their duties to the late lamented, filled the Rostofs' lodgings. All these acquaintances, who had so many times dined and danced at his house, who had so many times made sport of him, now, with a unanimous feeling of inward reproach and emotion, said, as though justifying themselves before some one, —

"Yes, whatever may be said, he was, after all, one of the best of men. We don't often find such men these days. — And who has not his weaknesses?"

Just at the very time when the count's affairs had become so entangled that it was impossible to see what the end would be if they were allowed to go on for another year, he had unexpectedly died.

Nikolai was with the Russian troops in Paris, when the news of his father's death reached him. He immediately tendered his resignation, and, without waiting for it to be accepted, took a furlough and hastened to Moscow.

The state of the family finances within a month after the count's death, were perfectly scheduled, and surprised every one by the magnitude of the sum to which the various little debts amounted, the existence of which no one had even suspected.

The property would not half pay the debts.

Nikolai's relatives and friends advised him to renounce the inheritance. But Nikolai saw in this suggestion the implication of a reproach to his father's memory, which he held sacred, and therefore he refused to hear anything said about renouncing the inheritance, and accepted it with all the obligations to settle the debts.

The creditors, who had been so long silent, being kept good-natured during the count's lifetime by the vague but powerful influence which his easy-going generosity had exerted upon them, now all suddenly began to clamor for their debts to be paid. As always happens, there sprang up a regular competition as to who should be the first to be paid; and those very persons, like Mitenka and others, who held accommodation notes — gratuities often — now showed themselves as the most pressing of the creditors.

Nikolai was given no rest or respite; and those who apparently had had pity on the old man — the cause of their losses, if losses they were — were now pitiless toward the young heir, who was evidently innocent toward them, but had honorably assumed his father's debts.

Not one of the speculations which Nikolai tried to engineer was successful: the real estate was sold by auction, but did not bring half its value, and still half the debts remained unliquidated. Nikolai took thirty thousand rubles which his brother-in-law offered him to pay that portion of the debts which he considered most pressing. And in order that he might not be sent to jail for the remaining obligations, as the other creditors threatened, he again entered the service.

To return to the army where at the first vacancy he would be promoted as regimental commander, was now impossible, because his mother clung so to her only son as the last joy of her life; and therefore, in spite of his disinclination to remain in Moscow, in the circle of those who had always known him, notwithstanding his distaste for the civil service, he staid in Moscow and accepted a place in the civil section, and, giving up the uniform which he so loved, he settled down with his mother and Sonya in a modest apartment on the Sivtsevoi Vrazhek.

Natasha and Pierre were at this time living at Petersburg, and had not the least idea of Nikolai's position. Nikolai, who had already had some money from his brother-in-law, strove to hide from him his unhappy situation. His position was rendered peculiarly hard because, with his twelve hundred rubles salary, he was not only obliged to support himself,

Sonya, and his mother, but he was obliged to live in such a way that his mother would not suspect that they were poor. The countess could not conceive of any existence without those conditions of luxury to which she had been accustomed from childhood; and without a suspicion that it was hard for her son, she was continually requiring a carriage, though they had none, to send for a friend; or some rich delicacy for herself, or wine for her son, or money to send some gift for a surprise to Natasha, Sonya, or Nikolai himself.

Sonya had charge of the domestic arrangements, waited on her aunt, read aloud to her, endured her whims and her secret ill will, and aided Nikolai in hiding from the old countess the condition of poverty to which they were reduced.

Nikolai felt that he owed Sonya a heavier debt of gratitude than he could ever repay for all that she had done for his mother; he admired her patience and devotion, but he tried to avoid her.

In the depths of his heart, he, as it were, reproached her for her very perfection, and because there was nothing for which to reproach her. She had every quality which people prize; but still there was lacking the something which would have compelled him to love her. And he felt that the more he prized her, the less he loved her. He had taken her at her word when she wrote the letter releasing him from his promise, and now he treated her as though all that had taken place between them had been long, long forgotten, and could never by any chance return.

Nikolai's condition grew worse and worse. The idea of saving something from his salary became a dream with him. Instead of laying up anything, he was driven by his mother's constant demands upon him to incur petty debts. There seemed to be no way out of his difficulties.

The idea of making a wealthy marriage, such as had been proposed to him by his relatives, was repugnant to him. The only other escape from his situation — the death of his mother — never occurred to him. He had no wishes, and he had no hope, and in the deepest depths of his heart he experienced a stern and gloomy enjoyment in thus resignedly enduring his situation. He tried to avoid his old acquaintances, their condolence and humiliating offers of assistance; he avoided every sort of amusement and dissipation, and did not even do anything at home except play cards with his mother, or pace in gloomy silence up and down the room, smoking pipe after pipe.

He cherished, as it were, this gloomy state, in which alone he felt himself capable of enduring his position.

CHAPTER VI.

EARLY in the winter the Princess Mariya came to Moscow. From the current gossip of town she learned of the position of the Rostofs, and how "the son was sacrificing himself for his mother," for so it was said in the city.

"I should have expected nothing else from him," said the Princess Mariya to herself, feeling a joyful confirmation of her love for him.

When she remembered her relations of friendship, almost of kinship, to the whole family, she felt it her duty to go to see them. But when she remembered her relations to Nikolai at Voronezh she dreaded to do so. At length, several weeks after her return to the city, she made a powerful effort and went to the Rostofs'.

Nikolai was the first to meet her, for the reason that the countess's room could be reached only by passing through his. When he first caught sight of her, his face, instead of showing that joy which the princess had expected to see, assumed an expression cold, haughty, and repellent, which the princess had never before seen in it. Nikolai inquired after her health, conducted her to his mother, and, after remaining five minutes, left the room.

When the princess left the countess, Nikolai again met her, and with especial ceremony and reserve ushered her into the anteroom. He answered never a word to her remark about the countess's health.

"What have I to do with you? Leave me in peace," his look seemed to say.

"Now, what makes her come round? What does she want? I can't endure these fine ladies and all their inquisitive ways," he said aloud in Sonya's presence, evidently not able to restrain his annoyance after the princess's carriage had rolled away.

"Oh! how can you say so, Nicolas!" said Sonya, who could scarcely restrain her joy. "She is so good, and *maman* loves her so."

Nikolai made no answer, and would have preferred not to say anything more about the princess. But from that time forth the old countess kept talking about her a dozen times a day.

The countess praised her, insisted on her son going to return her call, expressed her anxiety to see her more frequently, but

at the same time, whenever she spoke of her, she always got out of sorts.

Nikolai tried to hold his tongue when his mother spoke of the princess; his silence annoyed his mother.

"She is a very worthy and lovely girl," she would say, "and you must go and call upon her. At all events, you will see somebody. It seems to me it must be tedious for you with us."

"I don't care to see anybody, mámenka!"

"A little while ago you wanted to see people, but now it's — 'I don't care to.' Truly, my dear boy, I don't understand you. You have been finding it tedious, but now suddenly you don't wish to see any one!"

"But I haven't said it was tedious to me."

"Did you not just say that you did not want to see her? She is a very worthy girl and you always liked her, but now you find some excuse or other. It's all a mystery to me!"

"Why, not at all, mámenka!"

"If I had asked you to do something disagreeable — but no, all I ask of you, is to go and return this call! It would seem as if politeness demanded it — I have asked you, and now I shall not interfere any more, since you have secrets from your mother."

"But I will go, if you wish it."

"It's all the same to me. I wish it for your sake."

Nikolai sighed, and, gnawing his mustache, proceeded to lay out the cards, trying to divert his mother's attention to something else.

On the next day, on the third, and on the fourth, the same conversation was renewed.

After her call upon the Rostofs and the unexpectedly cool reception which Nikolai had given her, the Princess Mariya confessed to herself that she had been right in not wishing to go to the Rostofs' first.

"I expected as much," said she to herself, calling her pride to her assistance. "I have nothing to do with him, and I only wanted to see the old lady, who has always been good to me, and who is bound to me by so many ties."

But she could not calm her agitation by these arguments; a feeling akin to remorse tormented her when she remembered her visit. Although she had firmly resolved not to go to the Rostofs' again, and to forget all about it, she could not help feeling that she was in a false position. And when she asked

herself what it was that tormented her, she had to confess that it was her relation to Rostof.

His cool, formal tone did not really express his feelings (she knew it), and this tone only covered something. She felt that it was necessary for her to discover this something. And until she did, she felt that it was impossible for her to be at peace.

One time in midwinter she was in the schoolroom, attending to her nephew's lessons, when Rostof's name was announced.

With a firm determination not to betray her secret and not to manifest her confusion, she summoned Mlle. Bourienne and went down with her into the drawing-room. At her first glance into Nikolai's face she perceived that he had come merely to fulfil the duty of politeness, and she firmly vowed that she would keep to the same tone in which he treated her.

They talked about the countess's health, about common acquaintances, and about the latest news of the war, and when the ten minutes demanded by etiquette had passed, at the end of which the caller can take his departure, Nikolai rose to say good-by.

The princess, with Mlle. Bourienne's aid, had sustained the conversation very well; but at the very last moment, just as he rose to his feet, she had grown so weary of talking about things that interested her not, and the thought why she alone had so little pleasure in life came over her so powerfully, that she fell into a fit of abstraction, and sat motionless with her radiant eyes looking straight ahead and not perceiving that he had arisen.

Nikolai glanced at her, and, feigning not to notice her abstraction, spoke a few words to Mlle. Bourienne, and again looked at the princess. She sat as before, motionless, and an expression of pain crossed her gentle face.

Suddenly he felt a sense of compassion for her, and a dim consciousness that he himself might be the cause of the sorrow which was expressed in her face. He was anxious to help her, to say something cheering to her; but he could not think what to say.

"Good-by, princess," said he.

She came to herself, flushed, and drew a long sigh.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said she, as though awakening from a dream. "Are you going already, count? Well, good-by.—Oh, but the pillow for the countess?"

"Wait, I will fetch it down to you," said Mlle. Bourienne, and left the room.

Both were silent, though they occasionally looked at each other.

"Yes, princess," said Nikolai at last, with a melancholy smile. "It does not seem very long ago, but how much has happened * since you and I met first at Bogucharovo. How unfortunate we all seemed then; but I would give a good deal for that time to return again — but what is past, is past."

The princess looked steadily into his face with her clear, radiant eyes, while he was saying this. She seemed to be striving to discover what secret significance his words had, that might interpret his sentiments towards her.

"Yes, yes," said she. "But you have nothing to regret in the past, count. When I think what your life is now, I am sure that you will always remember it with pleasure, because the self-sacrifice which at the present time you" —

"I cannot accept your words of praise," said he, hastily interrupting her. "On the contrary, I am constantly reproaching myself; but this is not at all an interesting or amusing subject of conversation."

And again his eyes assumed their former expression of reserve and coldness.

But the princess had once more seen in him that man whom she had known and loved, and she was now talking only with that man.

"I thought you would permit me to say this to you," said she. "You and I have been brought so near together, — and your family — and I thought that you would not consider my sympathy out of place; but I was mistaken," said she. Her voice suddenly trembled. "I do not know why," she continued, correcting herself, "you were so different before, and" —

"There are a thousand reasons *why*" — he laid a special stress on the word *why* — "I thank you, princess," said he gently. "Sometimes it is hard" —

"So that is the reason, then, that is the reason," said a voice in the Princess Mariya's heart. "No, it was not alone his merry, kind, and open eyes, not alone his handsome exterior, that I loved in him; I suspected his nobility, firmness, and sacrificing heart," said she to herself. "Yes, now he is poor, and I am rich. — Yes, that, then, was the sole reason. Yes, if it were not that" —

And, as she remembered his former gentleness, and looked now into his kind and melancholy face, she suddenly realized the reason of his coolness.

* Russian: "How much water has flowed."

"Why is it, count, why is it?" she suddenly almost screamed, and involuntarily came closer to him. "Why is it? tell me. You ought to tell me."

He was silent.

"I don't know, count, what your why is," she went on to say — "But it is hard for me too, for me — I confess it to you. For some reason you wish to deprive me of your old friendship. And this pains me."

The tears were in her eyes and in her voice.

"I have so little happiness in life that every loss is hard for me to bear. Excuse me — good-by."

She suddenly burst into tears, and started to leave the room.

"Princess! Wait! for God's sake!" he cried, trying to detain her. "Princess!"

She looked around. For several seconds they looked into each other's eyes, each in silence, and what had been distant and impossible, suddenly became near, possible, and inevitable.

CHAPTER VII.

In the autumn of the year 1813, Nikolai was married to the Princess Mariya, and went with his wife, his mother, and Sonya to live at Luisiya Gorui.

In the course of four years, without selling any of his wife's property, he settled the last of his debts, and, having inherited a small estate by the death of a cousin, he also paid back what he had borrowed of Pierre.

Three years later still, in 1820, Nikolai had so managed his pecuniary affairs that he had purchased a small estate adjoining Luisiya Gorui, and was in negotiations for repurchasing Otradnoye, which was one of his favorite dreams.

Having been forced by necessity to manage his own estate, he quickly grew so passionately interested in farming that it came to be his favorite and almost exclusive occupation.

Nikolai was a farmer of the simple old-fashioned school; * he liked not innovations, especially the English ones, which at that time were coming into vogue; laughed at theoretical works on farming, disliked machinery, expensive processes, the sowing of costly grains, and as a general thing had no

* *Prastoi khozyain*: simple proprietor, landowner, householder, etc.

patience with occupying himself with only one side of farming. He always kept before his eyes the idea of the estate as a whole, and favored no part of it to the exclusion of the rest.

The chief element of success in an estate was not the azote and the oxygen found in the soil and in the atmosphere, or any especial form of plough or manure, but rather the principal instrument by means of which the oxygen and the nitrogen and the manure and the plough act, — the muzhik — the working peasant.

When Nikolai took up the care of his estate and began to study the different parts of it, the muzhik especially attracted his attention. The muzhik seemed to him not only a tool and instrument, but the object and judge. From the very first he studied the muzhik, striving to comprehend what he wanted, what he considered good and bad, and only pretended to give orders and lay out work, while in reality he was learning of the peasants, both from their ways and their words, and their judgment as to what was good or bad.

And only when at last he learned to understand the tastes and aspirations of the muzhiks, learned to speak their speech, and comprehend the secret significance of their sayings, when he felt himself one with them, only then did he dare boldly to direct them, that is, to fulfil toward them the duties which were demanded of him.

And Nikolai's management* brought about the most brilliant results.

When he undertook the management of the estate, Nikolai at once unerringly, by some gift of second sight, appointed as burmistr, or village bailiff, or as stárosta, or as the peasant delegate, the very men who would have been chosen by the muzhiks themselves, if the choice had been in their hands, and his appointees were never changed.

Before he made investigations into the chemical properties of manures, before he entered into the question of "debit and credit," as he laughingly termed it, he learned about the number of cattle that the peasants had, and increased it by all the means in his power.

He tried to keep the families of the peasants as large as possible, not permitting them to break up.† He kept a strict

* *Khozyáistvo*.

† The communal system of Russia is patriarchal, the head of the family having control of all the sons and daughters, married and single, living under his roof.

oversight upon the lazy, the dissolute, and the feeble, and tried to rid the community of such. During seed-time and hay-making and harvest, he gave the same careful attention to his own fields and those of his muzhiks. And few proprietors got their seed in so early or averaged such good crops as Nikolai did.

He liked not to have anything to do with the *dvoróvnie* or domestic serfs, called them *drones*, and, as every one said, paid no heed to them, and thus spoiled them; when it was necessary to do anything, or make any disposition concerning a domestic serf, especially when it was necessary to punish one, he was always undecided, and had to ask the opinion of all in the house; only when it was possible to send a domestic serf as a soldier in place of a muzhik, he would do so without the slightest hesitation.

But in regard to all the dispositions which he had to make concerning the muzhiks, he never experienced the slightest hesitancy. He knew that any disposition that he might make concerning the muzhiks would be approved by all excepting perhaps one or a very few.

Likewise, he never allowed himself to overwork or punish a field hand out of any personal whim or caprice, or would he ease a man's labors or reward him simply because such a thing constituted his personal desire. He could not have said where he got his rule of what was wise and what was unwise; but this rule was firm and inflexible in his heart.

Yet often, in vexation at some failure or disorder, he would exclaim: "With this Russian people of ours!" and try to argue to his own satisfaction that he could not put up with the muzhik.

But with all the strength of his heart he loved "this Russian people of ours," and their ways, and this reason alone made him appreciate and adopt the only way and method of managing his estate which could bring him in good results.

The Countess Mariya was jealous of her husband because of this love of his, and regretted that she could not share in it; but she could not understand the joys and annoyances which, for him, constituted this world so foreign and apart from her own. She could not understand why he should be so peculiarly animated and happy, when, having arisen with the dawn and spent the whole morning in the field or the threshing-floor, he came back from the sowing, the mowing, or the harvest, to drink tea with her.

She could not understand what should so kindle his enthu-

siasm as he told of the wealthy and enterprising muzhik Matvyei Yermishin, who had spent the whole night with his family in carrying sheaves, and who had his corn-stacks all made up, while as yet the others had not touched theirs.

She could not understand why he was so glad, and smiled so radiantly, and winked, as he came from the window out upon the balcony, while the dense, warm rain fell upon the dry and thirsty young oats, or why, when during hay-making or harvest time the wind drove away the threatening clouds, he would come in from the threshing-floor flushed, sunburnt, and sweaty, and with the scent of wormwood and wild gentian in his hair, and, gayly rubbing his hands, exclaim. "Well, now, one more short day, and my grain and the peasants' will all be threshed."

Still less was she able to understand why he, with his kindness of heart, with his never-failing readiness to anticipate her desires, was almost in despair when she presented to him petitions from peasant women or muzhiks who had applied to her for relief from some drudgery or other, — why he, this good Nicolas, was so obstinate in refusing to do so, and begged her sternly not to interfere in what was not her business. She felt that he had a special world of his own which he passionately loved, and which was governed by laws she could not understand.

When, sometimes, in her endeavors to understand him, she would speak to him of the service he was rendering in doing so much good to his dependants, he lost his temper and replied: "Not in the least; it never entered my head, and I am not doing anything for their good. That is all poetry and old woman's tales, all this talk about kindness to one's neighbor. What I want is, that our children should not become beggars; what I want is, to get our property on a satisfactory basis while I am alive: that is all. And to do that, order is necessary, and so is sternness. That's all there is of it," said he, clinching his sanguine fist "—and justice," he added. "Because if the peasant is naked and hungry, and has only one little horse, then he will work neither for himself nor for me."

And there can be no doubt that for the very reason that Nikolai allowed himself not to think that he was doing anything for others, in the way of a benefactor, that all he did was so abundantly successful; his property quickly multiplied; neighboring muzhiks came to him and begged him to

buy them, and, long after he was dead and gone, a devout memory of his *régime* obtained among the peasantry.

"He was a manager.* He looked after his peasants' affairs first, and then his own. And he did not show too much indulgence either. In one word, he was a manager."

CHAPTER VIII.

ONE thing sometimes troubled Nikolai in relation to his administration of affairs, and this was his quick temper and a propensity, which was a relic of his old life as a hussar, to make use of his fists. At first, he saw nothing reprehensible in this; but in the second year of his married life his views in regard to this form of inflicting punishment underwent a sudden change.

One time during the summer the stárosta of Bogucharovo, the successor of Dron, who was now dead, was summoned over to Luisiya Gorui charged with various rascalities and villanies. Nikolai met him on the porch, and at his first reply the sounds of cries and blows rang through the vestibule.

On going into the house for breakfast, Nikolai joined his wife, who was sitting with her head bent low over her embroidery frame, and began to tell her, as his wont was, about all that occupied him that morning, and, among other things, about the stárosta of Bogucharovo. The Countess Mariya, turning red, then pale, and compressing her lips, sat with her head still bent, and made no reply to her husband's words.

"Such an impertinent scoundrel!" exclaimed he, growing hot at the mere recollection. "If he had only told me that he was drunk—I never saw—but what is the matter, Marie?" he suddenly asked.

The countess raised her head and tried to say something, but again hastily drooped her head, and compressed her lips.

"What is it? What is the matter, my darling?"

Plain as the Countess Mariya was, she always grew pretty when tears were in her eyes. She never wept because of pain or annoyance, but always from melancholy and pity. And when she wept her liquid eyes acquired an irresistible charm.

The moment Nikolai took her by the hand, she could no longer restrain herself, but burst into tears.

"Nicolas, I saw—he is at fault, but, oh, Nicolas, why did you?"—And she hid her face in her hands.

* *Khozyáin.*

Nikolai turned crimson, made no reply, and, turning away from her, began to pace up and down the room. He understood what made her weep; but suddenly he found that he could not agree with her in his heart, that what he had been used to looking upon since childhood as a customary thing was wrong.

"Is it her amiability and feminine weakness, or is she right?" he asked himself. Not being able to decide this question for himself, he once more looked into her suffering, loving face, and suddenly realized that she was right, and that he had been wrong even in his own eyes for a long time.

"Marie," said he gently, and he came to her, "this shall never happen again; I give you my word. Never!" he repeated, in a trembling voice like a lad asking forgiveness.

The tears rolled faster than ever from the countess's eyes. She took her husband's hand and kissed it.

"Nicolas, when did you break your cameo?" she asked, for the purpose of changing the conversation, and examining his hand, on which he wore a ring with a Laokoon's head.

"To-day; it's all the same story. Akh! Marie, don't speak of it again." He flushed once more. "I give thee my word of honor that this sha'n't happen again. And let this always be a reminder to me," he added, pointing to the broken ring.

From that time forth, when he had to enter into explanations with the stárostas or overseers, and the hot blood flew into his face, and he began to clinch his fists, Nikolai would turn the broken ring round on his finger and drop his eyes before the man who was angering him. However, once or twice a year, he would forget himself, and then, when he came into his wife's presence, he would confess, and again give his promise that it should be the last time.

"Marie, truly you will despise me," he would say to her. "I deserve it."

"You should go away, go away as fast as you can if you find that you have not the strength of mind to restrain yourself," said the Countess Mariya, in a tender voice, trying to console her husband.

Nikolai was respected but not liked among the gentry of the province. He did not care about the interests of the nobility. And on this account some considered him proud; others, stupid.

During the summer, he spent all his time in the management of his farms, from the hour that the seed was put in until the crops were garnered.

During the autumn, he gave himself up to hunting with the same practical seriousness which he showed in the care of his estates, and, for a month or two, he would ride out with the hounds.

During the winter, he rode off to visit his other villages, and occupied himself with reading. His reading consisted, principally, of historical works, for the purchase of which he spent a certain amount each year. He was forming for himself, as he said, a "serious library," and he made it a rule to read through every book which he purchased.

With a grave face, he would shut himself up in his library for this reading, which, at first, he imposed upon himself as a duty; but in time it came to be his ordinary occupation, furnishing him with a certain kind of satisfaction, and the consciousness that he was occupied with a serious task.

Except for the time that he spent out of doors, in the prosecution of his affairs, during the winter he was mostly in the house, entering into the domestic life of the family, and taking an interest in the little relations between the mother and children. He kept growing closer and closer to his wife, each day discovering in her new spiritual treasures.

Sonya, since the time of Nikolai's marriage, had been an inmate of his house. Some time before his marriage, Nikolai, laying all blame on himself, and praising her, had told the Princess Mariya what had occurred between him and Sonya. He had begged the Princess Mariya to be kind and good to his cousin. The Countess Mariya fully realized her husband's fault. She also felt that she was to blame toward Sonya; she realized that her own position had influenced Nikolai's choice, and she could not see that Sonya was in any way blameworthy, and she wanted to love her; but not only did she not love her, but often found bitter feelings against her arising in her soul, and she could not overcome them.

One time she was talking with her friend Natasha about Sonya and about her own injustice toward her.

"Do you know," said Natasha, — "you have read the New Testament a great deal, — there is one place that refers directly to Sonya."

"What is that?" asked the Countess Mariya, in amazement.

"*For unto every one that hath shall be given, but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.*" Do you remember? She is the one that hath not. Why, I do not know; it seems to me she has no selfishness about her. I don't know, somehow, but it is taken away from her — every-

thing has been taken away from her. I am terribly sorry for her sometimes; I used to be terribly anxious for Nicolas to marry her, but I always had a sort of presentiment that it would never be. She is a sterile flower; you have seen them in the strawberry patch, haven't you? Sometimes I am sorry for her, but then, again, I think that she doesn't feel it as we should."

And although the Countess Mariya explained to Natasha that these words from the Gospel must have a different meaning, still, as she looked at Sonya, she agreed with the explanation which Natasha gave to them.

It really seemed to her that Sonya was not troubled by her uncomfortable position, and was perfectly satisfied with her name of "sterile flower."

It seemed that she did not so much care for any special individual as for the family as a whole. Like a cat, she attached herself, not to the household so much as to the house itself. She took care of the old countess, she petted and spoiled the children, was always ready to show such little services as she could; but all this was accepted unwittingly, without any special sense of gratitude.

The establishment at Luisiya Gorui had now been restored to good order, but not on the same footing as it had been during the late prince's lifetime. The new buildings, begun during the hard times, were more than simple. The enormous mansion-house, erected on the original stone foundations, was of wood, merely plastered on the inside. The great, spacious mansion, with its unpainted deal floors, was furnished with the most simple and coarse sofas and easy-chairs, tables and chairs made from their own lumber by their own carpenters. The house was capacious, with rooms for the domestics, and special suites for guests.

The relatives of the Rostofs and Bolkonskys oftentimes came to visit at Luisiya Gorui with their families and almost a score of horses, with dozens of servants, and would spend months there. Moreover, three or four times a year, on the name-day or birthday festivals of the host and hostess, a hundred guests would be present at once for several days.

The rest of the year the regular life moved in its regular channels with the usual occupations — teas, breakfasts, dinners, suppers, supplied from the resources of the estate.

CHAPTER IX.

It was the eve of St. Nicholas Day, in the winter* — the seventeenth of December, 1820.

That year Natasha with her children and husband had come early in the autumn to visit her brother. Pierre was in Petersburg, where he had gone on private business for three or four weeks, as he said, but where he had already spent seven. They were expecting him at any moment.

On the seventeenth of December the Rostofs had, besides the Bezukhoi family, Nikolai's old friend, General Vasili Feodorovitch Denisof, who was now on the retired list.

On the eighteenth, the day of the name-day celebration for which the guests had assembled, Nikolai knew that he should have to take off his beshmet or Tatar blouse, put on his dress-coat and tight, narrow-toed shoes, and go to the new church which he had just built, and then receive congratulations and offer lunch, and talk about the elections and the crops; but he felt that on the eve of his name-day he had the right to spend his time in the usual way.

Just before dinner Nikolai had been verifying the accounts of the burmistr from the Riazan estate of his wife's nephew, had written two business letters, and had made the round of the granaries, the cattle-yard, and his stables. Having taken precautions against the general drunkenness which was to be expected on the morrow in consequence of it being a capital festival, he came in to dinner, and, without having had a chance for a few moments of private conversation with his wife, he took his seat at the long table set with twenty covers for his whole household.

At the table were his mother, the old Mrs. Byelova, who still lived with her, his wife, his three children, their governess, their tutor, his nephew with his tutor, Sonya, Denisof, Natasha, her three children, their governess, and the little old Mikhail Ivanitch, the prince's architect, who lived at Luisiya Gorui on a pension.

The Countess Mariya was sitting at the opposite end of the table. As soon as her husband took his place she knew by the gesture with which he took his napkin and quickly pushed

* *Nikóla zímnií* (as the peasants call it) comes Dec. 5, O. S., in contradistinction to *Nikóla lyétnií* or St. Nicholas Day in the summer, the 9th (21st) May.

away the tumbler and wine-glass that were set before him, that he was in bad humor, as was apt to be the case with him especially before soup, and when he came directly from his work to dinner.

The Countess Mariya knew perfectly well this disposition of his, and, when she herself was in her usual good spirits, she calmly waited until he should have finished his soup, and not till then would she begin to talk with him and make him realize that his ill-temper was groundless; but on the present occasion she had entirely forgotten this observation of hers; it hurt her to feel that he was angry with her without cause, and she felt that she was innocent.

She asked him where he had been.

He told her.

Then again she asked him if he found everything in good order. He scowled disagreeably at her unnatural tone, and answered hastily.

"So I was not mistaken," thought the Countess Mariya. "Now, why is he vexed with me?"

By the tone in which he answered her the Countess Mariya detected what she thought was ill will toward herself, and a wish to cut short the conversation. She realized that her own words had been unnatural, but she could not refrain from asking several other questions.

The conversation during dinner, thanks to Denisof, quickly became general and animated, and the Countess Mariya had no chance to say anything to her husband. When they left the table and went to thank the old countess, the Countess Mariya held out her hand and kissed her husband and asked him why he was vexed with her.

"You *always* have such strange ideas!—I had no thought of being vexed with you," said he. But this word *always* said with sufficient clearness to the Countess Mariya: "Yes, I am angry and I won't tell you."

Nikolai lived so harmoniously with his wife that even Sonya and the old countess, who out of jealousy might have been happy to see some discord between them, could not find any excuse for reproach; but still they had their moments of hostility. Sometimes, especially after their happiest times, they were suddenly assailed by the feeling of repulsion and animosity; this feeling was particularly liable to occur when the Countess Mariya was with child. She was now in this condition.

"Well, *messieurs et mesdames*," said Nikolai, in a loud and

apparently gay tone, — it seemed to the Countess Mariya that it was on purpose to hurt her feelings, — “I have been on my feet ever since six o’clock. To-morrow I shall have to endure a good deal, and now I’m going to rest.”

And, without saying anything more to the Countess Mariya, he went into the little divan-room and lay down on the sofa.

“That’s the way it always is,” thought the Countess Mariya. “He talks with all the rest, but not with me. I see, I see that I am antipathetic, especially when I am in this condition.”

She looked at her changed figure, and caught sight in the mirror of her yellowish pale, thin face, with her eyes more prominent than ever.

And everything seemed disagreeable to her: Denisof’s shouts and laughter, and Natasha’s talk, and especially the look which Sonya hastily threw after her.

Sonya was always the first pretext which the Countess Mariya took to excuse her irritation.

After sitting down for a little with her guests, and not comprehending a word of what they said, she softly got up and went to the nursery.

The children were on chairs, “going to Moscow,” and they begged her to join them. She sat down and played with them, but the thought of her husband and his causeless vexation tormented her without ceasing. She got up and went to the little divan-room, painfully trying to walk on her tiptoes.

“Perhaps he is not asleep; I will have a talk with him,” said she to herself.

Andryusha, her oldest boy, imitating her, followed her on his tiptoes. The Countess Mariya did not notice him.

“*Chère Marie, il dort, je crois ; il est si fatigué,*” said Sonya from the large divan-room; it seemed to the countess as if she met her everywhere! “Andryusha might wake him.”

The Countess Mariya looked round, saw Andryusha at her heels, and felt that Sonya was right: this very thing made her angry, and it was evidently with difficulty that she restrained herself from a sharp reply.

She said nothing, and, affecting not to have heard her, she made a gesture with her hand to Andryusha not to make a noise, but to follow her, and went to the door.

Sonya passed through another door.

From the room where Nikolai was sleeping could be heard his measured breathing, so well known to his wife, even to its slightest shadow of change.

As she listened to his breathing she could see before her his smooth, handsome brow, his mustache, his whole face, at which so often she had gazed in the silence of the night, while he was asleep.

Nikolai suddenly started and yawned. And at that same instant Andryusha cried from the door, —

"Pápenka, mámenka is there!"

The Countess Mariya grew pale with fright, and started to make signs to her son. He became still, and for an instant the silence, so terrible to the Countess Mariya, continued. She knew how Nikolai disliked being awakened.

Suddenly in the room were heard fresh yawns, rustling, and Nikolai's dissatisfied voice said, —

"Can't I have a moment's rest! Marie, is it you? What made you bring him here?"

"I only came to see if—I did not see him—forgive me"—

Nikolai coughed, and said nothing more. The Countess Mariya went away from the door, and led her son to the nursery.

Five minutes later, the little, dark-eyed, three-year-old Natasha, her father's favorite, learning that her pápenka was asleep and her mámenka in the divan-room, ran to her father unobserved by her mother. The dark-eyed little maid boldly pushed the door open with a slam, ran on her energetic little stumpy legs up to the sofa, and, after attentively looking at her father, who was lying with his back turned towards her, she raised herself on her tiptoes and kissed his hand, on which his head was resting. Nikolai, with a fond smile, turned over.

"Natasha! Natasha!" the Countess Mariya was heard saying in a terrified whisper outside the door, "pápenka wants to get a nap."

"No, mamma! he doesn't want a nap," replied the little Natasha, in a tone of settled conviction. "He's laughing."

Nikolai put down his feet, sat up, and took his daughter in his arms. "Come in, Masha," said he to his wife.

The Countess Mariya went in and sat down near her husband.

"I did not see that he was tagging behind me," said she timidly. "That's the way with me."

Nikolai, holding his daughter in one arm, looked at his wife, and, perceiving the apologetic expression in her face, he put his other arm around her and kissed her on the hair.

"May I kiss mamma?" he asked Natasha.

Natasha smiled shyly.

"Again!" said she, with an imperative gesture designating the spot where Nikolai should kiss his wife.

"I don't know why you should think that I am out of sorts," said Nikolai, answering the question which he knew was in his wife's heart.

"You cannot imagine how unhappy, — how lonely I am, when you are so! It seems to me all the time" —

"Marie, stop! What nonsense! Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" he asked gayly.

"It seems to me that you cannot love me, that I am so plain — always — but now — in this con" —

"Akh! how absurd you are! Beauty does not make sweetness, but sweetness makes beauty! It is only such women as the Malvinas who are loved for their beauty. Do I love my wife? I don't love her in that way — but I can't explain it. Without thee — or even if a cat should run between us, I should be quite lost and shouldn't know what to do. Well, then, do I love my little finger? I don't love it, but — just try it — cut it off" —

"No, I'm not like that, but I understand you. And so you are not vexed with me?"

"Oh, yes, I am — horribly vexed," said he, smiling; then getting up and smoothing his hair, he began to pace up and down the room. "You know what I was thinking about," he began, now that peace had been made, immediately beginning to think aloud in his wife's hearing. He did not ask whether she were ready to listen to him; it was all the same to him. If he had any thoughts she *must* have the same. And he told her his intention of inviting Pierre to remain with them till spring.

The Countess Mariya listened to him, made some observation, and began in her turn to think her thoughts aloud. Her thoughts were about her children.

"How the woman can be seen in her already!" said she in French, alluding to the little Natasha. "You accuse us women of being illogical. Well, there she is — she illustrates our logic. I say, 'Papa wants to get a nap,' but she says, 'No, he is laughing.' And she is right," said the Countess Mariya, with a happy smile.

"Yes, yes," and, taking his daughter by his strong hands, he lifted her up in the air, set her on his shoulder, holding her by the feet, and began to walk up and down the room with her. The faces of father and daughter alike expressed the most absurd happiness.

"But you are apt to be partial. You love this one more than the others," whispered the Countess Mariya in French.

"But how can I help it? I try not to show it."

At this instant sounds of slamming doors and steps were heard in the vestibule and anteroom, as though there was an arrival.

"Some one has come."

"I think it must be Pierre. I'll go and find out," said the Countess Mariya, and she left the room.

During her absence Nikolai permitted himself to give his little daughter a gallop around the room.

All out of breath, he quickly set down the laughing child and pressed her to his heart. His gambols reminded him of dancing, and, as he gazed into the little maid's round, radiant face, he thought of the future, when he should be a nice old man and lead her out and dance the mazurka with her, as his own father had once danced *Daniel Cooper* with his daughter.

"Yes, 'tis he, 'tis he, Nicolas," said the Countess Mariya, returning to the room after a few minutes. "Now our Natasha has got back her spirits. You ought to see how happy she is! and how he caught it for having staid so long! But come, let us go and see him, come! Do let him go," said she, looking with a smile at her daughter, who clung to her father.

Nikolai started off, holding the little girl by the hand.

The Countess Mariya remained in the divan-room.

"Never, never, would I believe that I could be so happy," she whispered to herself. Her face was radiant with a smile; but at the same time she sighed, and a gentle melancholy showed itself in her deep eyes. It was as though over and above that happiness which she now experienced there were another kind of happiness, unattainable in this life, and she at that moment involuntarily remembered it.

CHAPTER X.

NATASHA had been married in the early spring of 1813, and in 1820 she had already three daughters and one son—the child of her desires, whom she was now suckling.

She had grown plump and fleshy, so that it would have been difficult to recognize in the strong matron the slender, vivacious Natasha of yore. The features of her face had grown more marked, and bore an expression of sedate gentleness and serenity. Her face had lost all of that ever flashing light of

animation which had formerly constituted her chief charm. Now it was often merely her face and her bodily presence that was seen, without anything of the animating soul. It was only a healthy, handsome, fruitful female.

It was very rarely now that the old fire flashed forth. This happened at times when, as now, her husband returned from a journey, or when a child was recovering, or when she and the Countess Mariya talked over old memories of Prince Andrei (she never talked about him with her husband, imagining that he might be moved by some jealousy of such memories), and at the very rare times when something enticed her to sing, though, since her marriage, she had entirely abandoned this accomplishment. And at these rare moments, when the old fire flashed forth, she, with the beauty of her mature development, was even more fascinating than before.

Since the time of her marriage, Natasha and Pierre had lived off and on at Moscow, at Petersburg, and their Pod-Moskovnaya estate, and with her mother, or rather with Nikolai.

The young Countess Bezukhaya was seen little in fashionable society, and those who met her were not attracted by her. She was neither genial nor careful of pleasing. It was not that she liked solitude—she knew not whether she liked it or not, it even seemed to her that she did not—but while engaged in the bearing and nursing and rearing of children, and sharing in each moment of her husband's life, she could not satisfy these demands otherwise than by denying herself society.

All who had known Natasha before her marriage were amazed at the change that had taken place in her, as though it were something extraordinary. Only the old countess, who knew by her maternal insight that all Natasha's impulses of enthusiasm had their origin merely in the need of having a family, of having a husband, as she had cried more in earnest than in jest that winter at Otradnoye. The mother was amazed at the amazement of people who did not understand Natasha, and she insisted that she had always known that Natasha would be a model wife and mother.

"Only she carries her love for her husband and children to extremes," the countess would say, "so that it even seems stupid in her."

Natasha did not follow that golden rule preached by clever men, especially the French, to this effect, that when a young lady marries she must not neglect, must not abandon her talents, must even more zealously than when she was a girl cul-

tivate her personal adornment, must charm her husband as much after as she did before marriage.

Natasha, on the contrary, abandoned all at once all her accomplishments, even the one that was most of an accomplishment—her singing. She abandoned it for the very reason that it was an accomplishment.

Natasha took no pains either with her deportment or the elegance of her language, nor did she try to give herself graces before her husband, or think about her toilet, or dream of not imposing irksome exactions upon her husband.

She proceeded in direct opposition to this rule.

She felt that those witcheries which instinct had taught her to employ before would now be absurd in the eyes of her husband, to whom she had surrendered entirely from the first minute—that is, with her whole soul, not leaving one single corner secret from him. She felt that the bond between her and her husband was held not by those poetic feelings which had attracted him to her, but by something else, vague and undefined, but irresistible, like the union of her own soul and body.

To shake her curls, to put on *robrónni*,* and to sing romances in order to attract her husband to her, would have seemed to her as ridiculous as to adorn herself for the purpose of giving herself pleasure.

To adorn herself to please others, possibly, might have been pleasing to her—she knew not—but she never did such a thing. The chief reason that she did not indulge in singing or the witcheries of the toilet, or in using elegant language, was that she had absolutely no time to indulge herself in these things.

It is a fact that man has the capacity of completely immersing himself in any object, no matter how insignificant that object may be. And it is a fact that any such object, however insignificant, may expand into infinite proportions, through concentrating the attention upon it.

The object in which Natasha was absolutely absorbed was her family, that is to say, her husband, whom she had to hold so that he would cling to her and his home,—and her children, who had to be born, nursed, and reared.

And the more she studied, not with her intellect but with her whole soul, her whole being, into this object which absorbed her, the more this object waxed in her estimation, and the weaker and more insignificant seemed to her her own powers,

* French, *robe ronde*, a kind of dress, fashionable many years ago.

so that she concentrated them on one and the same thing, and still did not succeed in accomplishing what seemed to her so necessary.

The discussions and criticisms on the rights of women, on the relations of marriage, on the liberty and the rights of husband and wife, although at that period they had not yet begun to be called questions, were nevertheless just the same as they are at the present time; but not only did these questions not interest Natasha, but she really failed to understand them.

These questions, even then just the same as at the present time, existed only for those who looked for nothing but that sensual gratification in marriage which husband and wife afford each other: that is, merely the beginning of marriage, and not its whole significance — the family.

These arguments and the present-day questions are analogous to the question how can one get the most possible enjoyment from dinner? and at that time did not exist any more than they do now for men whose object in eating dinner is nourishment, and in marriage is raising a family.

If the object of eating dinner is the nourishment of the body, then the person who should eat two dinners at a sitting would perchance attain great enjoyment, but would not attain his object, since his stomach would not digest the two dinners.

If the object of marriage is a family, then the person who should wish many wives (or husbands) would perhaps get much enjoyment, but would not in any case be likely to have a family.

The whole question, provided the object of a dinner is nourishment, and the object of marriage is a family, is settled simply by not eating more than the stomach can digest, and by a person not having more husbands or wives than are necessary for a family; that is, one.

Natasha wanted a husband. The husband was given to her. And the husband gave her the family. And she not only saw no need of any better husband, but, since all the energies of her soul were directed toward serving her husband and family, she could not imagine, and saw no possible amusement in imagining, what would have been if things had been otherwise.

Natasha cared not for society in general, but she clung all the more to the society of her relatives — the Countess Mariya, her brother, her mother, and Sonya.

She took delight in the society of those whom she could run in to see, with unkempt hair, in her morning gown, right from the nursery, with happy face, to show them the yellow

instead of green stain on the baby linen, and to hear the comforting words that now the baby would soon be much better.

Natasha was so neglectful of herself that her dresses, her mode of doing up her hair, her carelessly spoken words, her jealousy, — she was jealous of Sonya, of the governess, of every woman, whether pretty or plain, — were a common subject for amusement for the whole family.

The general impression was that Pierre was “under his wife’s slipper,” as the saying goes, and this was really so.

During the very first days of her married life, Natasha laid down her demands. Pierre was greatly amazed at this idea of his wife’s, which was so absolutely new to him: she insisted that every minute of his life belonged to her and his children; Pierre was amazed at his wife’s demand, but he was flattered by it and submitted to it.

Pierre’s submission lay in his acceptance of the implied prohibition of not merely paying attentions to other women, but even of talking and laughing with them, of going to the club to dinner or for the purpose of merely passing away the time, of spending his money on whims, or taking long journeys except on business, — and in this category his wife included his interest in scientific pursuits, to which she attributed great importance, though she had no understanding of such things.

In return for this, Pierre had a perfect right to dispose of himself and his whole family as he might please: — Natasha, in her own home, placed herself on the footing of a slave toward her husband, and the whole house went on tiptoes when he was busy reading or writing in his library. Pierre had only to manifest any desire, and his wish would be instantly fulfilled. He had only to express a desire, and Natasha would make haste to have it carried out.

The whole house was conducted according to the husband’s supposititious commands, in other words in accordance with Pierre’s wishes, which Natasha tried to anticipate. The style, the place of living, their acquaintances, their intercourse with society, Natasha’s occupations, the education of their children, — everything was done not merely in accordance with Pierre’s expressed will, but Natasha strove to find out what would elicit hints of his ideas when he was talking. And she actually discovered what constituted the essence of Pierre’s desires, and when she thus did, she firmly clung to what she had once adopted. When Pierre himself showed

signs of changing his mind, she would turn his own weapons against him.

Thus, during the trying time, which Pierre never forgot, after the birth of their first child, which was ailing, and they were obliged three times to change wet nurses, and Natasha fell ill from anxiety, Pierre one time told her of the ideas of Rousseau, with whom he was always in perfect concord, as to the unnaturalness and harmfulness of wet nurses.

When the next child was born, Natasha, in spite of the opposition of her mother, the doctors, and her husband himself, who revolted against her suckling the child, as at that time something unheard-of and harmful, she insisted on doing so, and from that time forth she always nursed all her children.

Very often, in moments of irritation, it would happen that husband and wife would have animated discussions; but long after the quarrel was forgotten, Pierre would find, to his joy and amazement, not only in what his wife said but in what she did, his own ideas, against which she had rebelled. And not only would he find his own idea, but find it purified of everything superfluous that had been elicited by the excitement of the argument.

After seven years of married life, Pierre felt a joyous, settled consciousness that he was not a bad man, and this consciousness arose from the fact that he saw himself reflected in his wife. In himself he felt that all that was good and bad was mixed together and confused. But, in his wife, only that which was truly good found expression; all that was not absolutely good was purged away in her. And this reflection resulted not along the line of logical thought, but from another mysterious, proximate reflection.

CHAPTER XI.

PIERRE, two months before, while he was still visiting the Rostofs, received a letter from Prince Feodor, urging him to come to Petersburg to help decide some weighty questions that were agitating the members of a society of which Pierre was one of the most influential members.

On reading this letter, Natasha, — for she always read her husband's letters, — hard as it was for her to bear her husband's absence, herself was the first to urge him to go to Petersburg. Every intellectual, abstract interest of her hus-

band's she considered of immense importance, even though she did not understand it, and she was constantly afraid of being a hinderance to this activity of her husband's. In reply to Pierre's timid, questioning look, on reading this letter, she begged him to go, but to make the time of his return as definite as possible. And leave of absence of a month was given him.

After this leave of absence had expired, a fortnight before, Natasha found herself in a state of constant alarm, depression, and irritation.

Denisof, now a general on the retired list, and greatly dissatisfied with the actual state of affairs, had been visiting at the Rostofs' for the past fortnight, and looked upon Natasha in amazement and grief, as upon an unlike portrait of some once beloved face. Dejected, melancholy looks, haphazard replies, and perpetual talk about the children, were all that were left of his former enchantress.

Natasha was melancholy and irritable all the time, especially when her mother, her brother, Sonya, or the Countess Mariya tried to excuse Pierre, and find reasons for his delay.

"All nonsense, trivial nonsense," Natasha would say; "all these considerations of his, — leading to nothing, — and all these foolish societies," she would say, in regard to those very things of the immense importance of which she was firmly convinced. And off she would go to the nursery to nurse her only son, the little Petya.

No one could tell how consoling, how reasonable this little creature of only three months was when he lay at her breast, and she felt the motion of his mouth and the snuffling of his little nose. This being said to her: "Thou art cross, thou art jealous, thou desirest vengeance, thou hast thy fears; but here, — I am he! Oh, yes, I am he!" — And there was no answer to be made. It was more than the truth!

Natasha, during those two weeks of anxiety, went so many times to her baby for consolation, she made such a to-do over him, that she overfed him, and he had an ill turn. She was horror-struck at his illness, and at the same time it was the very thing that she needed. In caring for him, she more easily endured her husband's absence.

She was nursing him when a commotion, caused by Pierre's arrival, was heard; and the nyanya, who knew how much it would delight her mistress, came running in noiselessly but swiftly, with a beaming face.

"Has he come?" asked Natasha in a hurried whisper, afraid to move lest she should awaken the sleeping infant.

"He's come, *mátushka*!" whispered the nurse.

The blood rushed into Natasha's face and her feet made an involuntary movement, but it was impossible to jump up and run. The child again opened his eyes and looked up at her. "Art thou here?" he seemed to say, and again smacked his lips.

Cautiously withdrawing the breast, Natasha rocked him a little, and then handed him to the *nyanya* and ran swiftly to the door. But at the door she paused, as though her conscience reproached her for having, in her joy, too hastily given up the child, and she looked round. The *nyanya*, with her elbows in the air, was just putting the baby safely into its cradle.

"Yes, go right along, go right along, *mátushka*, have no fears, go right along," whispered the *nyanya*, smiling with the familiarity which always exists between nurse and mistress.

And Natasha with light steps ran to the anteroom.

Denisof, with his pipe, coming from the library into the hall, now for the first time recognized the Natasha of yore. A bright, gleaming light of joy poured forth in streams from her transfigured face.

"He's come!" she called to him as she flew along, and Denisof felt that he was enthusiastic over Pierre's arrival, though he had never had any great love for him.

As Natasha came running into the anteroom, she caught sight of the tall form in a *shuba*, untying his scarf.

"Here he is! Here he is! Truly, he is here!" she said to her own heart, and, flying up to him, she threw her arms around him, pressed him to herself with her head on his breast, and then, pushing him away, she gazed into Pierre's frost-covered, ruddy, happy face. — "Yes, here he is! happy and satisfied!" —

And suddenly she recalled all the torments of disappointed expectation which she had endured during the last two weeks; the radiance of joy beaming from her face was suddenly clouded; she frowned, and a stream of reproaches and bitter words was poured out upon Pierre.

"Yes, it's very fine for you; you are very glad, very happy! But how is it with me? You've had a great longing for your children! I nurse them, and the milk was spoilt because of you. — Petya almost died. And you are very gay — yes, you are very gay" —

Pierre knew that it was not his fault, because it was impossible for him to return sooner; he knew that this explosion of hers was unbecoming, and he knew that within two minutes it would be all over; he knew, chief of all, that he himself felt gay and happy. He would have preferred to smile, but he had no time to think about it. He put on a scared, timid face, and stooped down to her.

"It was not in my power—but how is Petya?"

"He is all right now! Let us go to him. But aren't you ashamed? Didn't you know how I missed you, how I was tormented without you?"—

"Are you well?"

"Come, let us go, come," said she, not letting go of his hand.

And they went to their rooms.

When Nikolai and his wife came to inquire after Pierre, he was in the nursery and was holding on the huge palm of his right hand his babe, now awake, and was tending him. A jolly smile hovered over his broad face with its toothless mouth. The storm had long since passed over, and the bright sun of joy shone in Natasha's face as she gazed tenderly at her husband and son.

"And so you talked everything over satisfactorily with Prince Feodor," Natasha was saying.

"Yes, admirably."

"Do you see, he's holding it up!"—Natasha meant the baby's head.—"Well, how he startled me!"

"And did you see the princess? Is it true that she's in love with that?"—

"Yes, you can imagine"—

At that instant, Nikolai and the Countess Mariya came in. Pierre, not putting down his little son, stooped down and kissed them and replied to their questions.

But evidently, notwithstanding the much that was interesting that they had to talk over, still the baby in its cap, with its vain efforts to hold up its head, absorbed all Pierre's attention.

"How sweet!" exclaimed the Countess Mariya, looking at the child and beginning to play with it. "There's one thing I can't understand, Nicolas," said she, turning to her husband, "and that is, why you can't appreciate the charm of these marvellous little creatures."

"I don't and I can't," said Nikolai, looking at the baby with indifferent eyes. "A lump of flesh. Come, Pierre."

"But really he is such an affectionate father," said the Countess Mariya, apologizing for her husband. "Only at that age, before they are a year old"—

"No, but Pierre makes a splendid nurse," said Natasha. "He says that his hand was made on purpose for a baby's back. Just look!"

"Well, not for that alone," said Pierre suddenly, with a laugh, and, seizing the baby, he handed him over to the nurse.

CHAPTER XII.

At the Luiso-Gorsky home, as in every genuine family, there lived together several absolutely distinct microcosms, which, while each preserved its own individuality and made mutual concessions, united into one harmonious whole.

Every event that happened to the household was alike glad or sad—alike important—for all these microcosms; but each one had its own personal, independent reasons for joy or sorrow at any particular event.

Thus, Pierre's coming was one of these happy, important events, and it affected the members of the household in somewhat this way:—

The servants (who are always the most reliable judges of their masters, because they judge not by words and the expressions of feelings, but by actions and the manner of life) were glad at Pierre's return, since they knew that when he was there, the count would cease to make the tour of the estate every day, and would be jollier and kinder, and still more because all would receive rich presents on the holidays.

The children and governesses were delighted at Pierre's return, because there was no one like Pierre to keep up the general life of any occasion. He alone was able to play on the harpsichord that Écossaise—his one piece!—at which they could dance, as he said, all possible dances, and then besides he would probably make them, too, holiday presents.

Nikólenka, who was now a thin, sickly, intellectual lad of fifteen, with curling flaxen hair and handsome eyes, was glad, because "Uncle Pierre," as he called him, was the object of his admiration and passionate love. No one had tried to instil in the lad a special love for Pierre, and he had only seen him a few times. His aunt and guardian, the Countess Mariya, exerted all her energies to make Nikólenka love her husband as she loved him; and Nikólenka did love his uncle,

but his love had an almost perceptible tinge of scorn in it. He worshipped Pierre. He had no desire to be a hussar or a cavalier of St. George; he preferred to be a learned, good, and intellectual man like Pierre. In Pierre's presence, his face always wore a look of radiant delight, and he flushed and choked when Pierre addressed him. He never lost a word that Pierre uttered; and afterwards, when with Dessalles or even alone by himself, he recalled and pondered over the meaning of every word.

Pierre's past life, his misfortunes before 1812 (concerning which he had formed a vague poetic idea from hints that had been dropped), his adventures in Moscow, his imprisonment, Platon Karatayef (of whom he had heard from Pierre), his love for Natasha (whom also the boy loved with a peculiar love), and, above all, his friendship for his father, whom Nikólenka did not remember,—all this made of Pierre a hero and a sacred being for the boy.

From snatches of conversation concerning his father and Natasha, from the emotion which Pierre always showed when he spoke of the lamented prince, from the guarded tone of veneration and affection with which Natasha spoke of him, the lad, who was only just beginning to have an idea of love, gathered that his father had loved Natasha, and in dying had bequeathed her to his friend.

This father of his, whom the lad did not remember, seemed to him a divinity whom it was impossible to picture to himself, and he never thought of him except with an oppression of the heart and with tears of tenderness and enthusiasm.

And this boy also was glad at Pierre's return.

The guests were glad, because Pierre was always a man full of life, and a bond of union in any sort of society.

The adult members of the household, to say nothing of his wife, were glad of a friend who made life easier and smoother.

The old women were glad, because of the presents which he brought, and principally because his coming gave Natasha new life.

Pierre felt the effect upon himself of these varying views of the varying microcosms, and hastened to give to each what each expected.

Pierre, the most abstracted, the most forgetful of men, now, by the advice of his wife, took a memorandum, and, without forgetting a single item, executed the commissions of her mother and brother, buying such things as the dress for Byelova and toys for his nephews.

When he was first married, this demand of his wife that he should do all her errands and not forget a single thing that he had undertaken to purchase seemed very strange to him, and he was greatly amazed at her grave displeasure when, on his first journey from home, he forgot absolutely everything. But afterwards he became used to it. Knowing that Natasha never ordered anything for herself, and ordered for the others only when he himself suggested it, he now took a boyish enjoyment, quite unexpected to himself, in these purchases of gifts for the whole household, and he never forgot anything any more. If he deserved reproaches from Natasha, it was solely because he bought needless and over-expensive gifts. In addition to her other deficiencies—as they seemed to the majority—her slackness and negligence—qualities, as they seemed in Pierre's eyes, Natasha had also that of excessive frugality.

From the time that Pierre began to live on a grand scale, and his family demanded large outlays, he noticed, much to his surprise, that he spent only half as much as before, and that his affairs, which had been in great confusion of late, especially through his wife's debts, were beginning to improve.

It was cheaper to live, because his life was tied down; since the most expensive luxury consists in a style of life that can at any minute be changed, Pierre no longer went into this extravagance, and had no longer any wish to do so. He felt that his style of life was determined now until death, that to change it was not in his power, and consequently this style of life was cheap.

Pierre, with a jovial, smiling face, unwrapped his purchases.

"How much do you suppose?" he asked, as, like a shop-keeper, he unwrapped a roll of cloth.

Natasha was sitting opposite him holding her oldest daughter on her lap, and swiftly turning her shining eyes from her husband to what he was exhibiting.

"Is that for Byelova? Splendid!" She examined the niceness of the material:—

"That cost about a ruble, didn't it?"

Pierre told her the price.

"Too dear," said Natasha. — "Well, how glad the children and *maman* will be. — Only 'twas of no use to buy that for me," she added, unable to restrain a smile, as she looked at a gold comb set with pearls, which were just then becoming fashionable.

"Adèle tried to dissuade me: I didn't know whether to buy it or not."

"When should I wear it?"

Natasha took it and put it in her braid. "And you brought this for Máshenka: perhaps they'll wear them again. Come, let us go."

And, having decided upon the disposition of the gifts, they went first to the nursery, and then to the countess's room.

The countess was sitting as usual with Byelova, playing *grand-patience*, when Pierre and Natasha, with their parcels under their arms, came into the drawing-room.

The countess was now sixty years old. She was perfectly gray, and wore a cap which framed her whole face in ruching. Her face was wrinkled, her upper lip sunken, and her eyes were dimmed.

After the loss of her son, followed so quickly by that of her husband, she felt herself unexpectedly forgotten in this world, — a being without aim or object. She ate, drank, slept, sat up, but she did not live. Life left no impression upon her.

She asked nothing from life except repose, and repose she could find only in death. But till death should come she had to live, that is, employ all her vitality. She exemplified in a high degree what is noticeable in very young children and very old people. Her life had no manifest outward aim, but was merely, so far as could be seen, occupied in exercising her own individual proclivities and peculiarities. She felt the necessity upon her to eat and drink, to sleep a little, to think a little, to talk, to shed a few tears, to do some work, to lose her temper occasionally, and so on, simply because she had a stomach, brains, muscles, nerves, and a liver.

All this she did, not because action was called forth by anything external, not as people in the full vigor of life do, when above and beyond the object for which they are striving is the unnoticeable object of putting forth their strength.

She talked, simply because she felt the physical necessity of exercising her lungs, her tongue. She wept like a child, because she had to blow her nose and the like. What for people in the full possession of their faculties was an object and aim, was evidently for her only an excuse.

Thus in the morning, especially if the evening before she had eaten anything greasy, she manifested a disposition to show temper, and then she would choose the handiest pretext,

Byelova's deafness. She would begin to say something in a low tone of voice from the other end of the room.

"It seems warmer to-day, my love," she would say in a whisper, and when Byelova would reply: "What, has he come?" she would grumble, —

"Oh, dear me, * how stupid and deaf!"

Another pretext was her snuff, which she complained of, as being now too dry, now too damp, now badly powdered.

After these displays of temper her face would show that there had been an effusion of bile, and her maids had infallible signs to know when it would be the deaf Byelova, and when it would be that the snuff was too damp, and when she would have a bilious countenance.

Just as it required some preparations for her bilious fits, so also she had to exert herself for her other peculiarities, — the pretext for thinking would be "patience."

When she had occasion to shed tears, then the pretext would be the late count.

When she wanted to be anxious, her pretext was Nikolai and his health.

When she wanted to speak sarcastically, then her pretext was the Countess Mariya.

When she wanted to exercise her voice, — this was generally about seven o'clock, after her *digesting nap*, in her darkened room, — then the pretext was forever the same old stories, which she would always tell to the same audience.

This state of second childhood was understood by all the household, though no one ever mentioned it, and all possible endeavors were made to gratify her desires. Only occasional glances, accompanied by a melancholy half-smile, exchanged between Nikolai and Pierre, Natasha and the Countess Mariya, would express the reciprocal comprehension of her state. But these glances also said something else: they declared that she had already played her part in life, that what was now to be seen in her was not wholly herself, that all would at last come to be the same, and that it was a pleasure to yield to her, to restrain ourselves for this poor creature who was once so dear, who was once as full of life as we ourselves.

Memento mori said these glances. Only the utterly depraved and foolish people and little children would fail to understand this, and find cause for shunning her.

* *Bózhe moi*.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHEN Pierre and his wife came into the drawing-room, the countess found herself, as usual, absorbed in what she considered the intellectual labor of working out her *grand-patience*, and therefore, according to her custom, she spoke the words which she was sure to speak on the return of Pierre or her son, namely, "Late, late, my dear; we have been expecting you. Well, thank the Lord;" and when she was given the presents, she said other perfunctory words: "Wasn't it too expensive a present for me, my dear boy? Thanks for remembering the old lady" —

But it was evident that Pierre's intrusion was distasteful to her at that moment because it distracted her attention from her unfinished game of *grand-patience*. She completed the laying out of the cards, and then only turned her attention to her gifts.

The gifts consisted of a beautifully carved card-casket, a bright blue Sevres cup with a cover and adorned with a pastoral scene, and, finally, a gold snuff-box with a portrait of the late count, which Pierre had commissioned a Petersburg miniaturist to paint (the countess had been long wishing for one).

She was not now in one of her tearful moods, and therefore she looked with indifference on the portrait, and took more interest in her card-casket. "Thank you, my dear; you have cheered me up," said she, just as she always said. "But, best of all, you have brought yourself back. But you can't imagine how naughty it was, you ought to give your wife a good scolding. Why! she was like a crazy person while you were away! She hadn't any eyes or any memory for anything!" said the countess in the usual strain. "Look, Anna Timofeyevna, see what a beautiful casket my dear son has brought to us."

Byelova lauded the gifts, and felt of the silk that was her gift.

Although Pierre, Natasha, Nikolai, the Countess Mariya, and Denisof were anxious to talk over many things that they were not in the habit of discussing in her presence, not because they wanted to keep anything from her, but because she was so out of the ordinary current of life that when any topic of conversation was brought up in her presence, it was always necessary to answer her questions, however untimely,

and repeat for her benefit what had already been many times repeated, — tell her who was dead, who was married, and other things that she could not seem to get through her mind, — they sat down as usual to tea in the drawing-room, around the samovár, and Pierre replied to all the countess's questions, which were wholly unnecessary to her, and uninteresting to every one else: as to whether Prince Vasili began to show his age, and whether the Countess Marya Alekseyevna sent any message to her, and the like.

Conversation of this sort, though interesting to no one, was unavoidable, and lasted all through their tea-time. All the adult members of the family were gathered for tea at the round table, over which Sonya presided.

The children, the tutors, and the governesses had already finished drinking their tea, and their voices were heard in the adjoining divan-room.

While the elders were at tea, all sat in their accustomed places: Nikolai near the stove, at the little stand, where they handed him his glass. The old *Borzaya Milka* — Milka the swift (daughter of Milka I.) — lay on the chair near him, with her perfectly gray face, from which occasionally bulged forth a pair of great black eyes. Denisof, with his curly hair, his mustaches, and side whiskers fast turning gray, sat next the Countess Mariya, with his general's coat unbuttoned. Pierre sat between his wife and the old countess. He was relating what, as he knew, would greatly interest the old lady and be comprehensible to her. He was telling her of the superficial events of the society and about those people who had once formed the circle of the old countess's intimate friends, who, in days gone by, had been an active, lively, distinct "coterie," but who now were, for the most part, scattered here and there, like herself waiting for the final summons, gathering the last gleanings of what they had sowed in life.

But these were the very ones, these contemporaries of hers, who seemed to the old countess the only important and actual world.

Natasha knew by Pierre's excitement that his journey had been interesting, that he had much that he wanted to talk about, but did not dare to mention in the old countess's presence.

Denisof, who had not been a member of the family long enough to understand the cause of Pierre's caution, and, moreover, because of his disaffection was greatly interested in what was going on in Petersburg, kept urging Pierre to tell about

the trouble in the Semyonovsky regiment, which had just then broken out, and about Arakcheyef, and about the Bible Society. Pierre was occasionally drawn away and would begin to tell about these things, but Nikolai and Nastasha would always bring him back to the health of Prince Ivan or the Countess Marya Antónovna.

"Now tell me, what is all this nonsense about Hosner and Tatarinof?" asked Denisof. "Is it going to last always?"

"Last always?" screamed Pierre, "it's worse than ever. The Bible Society has absorbed the whole government."

"What is that, *mon cher ami*?" asked the countess, who had finished drinking her tea, and was now evidently anxious to find some excuse for peevishness after her meal. "What is that you said about the government? I don't understand."

"Yes, you know, *maman*," put in Nikolai, who knew how to translate what was said into language suitable for his mother's comprehension, "Prince A. N. Golitsuin has started a society, and he is now a man of great influence, they say."

"Arakcheyef and Golitsuin," said Pierre, incautiously, "are now the real heads of the government. And what a government! They affect to see plots in everything; they are afraid of their own shadows."

"What! Prince Aleksandr Nikolayevitch* in any way blame-worthy! He is a very fine man. I met him once at Marya Antónovna's," said the countess in an offended tone, and she grew still more offended because no one made any further reply. She went on, "Nowadays, they're always criticising everybody. What harm is there in the Gospel Society?"

And she got up (all the rest also arose), and, with a stern face, sailed into the divan-room, to her own table.

Amid the gloomy silence that ensued could be heard the talking and laughter of the children in the adjoining room. Evidently there was some joyous excitement going on among the little ones.

"It's done! It's done!" rang out little Natasha's merry shriek above all the others.

Pierre exchanged glances with the Countess Mariya and Nikolai (his eyes were always on Natasha), and smiled gayly.

"That is wonderful music!" said he.

"Anna Makárovna must have finished a stocking," said the Countess Mariya.

"Oh, I'm going to see!" cried Pierre, jumping up. "You know," he added, as he paused by the door, "why I specially

* Golitsuin (Galitzin).

love that kind of music — they make me know for the first time that everything is well. To-day, on my way home, the nearer I come, the more afraid I am. As soon as I come into the anteroom, I hear little Andryusha's voice, and of course I know that all's well."

"I know, I know what that feeling is," attested Nikolai. "But I can't go with you, for you see those stockings are to be a surprise for me!"

Pierre joined the children, and the shouts and laughter grew still louder.

"Well, Anna Makárovna," Pierre's voice was heard saying, "now I'll stand in the middle here, and at the word — one, two — and when I say three, you come to me. Clap your hands! Now, then, one — two" — cried Pierre.

There was perfect silence. "Three!" and a rapturous shout of children's voices rang from the room. "Once more! once more!" cried the children.

There were two stockings which, by a secret which she kept to herself, Anna Makárovna had been knitting at the same time, and it was always her habit triumphantly to produce the one out of the other, in the children's presence, when the stockings were done.

CHAPTER XIV.

SHORTLY after this the children came in to say good-night. The children kissed all round, the tutors and governesses bowed and left the room. Dessalles and his charge were alone left. The tutor whispered to his charge to go downstairs.

"*Non, M. Dessalles, je demanderai à ma tante de rester,*" replied Nikólenka Bolkonsky, also in a whisper. — "*Ma tante, let me stay,*" pleaded Nikólenka, going to his aunt. His face was full of entreaty, excitement, and enthusiasm.

The Countess Mariya looked at him and turned to Pierre.

"When you are here, he cannot tear himself away," said she.

"*Je vous le ramènerai tout-à l'heure M. Dessalles ; bon soir,*" said Pierre, giving the Swiss gentleman his hand, and then, turning with a smile to Nikólenka, he said: "Really, we haven't had a chance to see each other. Marie, how much he is growing to resemble" — he added, turning to the Countess Mariya.

"My father?" asked the boy, flushing crimson, and surveying Pierre from head to foot with enraptured, gleaming eyes. Pierre nodded, and went on with his story, which had been interrupted by the children.

The Countess Mariya was working on her embroidery; Natasha, without dropping her eyes, gazed at her husband. Nikolai and Denisof had got up, asked for their pipes, were smoking, and getting an occasional cup of tea of Sonya, who was sitting downcast and in gloomy silence behind the samovar, and asked questions of Pierre.

The curly-headed, sickly lad, with gleaming eyes, sat unobserved by any one in the corner, and merely craned his slender neck from his turned-down collar, so as to look toward Pierre, occasionally starting, or whispering something to himself, and was evidently under the influence of some new and powerful emotion.

The conversation turned on the contemporary gossip about the higher members of the government, in which the majority of people usually find the chief interest in internal politics.

Denisof, who was dissatisfied with government on account of his lack of success in the service, was rejoiced to learn of the follies which, in his opinion, were being committed at that time at Petersburg, and his comments on Pierre's remarks were made in keen and forcible language.

"Once upon a time you had to be a German: now you must dance with Tatawinova and Madame Kwüdener, and wead Eckarsthausen and the like. Okh! if we could only set our bwave Bonaparte upon 'em! He would dwive the folly out of 'em! Now, I'd like to know what's the sense of giving the Semyonovsky wegiment to a man like Schwartz?" he cried.

Nikolai, though he had no wish at all to find fault with everything, as Denisof did, felt that it was thoroughly dignified and worth his while to make some criticisms on the government, and he felt that the fact that A. was appointed minister in this department, and that B. was appointed governor-general of this city, and that the sovereign said this or that, and this minister something else, and all these things, were very important. And he considered it necessary to take an interest in these things, and to question Pierre.

Owing to the questions of the two men the conversation did not get beyond that general character of gossip concerning the upper spheres of the administration.

But Natasha, who knew her husband's every habit and thought, saw that Pierre had been long futilely wishing to

lead the conversation into another path, so that he might speak his mind and tell why he had gone to Petersburg to consult with his new friend, Prince Feodor, and she tried to help him with a question:—

How had he got along with Prince Feodor?

"What is that?" asked Nikolai.

"Oh, it's all one and the same thing," said Pierre, glancing around him. "All see that affairs are so rotten that they cannot be allowed to remain so, and that it is the duty of all honorable men to oppose them to the best of their ability."

"What can honorable men do?" asked Nikolai, slightly contracting his brows. "What can be done?"

"This can"—

"Come into the library," suggested Nikolai.

Natasha, who had been for some time expecting to be called to nurse the baby, heard the nyanya's call, and went to the nursery. The Countess Mariya went with her.

The men went into the library; and Nikólenka Bolkonsky, unobserved by his uncle, went with them, and sat down in the shadow by the window, at the writing-table.

"Well, then, what are you going to do?" asked Denisof.

"Forever visionary!" exclaimed Nikolai.

"This is what," began Pierre, not sitting down, but striding through the room, occasionally pausing and making rapid motions with his hands while he spoke. "This is what:—the state of affairs in Petersburg is like this: the sovereign takes no part in anything. He is wholly given over to mysticism (Pierre could not pardon mysticism in any one now). All he asks for is to be left in peace, and this peace can be given him only by the men *sans foi ni loi*, who are perfectly unscrupulous in their rough and cruel treatment of every one: Magnitsky, Arakcheyef, *e tutti quanti*. You must admit that if you yourself were not busy with your management of the estate, but merely wanted comfort and peace, the more savage your bailiff was, the more quickly you would attain your aim," said he, addressing Nikolai.

"Well, now, why do you say that?" demanded Nikolai.

"Well, everything's going to pieces. Robbery in the courts: the army under the rod: discipline—transportation—torturing the people—civilization crushed. All the young men and the honorable are persecuted. All see that this cannot go on so. The strain is too great, and there must be a break," said Pierre (as men have always said about the deeds of any government, and will always say so long as governments shall last). "I told them one thing at Petersburg"—

"Told whom?" asked Denisof.

"Why, you know whom," exclaimed Pierre, giving him a significant look from under his brows. "Prince Feodor and all of them. To make rivals of enlightenment and charity is a fine thing, of course. The aim is admirable and all that, but something else is necessary in the present circumstances."

At this moment, Nikolai noticed that his nephew was present. His face became wrathful; he went over to him:—

"Why are you here?"

"Why, let him stay," said Pierre, taking Nikolai by the hand and proceeding:—"That's not all," said I to them, 'something else is necessary. While you stand and wait, this strained cord breaks; while we are all expecting some imminent change, we ought to be gathering closer together, and taking hold of hands, more and more of us, in order to prevent the general catastrophe. All that is young and vigorous is crowding here and becoming corrupt. One is seduced by women; another, by ambition and grandeur; a third, by vanity or money; and then they go over to the other camp. There are getting to be no independent, free men at all, like you and me. I say—widen the circle of the society: let the *mot d'ordre* be not merely virtue, but also independence and activity.'"

Nikolai, who had let his nephew remain, angrily moved his chair, sat down in it, and while he listened to Pierre he involuntarily coughed and scowled still more portentously.

"Yes, but what is to be the object of this activity?" he cried. "And what position do you hold toward the government?"

"What position? The position of helpers. The society might not remain a secret one if the government would give us its favor. It is not only not hostile to the government, but this society is composed of genuine conservatives. It is a society of gentlemen* in the full meaning of the word. We exist merely to prevent Pugachóf† from coming to cut the throats of my children and yours, and Arakeheyef from sending me to one of his military colonies; for this purpose we have banded together, with the single aim of the general welfare and the general safety."

"Yes, but a secret society must necessarily be harmful and prejudicial—is bound to produce nothing but evil."

* *Dzhentelmenof.*

† Emilian Pugachóf, a vagabond Cossack, during the reign of Catherine the Great, gave himself out for Peter III., and, after about a year of varying success, was captured and quartered in January, 1775.

"Why so? Did the *Tugendbund*, which saved Europe" (even then they dared not imagine that it was Russia that saved Europe), "did that produce anything harmful? *Tugendbund*—that means a society of the virtuous: it was love, mutual aid, it was what Christ promised on the cross."

Natasha, who had come into the room in the midst of the discussion, looked joyfully at her husband. It was not that she was pleased with what he said. It did not even interest her, because it seemed to her that it was all so perfectly simple, and that she had known it all long before—it seemed so to her because she knew so well the source from which it all came, from Pierre's mind—but she was pleased because she looked into his lively, enthusiastic face.

With still more joyful enthusiasm, the lad, who again had been forgotten by all, gazed at Pierre, craning his thin neck from his turned-down collar. Every word that Pierre spoke made his heart glow, and, with a nervous motion of his fingers, without knowing what he was doing, he broke the pens and pieces of sealing-wax on his uncle's table.

"But I beg of you not to think that the German *Tugendbund* and the one to which I belong are at all alike."

"Come, now, bwother, this *Tugendbund* is well enough for the sausage-eaters, but I don't understand it, and I don't say anything against it," cried Denisof, in his loud, decisive tones. "Everything's wotten, and going to wuin, I admit, but as for your *Tugendbund*, I know nothing about it, and I don't like it—give us a weal wevolt,* that's the talk! *Je suis vot'e homme.*"

Pierre smiled, Natasha laughed, but Nikolai still further knitted his brows and tried to prove to Pierre that there was no revolution to be apprehended, and that all the danger of which he spoke existed only in his imagination.

Pierre argued to the contrary; and as his powers of reasoning were stronger and better trained, Nikolai felt that he was driven into a corner. This still further incensed him, since, in the bottom of his heart, not through any process of reasoning, but by something more potent than logic, he knew the indubitable truth of his opinion.

"Well, this what I tell you," he cried, rising, and with nervous motions putting his pipe in the corner and finally throwing it down. "I can't prove it to you. You say that everything is all rotten, and that there will be a revolution: I

* A pun in the original: *bunt* (a revolt), from German *Bund*, and pronounced the same.

don't see it; but you say that an oath of secrecy is an essential condition, and in reply to this I tell you: You are my best friend, — you know it, — but if in founding a secret society you should undertake anything against the administration, whatever it was, — I know that it would be my duty to obey it. And if Arakcheyef should order me to go against you, instantly, and cut you down, I should not hesitate a second, but should start. So, then, decide as you please."

An awkward silence followed these words.

Natasha was the first to speak: she took her husband's side and opposed her brother. Her defence was weak and clumsy, but her object was attained. The discussion was renewed on a different topic, and no longer in that hostile tone with which Nikolai's last words had been spoken.

When all got up to take supper Nikólenka Bolkonsky went to Pierre with pale face, and gleaming, luminous eyes.

"Uncle Pierre — you — no — if my papa were alive he would agree with you, wouldn't he?" he asked.

Pierre suddenly realized what a peculiar, independent, complicated, and powerful work must have been operating in this lad's mind during this discussion; and when he recalled what had been said, he felt a sense of annoyance that the lad had listened to them. However, he had to answer him.

"I think so," said he reluctantly, and left the library.

The lad bent his head, and then for the first time seemed to realize what mischief he had been doing on the writing-table. He flushed, and went to Nikolai.

"Uncle, forgive me for what I have done. I did not mean to," said he, pointing to the broken pens and pieces of sealing-wax.

Nikolai gave an angry start.

"Fine work, fine work," said he, flinging the fragments of pens and wax under the table. And, evidently finding it hard to restrain the anger that overmastered him, he turned away.

"You ought never to have been here at all," said he.

CHAPTER XV.

At supper, the talk no longer turned on politics and secret societies, but, on the contrary, proved to be particularly interesting to Nikolai, owing to Denisof bringing it round to reminiscences of the war of 1812, and here Pierre was particularly genial and diverting. And the relatives parted for the night on the most friendly terms.

When, after supper, Nikolai, after having changed his clothes in his library and given orders to his overseer, who was waiting for him, returned in his khalat to his sleeping-room, he found his wife still at her desk: she was writing something.

"What are you writing, Marie?" asked Nikolai.

The Countess Mariya reddened. She feared that what she was writing would not be understood and approved by her husband. She would have preferred to conceal from him what she had been writing, but at the same time she was glad that he had found her and that she had to tell him.

"It is my diary, Nicolas," said she, — a bluish note-book written in a fair round hand.

"A journal!" exclaimed Nikolai, with just a shade of irony in his tone, and he took the note-book. It was written in French.

Dec. 16. To-day, Andryusha [her oldest son], when he woke up, did not wish to be dressed, and Mlle. Luisa sent for me. He was capricious and wilful, and when I tried to threaten him, he only grew the more obstinate and angry. Then I took him to my room, left him alone, and began to help the nurse get the rest of the children up, but I told him that I should not love him. He was silent for a long time, as though in amazement; then he jumped up, ran to me in nothing but his little night shirt, and sobbed so that it was long before I could pacify him. It was evident that he was more grieved because he had troubled me than by anything else! Then when I put him to bed this evening, and gave him his card, he again wept pitifully, and kissed me. You can do anything with him through his affections.

"What do you mean by 'his card'?" asked Nikolai.

"I have begun to give the older children cards in the evening, when they have been good."

Nikolai glanced into the luminous eyes that gazed at him, and continued to turn the leaves and read. In the diary was written everything concerning the children's lives that seemed important in the mother's eyes as expressing the character of the children, or that suggested thoughts concerning their education. These were, for the most part, the most insignificant trifles, but they seemed not such to the mother or the father when now, for the first time, he read this journal about his children.

The entry for the seventeenth of December was: —

Mitya played pranks at table: papa would not let pastry be given to him. It was not given to him, but he looked so eagerly and longingly at the others while they were eating! I think that it is a punishment not to let him have a taste of the sweets, — only increases his greediness. Must tell Nicolas.

Nikolai put down the book and looked at his wife. Her radiant eyes looked at him questioningly: did he approve, or disapprove, of the diary? There could be no doubt of his approval or of his admiration for his wife.

"Perhaps there was no need of doing it in such a pedantic manner, perhaps it was not necessary at all," thought Nikolai; but this unwearied, everlasting, sincere effort, the sole end and aim of which was the moral welfare of the children, roused his admiration. If Nikolai could have analyzed his feelings, he would have discovered that the chief basis of his firm, tender, and proud love for his wife was found in his amazement at her cordial sincerity and her spiritual nature, at that lofty moral world in which his wife always lived, but which was almost unattainable for him.

He was proud that she was so intelligent and so good, acknowledging his inferiority to her in the spiritual world, and rejoicing all the more that she in her soul not only belonged to him but formed a part of him.

"I approve and thoroughly approve, darling," said he, with a meaning look. And, after a little silence, he added: "I have behaved very scurvily to-day. You were not in the library. Pierre and I had a discussion, and I lost my temper. Yes, it's incredible. He's such a child. I don't know what would become of him if Natasha did not hold him in leading strings. Can you imagine why he went to Petersburg?—They have started there a"—

"Yes, I know," interrupted the Countess Mariya; "Natasha told me about it."

"Well, then, you must know," pursued Nikolai, growing hot at the mere memory of the quarrel, "he wanted to make me believe that it is the duty of every honorable man to go against the government, even though he has taken the oath of allegiance.—I am sorry that you were not there. But they were all against me,—Denisof and Natasha. Natasha is ludicrous. You know how she keeps him under her slipper, but when there is anything to be decided, she can't speak her own mind at all. She simply says what he says," added Nikolai, giving way to that vague tendency which men have to criticise their nearest and best friends. Nikolai forgot that, word for word, what he said about Natasha might be said about him and his wife.

"Yes, I have noticed it," said the Countess Mariya.

"When I told him that my duty and my oath of allegiance were above everything, he tried to prove Heaven knows what.

Pity that you weren't there, I should like to know what you would have said."

"In my opinion, you were perfectly right. I said so to Natasha. Pierre says that all are suffering, persecuted, corrupt, and that it is our duty to render help to our neighbors. Of course, he is right," said the Countess Mariya, "but he forgets that we have other obligations, nearer still, which God himself has imposed upon us, and that we may run risks for ourselves but not for our children."

"There, there, that is the very thing I told him," cried Nikolai, who actually thought that he had said that very thing. "But they made out that this was love to the neighbor, was Christianity, and all that, before Nikólenka, who stole into the library and broke up everything there was on my table."

"Akh! do you know, Nicolas, Nikólenka so often makes me anxious," said the Countess Mariya. "He is such an extraordinary boy. And I am afraid that I am too partial to my own children and neglect him. Our children have both father and mother, but he is absolutely alone in the world. He is always alone with his own thoughts."

"Well, now, it seems to me that you have nothing to reproach yourself with in regard to him. All the most affectionate mother could do for her son, you have done and are doing for him. And of course I am glad of it. He is a splendid, splendid boy. To-day, he listened to Pierre, and had no ears for anything else. And you can imagine: as we were going out to supper, I look, and lo! he has broken into flinders everything on my table, and he instantly told me. I never knew him to tell an untruth. Splendid, splendid boy," repeated Nikolai, who really, at heart, did not like the lad, though he always took pains to call him *slávnyi*, — splendid.

"Well, I am not like a mother to him," said the Countess Mariya; "I feel that I am not, and it troubles me. He's a wonderful lad, but I'm terribly anxious about him. More society would be a good thing for him."

"Well, it won't be long; this summer I'm going to take him to Petersburg," said Nikolai. "Yes, Pierre always was and always will be a dreamer, a visionary," he went on to say, returning to the discussion in the library, which had evidently greatly agitated him. "Now, what difference does it make to me that Arakcheyef is not good and all that? What difference did it make to me when I was married and had so many debts that I might have been put into the sponging-house, and

mother, who could not see it and understand? And then you and the children and my affairs? Is it for my own enjoyment that I spend the whole day from morning till night in attending to business and in the office? No, I know that it is my duty to work in order to soothe my mother's last days, to pay you back, and so as not to leave the children in such a condition of beggary as I was!"

The Countess Mariya wanted to tell him that not by bread alone is manhood nourished, that it was possible to set too great store in these affairs of his, but she knew that it would be unnecessary and unprofitable to say this.

She only took his hand and kissed it. He accepted this act of his wife's as approval and confirmation of his words, and, after some little time of silent meditation, he went on aloud with his thoughts.

"Do you know, Marie," said he, "Ilya Mitrofanuitch"—this was their man of business—"came to-day from our Tambof estate, and told me that they would give eighty thousand for the forest there."

And Nikolai, with animated face, began to speak about the possibilities of being very soon able to buy back Otradnoye. "If only I live ten years longer, I shall leave the children—in a splendid position."

The Countess Mariya listened to her husband and understood all that he said to her. She knew that when he thus thought aloud, he sometimes asked her what he had said, and was vexed to find that she had been thinking of something else. But she had to use great effort over herself, for she was not in the least interested in what he said.

She looked at him, and if she was not thinking of something else, she had other feelings. She felt an obstinate, tender love for this man, though he would never be able to understand what she understood, and, as it were, from this very reason she loved him all the more, with a touch of passionate affection.

Beside this feeling, which entirely absorbed her, and made her enter into all the details of her husband's plans, her mind was filled with ideas which had no connection with what he was talking about. She was thinking of her nephew—the story that her husband told of his excitement at Pierre's remarks had powerfully impressed her—and the various characteristics of his tender, sensitive nature arose to her mind, and the thought about her nephew made her think of her own children. She made no comparison between her nephew and

her own children, but she compared her respective feelings toward them, and found to her sorrow that there was something lacking in her feeling for Nikólenka.

Sometimes the thought came to her that this difference arose from the difference in their ages, but she felt that she was blameworthy toward him, and in her heart she vowed that she would do better and would make every effort: that is, that during her life she would love her husband and her children and Nikólenka and all her neighbors as Christ loved the human race.

The Countess Mariya's soul was always striving toward the Infinite, the Eternal, and the Absolute, and therefore she could never rest content. Her face always wore the stern expression of a soul kept on a high tension by suffering, and becoming a burden to the body.

Nikolai gazed at her.

"My God! what would become of us if she should die, as it sometimes seems must be when her face has that expression?" he said to himself, and, stopping in front of the holy pictures, he began to repeat his evening prayers.

CHAPTER XVI.

NATASHA and her husband, left alone, also talked as only wife and husband can talk, namely, with extraordinary clearness and swiftness, recognizing and communicating each other's thoughts, by a method contrary to all logic, without the aid of reasoning, syllogisms, and deductions, but with absolute freedom. Natasha had become so used to talking with this freedom with her husband that the surest sign, in her mind, that there was something wrong between her and him was for Pierre to give a logical turn to his arguments with her. When he began to bring proofs and to talk with calm deliberation, and when she, carried away by his example, began to do the same, she knew that they were surely on the verge of a quarrel.

From the moment that they were entirely alone, and Natasha with wide, happy eyes went quietly up to him, and suddenly, with a swift motion, taking his head between both her hands, pressed it to her breast, and said: "Now, thou art all mine, mine! Thou wilt not go!"—from that moment began that intimate dialogue, contrary to all the laws of logic,—contrary simply because the talk ran at one and the same time upon such absolutely different topics.

This simultaneous consideration of many things not only did not prevent their clearly understanding each other, but, on the contrary, was the surest sign that they understood each other.

As in a vision everything is illusory, absurd, and incoherent except the feeling which is the guide of the vision, so in this intercourse, so contrary to all the laws of logic, the phrases uttered were not logical and clear, while the feeling that guided them was.

Natasha told Pierre about her brother's mode of life, how she had suffered and found it impossible to live while he, her husband, was absent, and how she had grown fonder than ever of Marie, and how Marie was in every respect better than she was.

In saying this, Natasha was genuine in her acknowledgment that she saw Marie's superiority, but, at the same time, in saying this she claimed from Pierre that he should still prefer her to Marie and all other women, and now again, especially after he had been seeing many women in Petersburg, that he should assure her of this fact.

Pierre, in answering Natasha's words, told her how unendurable it was for him to go to dinners and parties with ladies.

"I had really forgotten how to talk with the ladies," said he. "It was simply a bore. Especially when I was so busy."

Natasha gazed steadily at him and went on:—

"Marie! she is so lovely!" said she. "How well she knows how to treat the children! It seems as though she only read their souls! Last evening, for example, little Mitenka began to be contrary"—

"But how like his father he is!" interrupted Pierre.

Natasha understood why he made this remark about the likeness between Mitenka and Nikolai: the remembrance of his discussion with his brother-in-law was disagreeable to him, and he wanted to hear her opinion in regard to it.

"Nikolenka has the weakness of not accepting anything unless it is received by every one. But I apprehend you set a special value upon it, *pour ouvrir une carrière*," said she, repeating words once spoken by Pierre.

"No, the main thing is, Nikolai looks upon thought and reasoning as amusement, almost as a waste of time," said Pierre. "Now he is collecting a library, and he has made a rule for himself never to buy a new book until he has read through what he has already bought—Sismondi and Rousseau

and Montesquieu," added Pierre with a smile. "Why, you know him as well as I do." He began to modify his words, but Natasha interrupted him, giving him to understand that this was unnecessary.

"So you think that he considers pure thought mere trifling?"—

"Yes, and for me everything else is mere trifling. All the time that I was in Petersburg it seemed to me as though I saw all men in a dream. When I am engaged in thinking, then everything else seems a sheer waste of time."

"Akh! what a pity that I did not see you greet the children! Which one do you love most of all?—Liza, I suspect."

"Yes," said Pierre, and he went on with what was engrossing his attention.—"Nikolai says that we have no business to think. Well, I can't help it. Not to mention that I felt in Petersburg—I can tell *you*—that if it were not for me, everything, all our scheme, would go to pieces, every one was pulling in his own direction. But I succeeded in uniting all parties, and, besides, my idea is so simple and clear. You see, I don't say that we ought to act in opposition to this one or that one. We may be deceived. But I say: Let those who love what is right join hands, and let our whole watchword be action and virtue. Prince Sergii is a splendid man and very intelligent."

Natasha had no doubt that Pierre's idea was grand, but one thing confused her. This was that he was her husband. "Can it be that a man so important, so necessary to the world, can at the same time be my husband! How did this ever come about?"

She wanted to express this doubt to him. "Whoever should pass judgment on this question, he would be so much more intelligent than them all, wouldn't he?" she asked herself, and in her imagination she reviewed the men who were very important to Pierre. None of all these men, judging by his own story, had such an important effect upon him as Platon Karatayef.

"Do you know what I was thinking about?" she asked.—"About Platon Karatayef! How about him? Would he approve, now?"

Pierre was not at all surprised at this question. He understood the trend of his wife's thoughts.

"Platon Karatayef?" he repeated and pondered, apparently honestly endeavoring to realize what Karatayef's opinion con-

cerning this matter would be. "He would not understand, but still I think he would approve — yes!"

"I love thee awfully!"* said Natasha suddenly. "Awfully! Awfully!"

"No, he would not approve," said Pierre after a little reconsideration. "What he would approve would be this domestic life of ours. He so liked to see beauty, happiness, repose, in everything, and I should be proud if I could show him ourselves. — Now you talk about parting! But you cannot understand what a strange feeling I have for you after being separated from you" —

"Why, — was it" — began Natasha.

"No, not that. I shall never cease to love thee. It would be impossible to love thee more; but this is peculiar. — Well, yes!" — But he did not finish his sentence, because their eyes met and said the rest.

"What nonsense," suddenly cried Natasha, "that the honeymoon and real happiness are only during the first part of the time! On the contrary, now is the best of all. If only you would never go away from me! Do you remember how we quarrelled? And it was always I who was at fault. Always I. But as to what we quarrelled about, I am sure I don't remember!"

"Always about one thing," said Pierre, smiling. "Jealo" —

"No, don't mention it, I can't endure it," cried Natasha, and a cold, cruel light flashed into her eyes. "Did you see her?" she added after a little silence.

"No, and if I had seen her I should not have recognized her."

They were both silent.

"Akh! do you know, when you were talking in the library, I was looking at you," pursued Natasha, evidently trying to drive away the cloud which had suddenly risen. "Well, you and our little lad are as alike as two drops of water." Our little lad — *málchik* — was what she called her son. "Akh! it is time for me to go to him — I'm sorry to have to go!"

They were silent for several seconds. Then suddenly they turned to each other, and each began to make some remark at the same instant.

Pierre began with self-confidence and impulsive warmth, Natasha with a quiet, blissful smile. Their words colliding, they both stopped to give each other the chance to speak.

* *Uzházno*: literally, horribly.

"No, what was it? tell me! tell me!"

"No, you tell me, — what I was going to say was only nonsense," said Natasha.

Pierre went on with what he had begun to say. It was a continuation of his self-congratulatory opinion concerning the success of his visit at Petersburg. It seemed to him at that moment that he was called to give a new direction to all Russian society and to the whole world.

"I was only going to say that all ideas which have portentous consequences are always simple. My whole idea consists in this: that if all vicious men are bound together and constitute a force, then all honorable men ought to do the same. How simple that is!"

"Yes."

"And what were you going to say?"

"Only a bit of nonsense!"

"No, tell me what it was!"

"Oh, nothing, a mere trifle!" said Natasha, beaming with a still more radiant smile. "I was only going to say something about Petya: — To-day the nurse was going to take him from me. He began to laugh, then scowled a little and clung to me — evidently he thought that he was going to play peek-a-boo — Awfully cunning. — There he is crying! Well, good-night!" and she left the room.

At the same time below in Nikólenka Bolkonsky's apartment, in his sleeping-room, the night-lamp was burning as always (the lad was afraid of the darkness and they could not break the lad of this fault — Dessalles was sleeping high on his four pillows, and his Roman nose gave forth the measured sounds of snoring).

Nikólenka, who had just awakened from a nap, in a cold perspiration, with wide-opened eyes sat up in bed and was looking straight ahead.

A strange dream had awakened him. In his dream he had seen himself and Pierre in helmets such as the men wore in his edition of Plutarch. He and his uncle Pierre were marching forward at the head of a tremendous army. This army was composed of white, slanting threads, filling the air, like the cobwebs which float in the autumn, and which Dessalles called *le fil de la Vierge* — the Virgin's thread.

Before them was glory, just exactly like these threads, only much stouter. They — he and Pierre — were borne on lightly and joyously, ever nearer and nearer to their goal. Suddenly

the threads which moved them began to slacken, to grow confused; it became trying. And his uncle Nikolai Ilyitch stood in front of them in a stern and threatening posture.

"What have you been doing?" he demanded, pointing to his broken sealing-wax and pens. "I loved you, but Arakcheyef has given me the order, and I shall kill the first who advances."

Nikólenka looked round at Pierre, but Pierre was no longer there. In place of Pierre was his own father, Prince Andrei, and his father had no shape or form; but there he was, and in looking at him Nikólenka felt the weakness of love; he felt himself without strength, without bones, — as it were, liquid. His father petted him and pitied him. But his uncle Nikolai Ilyitch came ever closer and closer to him. Horror seized Nikólenka and he awoke.

"Father," he thought. "Father!" (although there were in the house two excellent portraits, Nikólenka had never imagined Prince Andrei as existing in human form). "My father was with me and caressed me. He approved of me. He approved of Uncle Pierre. Whatever he says I will do. Mucius Scævola burnt his hand. But why should I not do as much in my life? I know they want me to study, and I will study. But when I am grown up then I will do it. I will only ask one thing of God: that I may have in me what the men in Plutarch had, and I will do likewise. I will do better. All will know me, all will love me, all will praise me." And suddenly Nikólenka felt the sobs fill his chest, and he burst into tears.

"*Etes-vous indisposé?*" asked Dessalles's voice.

"Non," replied Nikólenka, and he lay back on his pillow. "He is good and kind, I love him," said he of Dessalles, "but Uncle Pierre! Oh, what a wonderful man! But my father! my father! my father! Yes, I will do whatever he would approve."

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

THE object of history is the life of nations and of humanity. To grasp and express proximately in words—that is, to depict the life, not of humanity, but simply of a single people, is an impossibility.

All the historians of former times employed exactly the same way of grasping and describing the life of a nation. They described the actions of the individuals who ruled over a nation, and the actions of these individuals, they supposed, were an epitome of the activity of the nation.

To the questions, How could individuals make a whole nation act in accordance with their wills, and, How was the will of these men themselves controlled? the historians of old answered the first by proclaiming a divine will which subordinated nations to the will of a single chosen man; and the second question, by declaring that this divinity directed the will of the chosen man toward a predestined end.

For those of old times all such questions were answered by a belief in the immediate interference of the Divinity in human actions.

The new school of history has in theory abandoned both these positions.

It would seem that after having abandoned the old faith in the subordination of man to the Divinity, and in the doctrine of predestined ends to which nations are led, the New History ought to study, not the manifestations of power, but the causes which are the source of power.

But the New History has not done this.

After theoretically abandoning the views of the old school, it follows them in practice.

In place of men clothed with divine power and governed directly by the will of the Divinity, the New History represents either heroes endowed with extraordinary, superhuman qualities, or simply men of the most varied talent, from monarchs to journalists, directing the masses.

Instead of finding in the special, divinely pre-ordained motives of any nation — Jewish, Greek, or Roman — the motive for human action in general, as was the custom of the historians of old, the New History discovers its motives in the welfare of the French, the English, the Germans — and, in its loftiest abstraction, in the welfare of the civilized world and of the whole of humanity, by which is generally meant the nations occupying the little northwest corner of the continent.

Modern history has abandoned the old theories without establishing any new views in place of them, and the logic of their position has compelled the very historians who have rejected the hypothesis of the divine right of kings and the *Fatum* of the ancients to reach by a different route the same point: the assertion (1), that nations are guided by individuals, and (2), that there is a special object toward which the nations and humanity are moving.

In all the works of the most recent historians, from Gibbon to Buckle, notwithstanding their apparent disagreement and the apparent novelty of their views, at bottom lie these two old theories, from which they could not escape.

In the first place, the historians describe the actions of men who, in their opinion, have guided humanity. One counts as such only monarchs, generals, and statesmen; another, besides monarchs, takes orators, men of science, reformers, philosophers, and poets.

In the second place, the historians believe they know the end toward which humanity is guided: — to one, that end is the greatness of the Roman, the Spanish, or the French empires; to another it is liberty and equality, or the kind of civilization that obtains in the little corner of the globe called Europe.

In 1789 a fermentation begins at Paris; it grows, spreads, and results in a movement of peoples from west to east. Several times this movement is directed toward the east; it meets with a counter-movement from east to west.

In 1812 it reaches its final limit, Moscow, and with remarkable rhythmic symmetry occurs the counter-movement from east to west, which, like the former, carries with it the nations of Central Europe. This return movement reaches to the departing point of the preceding wave, Paris, and subsides.

During this twenty-years period a tremendous number of fields remain unploughed, houses are burned, trade changes its direction, millions of men are ruined, are enriched, emigrate, and millions of Christians who profess to obey the law of love to their neighbors kill one another.

What does all this mean? What is the cause of this? What forced these men to burn houses and kill their fellow-men? What were the reasons for these events? What force compelled men to act in this way?

Such are the ingenuous, involuntary, and most legitimate questions that humanity propounds to itself on meeting with the memorials and traditions of this movement in the past.

For a solution of these questions the common sense of humanity looks to the science of history, the aim of which is to teach the nations and humanity self-knowledge.

If history should assume the old point of view, it would reply, "The Divinity, as a reward or as a punishment of his people, gave power to Napoleon, and guided his will to the accomplishment of the divine purposes."

And this reply would be, at any rate, full and clear. One may or may not believe in the divine mission of Napoleon; for one who does believe in it everything in the history of that time would be intelligible, and there would be no contradiction.

But the New History cannot reply in this way. Science does not recognize the view of the ancients as to the direct interference of the Divinity in human actions, and consequently must give another reply.

The New History, in answering these questions, says,—
"You wish to know what the significance of this movement was, why it took place, and what forces produced these events? Listen:—

"Louis XIV. was a very proud and self-confident man; he had such and such mistresses, and such and such ministers, and he governed France badly.

"The successors of Louis XIV. were also weak men, and they also governed France badly, and they also had such and such favorites, and such and such mistresses.

"Moreover, at that time, certain men wrote certain books.

"Toward the end of the eighteenth century, there came together at Paris a score of men who began to declare that all men were free and equal. The result of this was that all over France men began to slaughter and ruin each other. These men killed the king and many others.

"At this same time there was a man of genius, named Napoleon. He was everywhere successful; that is to say, he killed many people, because he was a great genius.

"And he went off to kill the Africans (for some reason or other), and he killed them so well, and was so shrewd and

clever, that, when he came back to France, he ordered everybody to submit to him.

"And everybody submitted to him.

"Having made himself emperor, he again went off to kill the people in Italy, Austria, and Prussia.

"And there he killed many.

"But in Russia there was the Emperor Alexander, who determined to re-establish order in Europe, and, consequently, he waged war with Napoleon. But in 1807 they suddenly became friends, and in 1811 they quarrelled again, and again they killed many people; and Napoleon led six hundred thousand men into Russia, and conquered Moscow, but afterwards he suddenly fled from the city, and then the Emperor Alexander, by the advice of Stein and others, united Europe into a coalition against the disturber of the peace.

"All Napoleon's allies suddenly became his enemies, and this coalition marched against Napoleon, who had got together new forces.

"The allies defeated Napoleon; they entered Paris; they compelled the emperor to abdicate the throne, and sent him to the island of Elba, without depriving him of his dignities of emperor, or failing to show him all possible respect, although five years before and a year after that time all regarded him as a bandit outside of the law.

"Then Louis XVIII. began to reign, though up to that time the French, and also the allies, had only made sport of him.

"Napoleon, having shed tears in presence of his old guard, abdicated the throne and went into exile.

"Thereupon astute statesmen and diplomatists (especially Talleyrand, who managed to anticipate another in sitting down in a certain arm-chair, and thereby magnified the boundaries of France) held a discussion at Vienna, and by their discussions made nations happy or unhappy.

"Suddenly the diplomatists and monarchs almost quarrelled; they were about to set their armies to killing each other again, but, at this moment, Napoleon, with one battalion, came back to France, and the French, who hated him, immediately all submitted to him.

"But the allied monarchs were indignant at this, and once more set out to fight with the French.

"And they defeated and sent Napoleon, the genius, calling him a bandit, to the island of St. Helena.

"And there an exile, separated from those dear to his heart

and from his beloved France, he died a lingering death on the rock, and bequeathed his great deeds to posterity.

"Meanwhile, in Europe, a re-action was taking place, and all the sovereigns began once more to oppress their peoples."

Think not that this is a parody or caricature of historical writings. On the contrary, it is the mildest expression of the contradictory answers which fail to answer, and are given by *all* History, whether in the form of Memoirs and histories of various kingdoms, or Universal Histories, and the new kind, Histories of *Culture*, in vogue at the present time.

The strangeness and absurdity of these replies are due to the fact that the New History is like a deaf man who answers questions that no one has asked him.

If the object of history is to describe the movements of nations and of humanity, then for the first question, and the one which, if left unanswered, makes all the rest unintelligible, an answer will be as follows: —

"What force moves the nations?"

To this question the New History replies elaborately either that Napoleon was a great genius, or that Louis XIV. was very proud, or that such and such writers published such and such books.

All this may, perhaps, be very true, and humanity is ready to assent, but it did not ask about that.

All this might be interesting if we acknowledge the divine power, self-established, and always the same, which governs its nations by means of Napoleons, Louises, and the writers, but we do not recognize this power, and, therefore, before talking about Napoleons, Louises, and the writers, it is necessary to show the connecting link between these men and the movements of the nations.

If, in place of the divine power, a new force is to be substituted, then it is necessary to explain in what this new force consists, since it is precisely in this force that all the interest of history is concentrated.

History seems to take it for granted that this force is a matter of course, known to all. But, in spite of all desire to recognize this new force as known, he who studies very many of the historical writings will, involuntarily, come to doubt whether this new force, which is understood in so many different ways, is wholly clear to the historians themselves.

CHAPTER II.

WHAT force moves the nations?

Ordinary biographers and the historians of distinct nations understand this force as the power inherent in heroes and rulers. According to their writings, events take place exclusively in accordance with the wills of the Napoleons and the Alexanders, or, in general, of those individuals whom the private biographer describes.

The answers given by historians of this class to the question "What force moves events?" are satisfactory only so long as each event has but one historian. But so soon as historians of different nationalities and views begin to describe one and the same event, then the answers given by them immediately become nonsensical; since this force is understood by each one of them not merely in a different way, but often in an absolutely contradictory way.

One historian affirms that an event took place by means of the power of Napoleon; another affirms that it took place by means of the power of Alexander; according to a third, it took place by means of the power of some third person.

Moreover, the historians of this class contradict one another even in their explanations of that force whereon is based the power of one and the same man.

Thiers, a Bonapartist, declares that Napoleon's power was due to his virtue and genius. Lanfrey, a Republican, declares that it was due to his rascality and skill in deceiving the people.

Thus the historians of this class, by mutually destroying each other's position, in the same process destroy the conception of force producing the events, and give no answer to the essential question of history.

General historians, who treat of all nations, seem to recognize the fallacy of the views held by the special historians in regard to the force that produces the event. They will not admit that force to be a power inherent in heroes and rulers, but consider it to be the result of many forces variously applied.

In describing a war or the subjugation of a nation, the general historian seeks for the cause of the event, not in the power of any one individual, but in the mutual influence upon each other of many individuals who took part in the event.

According to this view, the power of historical personages who themselves represent the product of many forces, it would seem, cannot be regarded as the force which in itself produces the events.

And yet the general historians, in the majority of cases, make use of a concept of power as a force which in itself produces events and holds the relation to them of first cause.

According to their exposition, the historical personage is only the product of various forces; next, his power is a force producing the event.

Gervinus and Schlösser, for example, and others try to prove that Napoleon was the product of the Revolution, of the ideas of 1789, and so forth; and then they say up and down that the campaign of '12, and other events which they disapprove, were simply the results of Napoleon's misdirected will, and these very ideas of the year 1789 were hindered in their development in consequence of Napoleon's opposition.

The ideas of the Revolution, the general state of public opinion, brought about Napoleon's power, and at the same time Napoleon's power stifled the ideas of the Revolution and the general state of public opinion.

This strange contradiction is not accidental. It is not only arising at every step, but from a continuous series of such contradictions all the writings of general history are composed. This contradiction results from the fact that on getting into the region of analysis the general historians stop half-way on their route.

In order to find the component forces equal to the combination or the resultant, it is necessary that the sum of the factors should equal the resultant.

This condition is never observed by the general historian, and, therefore, in order to explain the resultant force, they are necessarily compelled to admit in addition to their inadequate components a still unexplained force, which acts supplementary to the resultant.

An ordinary historian describing the campaign of '13 or the restoration of the Bourbons says in so many words that these events were brought about by the will of Alexander.

But the general historian, Gervinus, refuting this view held by the ordinary historian, endeavors to prove that the campaign of '13 and the restoration of the Bourbons had for their causes, not alone the will of Alexander, but also the activity of Stein, Metternich, Madame de Staël, Talleyrand, Fichte, Châteaubriand, and others.

The historian evidently resolved Alexander's power into its factors: Talleyrand, Châteaubriand, and the like. The sum of these factors, that is the mutual influence of Châteaubriand, Talleyrand, Madame de Staël, and the others, evidently does not equal the whole resultant: in other words, the phenomenon that millions of the French submitted to the Bourbons.

From the fact that Châteaubriand, Madame de Staël, and others said such and such words to each other show merely their mutual relations, but not the submission of millions. And, therefore, in order to explain how from this fact of their mutual relations resulted the submission of millions, that is from factors equal to A alone comes a resultant equal to a thousand times A, the historian is inevitably bound to admit that same force of personal power, which he professes to reject, by calling it the resultant of forces; that is, he is bound to admit an unexplained force acting upon the factors.

This is the very way in which the general historians reason. And in consequence of this they contradict, not only the biographers, but themselves.

Inhabitants of the country districts judging by whether they wish rain or fine weather, and having no clear comprehension of the causes of rain, say, "The wind has scattered the clouds," or "The wind has brought the clouds."

In exactly the same way the general historians: sometimes, when they want a certain thing, when it fits in with their theory, they say that the power is the result of events; but at other times, when it is necessary to prove the opposite, they will say that the power produces the events.

A third class of historians, called the historians of *culture*, following on the track laid down for them by the general historians, recognizing sometimes writers and ladies as forces producing events, reckon this force in an entirely different way still. They see it in so-called culture, in intellectual activity.

The historians of culture are thoroughgoing partisans in relation to their kinsfolk, the general historians, since if historical events can be explained by the fact that certain men had such and such an effect upon one another, then why not explain them by the fact that certain men wrote certain books?

These historians, from the whole monstrous collection of manifestation accompanying every phenomenon of life, select the manifestation of intellectual activity and say that this manifestation is the cause!

But, notwithstanding all their endeavors to prove that the cause of the event lay in intellectual activity, it is only by great concessions that we can agree that there is anything in common between intellectual activity and the movements of the nations, but we cannot admit in any case that intellectual activity directs the activity of men, since such phenomena as the cruel massacres of the French Revolution, which were the outcome of the doctrine of the equality of men, and the wicked wars and reprisals, which were the outcome of the doctrine of love, do not support this proposition.

But even admitting that all the ingenious hypotheses with which these histories are filled are correct, admitting that the nations are led by some undetermined force which is called the *idea*, the essential question of history still remains unanswered, since to this original power of monarchs, and the influence of contemporaries and other individuals adduced by the general historians, we must add still this new force of the *idea*, the relation of which to the masses demands to be explained.

We may grant that Napoleon had power and therefore an event took place; with some concessions, we may moreover grant that Napoleon, together with other influences, was the cause of an event; but how the book *Contrat Social* influenced the French to destroy each other cannot be understood without an explanation of the connection between this new force and the event.

Undoubtedly, there exists a connection between all things existing at the same time, and therefore there is a possibility of finding some connection between the intellectual activity of men and their historical movements, just as this connection can be found between the movement of humanity and trade, handicrafts, horticulture, and what not.

But why the intellectual activity of men furnishes the historians of culture with the cause or the expression of every historical movement, it is hard to comprehend. Only the following reasoning can bring historians to such a conclusion:—

(1) That history is written by wise men, and it is natural and agreeable for them to think that the activity of their guild is the ruling element in the movement of all humanity, just as it is natural and agreeable for the merchant, the agriculturist, the soldier, to think the same. (This fails to find expression simply because merchants and soldiers do not write histories.)

And (2) that intellectual activity, enlightenment, civilization, culture, the idea, — all these things are indeterminate concepts under which it is very convenient to employ words still more vague and therefore easily adapted to any theory.

But, not to reckon the intrinsic value of this class of history (perhaps they may be useful for some people and for some purposes), the histories of culture, to which all general histories are beginning more and more to conform, are significant for this reason, that in developing seriously and in detail various religious, philosophical, and political doctrines, as the causes of the events, every time when it becomes necessary for them to describe some actual historical event, as, for example, the campaign of '12, they involuntarily describe it as the result of power, saying in so many words that this campaign was the result of Napoleon's will!

Speaking in this way, the historians of culture unwittingly contradict themselves, or prove that the new force which they have discovered does not explain historical events, but that the only means of understanding history is to admit that very same power which they affect to disclaim.

CHAPTER III.

A LOCOMOTIVE is in motion.

The question is asked, What makes it move?

The peasant answers, 'Tis the devil moves it.

Another says that the locomotive goes because the wheels are in motion.

A third affirms that the cause of the motion is to be found in the smoke that is borne away by the wind.

The peasant sticks to his opinion. In order to refute him, some one must prove to him that there is no devil, or another peasant must explain to him that it is not the devil, but a German, who makes the locomotive go.

Only then because of the contradictions will it be seen that they cannot both be right.

But the one who says that the cause is the movement of the wheels contradicts himself, since, if he enters into the region of analysis, he must go further and further: he must explain the cause of the motion of the wheels. And until he finds the ultimate cause of the motion of the locomotive in the power of compressed steam, he will not have the right to pause in his search for the cause.

The one who accounted for the motion of the locomotive by the smoke borne back had noticed that the explanation regarding the wheels did not furnish a satisfactory cause, and so seized upon the first manifestation that attracted his attention, and in his turn offered it as the cause.

The only conception capable of explaining the motion of the locomotive is that of a force equivalent to the observed movement.

The only conception capable of explaining the movement of nations is that of a force equal to the whole movement of the nations.

And yet the forces assumed by the different historians to satisfy this conception are perfectly different, and in every case are not equal to the movement under observation. Some see in it a force independently inherent in heroes, as the peasant sees a devil in the locomotive. Others see a force proceeding from certain other forces, like the motion of the wheels. A third class — an intellectual influence, like the smoke borne away.

So long as histories of individuals are written, — whether Cæsars and Alexanders, or Luthers and Voltaires, — and not the histories of *all*, without a single exception of *all* the men who took part in events, there is no possibility of describing the movements of humanity without the conception of a force which obliges men to direct their activity toward a common end.

And the only conception of this sort known to historians is Power.

This idea of Power is the only handle by means of which it is possible to manage the materials of history in the present state of the subject; and the one who should break this handle, as Buckle did, and not know any other way of dealing with historical material, would be deprived of his last chance of dealing with it.

The unavoidableness of the concept of Power in explaining historical events is shown better than any other way by the authors of universal histories and histories of civilization, who affect to renounce the idea of power, and yet, inevitably, at every step, make use of it.

Historical science, at the present time, in its relation to the questions of humanity, is like money in circulation, — bank notes and coin. Biographies and the ordinary histories of nations are like bank notes. They may pass and circulate, satisfying their denomination without injury to any one, and even be of service, so long as the question does not arise whether their value is assured.

If only we forget the question how the will of heroes brings about events, then the histories of the Thierses will be interesting, instructive, and, moreover, will have a touch of poetry.

But, just as doubt with regard to the actual value of bank notes arises either from the fact that since it is so easy to make them many of them are made, or because there is a general desire to exchange them for gold, in exactly the same way doubt concerning the actual significance of historical works of this sort arises from the fact that they are too numerous, or because some one, in the simplicity of his heart, asks: "By what force was Napoleon able to do this?" In other words, wishes to have his bank notes exchanged for the pure gold of the genuine concept.

General historians and the historians of culture are like men who, recognizing the inconvenience of assignats, should resolve, in place of paper, to make coin out of some metal that had not the density of gold. And their money would actually have the ring of metal, but that would be all.

Paper notes might deceive the ignorant, but coin which is spurious can deceive no one.

Now, as gold is only gold when it can be used, not merely for exchange, but in practical business, so universal histories will become gold only when they will be able to reply to the essential question of history: "What is power?"

Authors of universal histories contradict one another in their replies to this question, and historians of culture ignore it entirely and reply to something entirely different.

And as tokens resembling gold can only be used among men who agree to take them for gold or who know not the properties of gold, so the general historians and the historians of culture who do not respond to the essential questions of history have currency only at the universities and among the throng of readers who are fond of "serious books," as they call them.

CHAPTER IV.

HAVING renounced the views of the ancients as to the divinely ordained submission of the will of the people to the one chosen man, and the submission of this one will to the Divinity, history cannot take another step without being involved in contradictions unless it make choice between two

alternatives; either to return to the former belief in the immediate interference of the Divinity in human affairs, or definitely to explain the meaning of this force which produces historical events, and is known as Power.

To return to the first is impossible; the belief has been overthrown, and therefore it is necessary to explain the meaning of Power.

Napoleon gave orders to raise an army and go out to battle. This notion is so familiar to us, we have become to such a degree wonted to this view of things, that the question why six hundred thousand men should go to war because Napoleon said such and such words seems to us foolish. He had the power, and consequently his orders were obeyed.

This answer is perfectly satisfactory if we believe that the power was given to him by God. But, as soon as we deny it, we must decide what that power is that one man has over others.

That power cannot be the direct power of the physical superiority of a strong being over the weak, — a superiority based on the application or threatened application of physical force — like the power of Hercules. It cannot be founded either on the superiority of moral force, though certain historians, in the simplicity of their hearts, declare that historical actors are the heroes; that is, men gifted with peculiar force of soul and intellect, called genius.

This Power cannot be based upon the superiority of moral force, since, without speaking of heroes like Napoleon, concerning whose moral qualities opinions are completely at variance, history shows us that neither the Louis Xths, nor the Metternichs, who governed millions of men, had any special qualities of moral force, but, on the contrary, were, for the most part, morally weaker than any one of the millions of men whom they ruled.

If the source of Power lies in neither the physical nor the moral qualities of the individual exercising it, then evidently the source of this power must be found outside the individual, — in those relations between the masses governed and the individual possessing the Power.

In exactly this way, Power is understood by the science of Law, the self-same bank of exchange of history which promises to change the historical concepts of Power into pure gold.

Power is the accumulation of the wills of the masses, transferred avowedly or tacitly to the rulers chosen by the masses.

In the domain of the science of Law which is composed of

dissertations on the requisite methods of building up a State and Power, if it were possible to do all this, this explanation is all very clear; but in its application to history this definition of Power demands explanation.

The science of Law regards a State and Power as the ancients regarded fire, as something existing absolutely. For History the State and Power are only phenomena, just as in the same way as for the "Physics" of our day fire is not an element but a phenomenon.

From this fundamental divergence of view between History and the Science of Law, it follows that Science of Law can relate in detail how in its opinion it would be necessary to build up Power, and what Power is existing immovably outside of time; but to the historical questions about the significance of Power modified by time it can give no reply.

If Power is the accumulation of wills transferred to a ruler, then is Pugachóf the representative of the wills of the masses? If he is not, then why is Napoleon I. such a representative? Why was Napoleon III., when he was apprehended at Boulogne, a criminal, and why were those whom he afterwards apprehended criminals?

In palace revolutions, in which sometimes two or three men only take part, is the will of the masses also transferred to the new monarch?

In international relations, is the will of the masses of the people transferred to their conqueror?

In 1808 was the will of the Rhine Convention transferred to Napoleon?

Was the will of the Russian people transferred to Napoleon in 1809 when our troops, in alliance with the French, went to fight against Austria?

These questions may be answered in three ways:—

(1) By acknowledging that the will of the masses is always unconditionally handed over to this or that ruler whom they have chosen, and that consequently every outbreak of new power, every struggle against the Power once given over, must be regarded as an infringement of the real Power:

Or (2), by acknowledging that the will of the masses is transferred to the rulers conditionally, under known and definite conditions, and by showing that all assaults, collisions, and even the destruction of Power, proceed from non-fulfilment of the conditions under which the Power was given to them:

Or (3), by acknowledging that the will of the masses is transferred to the rulers conditionally, but under unknown and undefined conditions, and that the outbreak of many new Powers, their conflict and fall, arise only from the more or less complete fulfilment of those unknown conditions according to which the will of the masses was transferred from some individuals to others.

In these three ways the historians explain the relations of the masses to their rulers.

Some historians, not comprehending in the simplicity of their souls the question of the meaning of Power,—the same ordinary and “biographical historians” of whom mention has been made above,—seem to acknowledge that the accumulated will of the masses is transferred unconditionally to the historical personages, and therefore, in describing any Power whatever, these historians suppose that this self-same Power is the one absolute and genuine, and that any other force rising in opposition to this genuine Power is not a Power, but a breach of Power—violence!

Their theory, satisfactory for the primitive and simple periods of history, when it comes to be applied to the complicated and stormy periods in the life of the nations,—during which simultaneously various Powers rise up and struggle together,—has the disadvantage that the legitimist historian will try to prove that the Convention, the Directory, and Bonaparte were only infringements of Power, while the Republican and Bonapartist will try to prove, the one that the Convention, and the other that the Empire, was the genuine Power, and that all the rest were only infringements of Power.

Evidently since the explanations of Power given by these historians mutually contradict each other, they can prove satisfactory only for children of the tenderest growth!

A second class of historians, recognizing the fallacy of this view of history, says that Power is founded on the conditional transfer of the accumulated wills of the masses to the rulers, and that historical personages have the Power only on condition of carrying out the program which with tacit consent has been prescribed by the will of the nation. But what goes to make up this program, these historians fail to tell us, or, if they tell us, they constantly contradict one another.

To every historian, according to his view of what constitutes the object of the movement of the nations, this program presents itself in the grandeur, liberty, enlightenment, of the citizens of France or some other State.

But not to speak of the contradictions of the historians, or of what this program is, even granting the existence of one program common to all, still the facts of history almost universally contradict this theory.

If the conditions under which Power is granted consist in riches, liberty, the enlightenment of the nation, why, then, were the Louis XIVths and Ivan IVths* allowed to live to the end of their reigns, while the Louis XVIths and Charles Ists were put to death by their nations?

These historians answer this question by saying that the activity of Louis XIV., being contrary to the program, met with its punishment in the person of Louis XVI.

But why was the punishment not visited upon Louis XIV. and Louis XV.? Why should it have been visited especially upon Louis XVI.? And what is the length of time required for such a visitation?

To these questions there is and can be no answer. In the same way this view fails to explain the cause of the fact that the accumulated will of the people for several centuries is preserved by the rulers and their successors, and then suddenly, in the course of fifty years, is transferred to the Convention, to the Directory, to Napoleon, to Alexander, to Louis XVIII., to Napoleon again, to Charles X., to Louis Philippe, to the republican administration, to Napoleon III.

In their explanations of these rapidly occurring transfers of will from one individual to another, and especially in international relations, conquests, and treaties, these historians must, in spite of themselves, acknowledge that a part of these phenomena are not regular transfers of will, but accidental chances, dependent now upon cunning, now upon the mistakes or the deceitfulness or the weakness of diplomat or monarch or party director.

So that the greater part of the phenomena of history — civil wars, revolutions, conquests — appear to these historians certainly not as the products of the transfers of free wills, but as the products of the misdirected will of one man or several men, in other words, again infringements of Power.

And consequently historical events, even to historians of this class, appear as exceptions to the theory.

These historians are like a botanist who, observing that certain plants come from seeds with dicotyledonous leaves, should insist upon it that everything that grew must grow in this bifoliate form, and that the palm and the mushroom and

* Ioánn or Iván the Terrible, of Russia, reigned from 1546 till 1584.

even the oak, which develop to their full growth and have no more resemblance to the dicotyledons, are exceptions to their theory.

A third class of historians acknowledge that the will of the masses is conditionally transferred to the historical personages, but assert that these conditions are not known to us. They say that the historical characters possess the power simply because they have to fulfil the will of the masses, which has been transferred to them.

But in such a case, if the force that moves the nations is not inherent in the historical individuals, but in the nations themselves, then what constitutes the significance of these historical personages?

Historical personages, these historians say, are in themselves the expression of the will of the masses; the activity of the historical personages serves as the representative of the activity of the masses.

But in this case the question arises: Does all the activity of the historical characters serve as the expression of the will of the masses, or only a certain side of it?

If all the activity of historical personages serves as the expression of the will of the masses, as some think, then the biographies of the Napoleons, the Catherines, with all the details of court gossip, serve as the expression of the life of the nations, which is evidently absurd.

If only one side of the activity of the historical personage serves as the expression of the life of the nations, as is thought by other, so-called philosopher-historians, then in order to determine what side of the activity of the historical personage expresses the life of the nation, it is necessary first to determine what constitutes the life of the nation.

Having met with this difficulty, the historians of this sort have invented a most obscure, intangible, and general explanation, under which to bring the greatest possible quantity of events, and they say that this abstraction covers the object of the movements of humanity. The most ordinary abstractions which are selected by the historians, almost without exception, are: liberty, equality, enlightenment, progress, civilization, culture.

Having thus established as the object of the movement of humanity some abstraction or other, the historians study the men who have left behind them the greatest quantity of memorials — tsars, ministers, commanders, authors, reformers, popes, journalists, according as these personages, in their

judgment, have contributed to help or to oppose the given abstraction.

But since it has not been shown by any one that the object of humanity consisted in liberty, equality, enlightenment, or civilization, and as the connection of the masses with the rulers and propagators of enlightenment of humanity is based only on an arbitrary assumption, that the accumulation of the wills of the masses is always transferred to those individuals who are known to us, therefore the activity of millions of men, who are marching forth, burning houses, abandoning agriculture, exterminating each other, is never expressed in the description of the activity of a dozen men who have never burned houses, had nothing to do with agriculture, and did not kill their fellow-men.

History shows this at every step.

Can the fermentation of the nations of the west at the end of the last century, and their eager rush towards the east, be expressed in the activity of Louis XIV., Louis XV., or Louis XVI., or their mistresses, their ministers, or in the lives of Napoleon, Rousseau, Diderot, Beaumarchais, and the others?

Was the movement of the Russian people toward the east, to Kazan and Siberia, expressed in the details of the sickly character of Ivan IV. and his correspondence with Kurbsky?

Is the movement of the nations at the time of the crusades explained in the life and activity of the Godfreys and the St. Louises and their ladies? For us still incomprehensible remains what it was that moved the nations from west to east, without any object, without leadership,—a crowd of vagrants, with Peter the Hermit.

And still more incomprehensible remains the discontinuance of that movement at a time when the reasonable and holy object of the crusades—the liberation of Jerusalem—was so clearly set forth by the historical agents. Popes, kings, and knights incited the people to rally for the liberation of the Holy Land; but the people would not go, for the reason that the unknown cause which before had incited them to the movement was no longer in existence.

The history of the Godfreys and the Minnesingers evidently cannot in itself express the life of the nations. And the histories of the Godfreys and the Minnesingers remain the history of the Godfreys and the Minnesingers, while the history of the lives of the nations and their mainsprings of action remain unknown.

Still less is the life of the nations explained for us by the histories of authors and reformers.

The history of culture explains for us the awakening of the conditions of life and the thoughts of writers and reformers. We learn that Luther had an irascible nature and uttered such and such sayings; we learn that Rousseau was a sceptic and wrote such and such books, but we know not why, after the Reformation, men cut each other's throats, or why, at the time of the French Revolution, they put each other to death. If these two kinds of history are welded together, as some of the most recent historians have done, it will still be the histories of monarchs and writers, but not the history of the life of the nations.

CHAPTER V.

THE life of the nations cannot be summarized in the lives of a few men, for the bond connecting such persons with the nations has not been discovered. The theory that this bond of union is based upon the will of the masses transferred to historical personages is an hypothesis not confirmed by the experience of history.

The theory of the transference of the will of the masses to the historical personages, perhaps, explains many things in the domain of Law, and is very possibly essential for its objects, but in relation to history, as soon as revolutions, civil wars, conquests make their appearance, as soon as history begins, this theory no longer explains anything.

This theory seems to be irrefutable, simply because the act of transference of the will of the nation cannot be verified, since it never existed.

No matter what the event may be, or what personage may stand at the head of it, theory can always say that the personage in question was at the head of the affairs for the reason that the accumulated will of the masses was transferred to him.

The answers afforded by this theory to historical questions are like the answers of a man who, watching a herd of cattle moving about, and not taking into consideration the varying quality of the feed in different parts of the field or the whip of the drover, should attribute their movement in this or that direction to the animal at the head of the herd.

"The herd go in that direction because the animal at the

head leads them there, and the accumulated will of all the other animals is transferred to this leader of the herd."

Thus reply the first class of historians — those who believe in the unconditional transference of power.

"If the animals moving at the head of the herd change their direction, it is because the accumulated will of all the animals is transferred from one leader to another according as this or that animal conducts them in the direction chosen by the herd."

Thus reply the historians who hold that the accumulated will of the masses is transferred to rulers under certain conditions which they consider indeterminate. (In such a method of observation it would often come about that the observer, drawing his conclusions from the direction taken by the herd, would consider certain animals at the side or even at the rear as the leaders, owing to changes of direction taken wholly by chance !)

"If the animals at the head of the herd constantly change about, and if the course of the whole herd constantly varies, it is from the fact that, in order to attain the direction which we observed, the animals transfer their will to those other animals observed by us ; and, in order to study the movements of the herd, we must study all the animals under whose influence the herd is led from side to side."

Thus argue the historians of the third class, who believe that all historical personages, from monarchs to journalists, are the expressions of their own time.

The theory of the will of the masses being transferred to historical personages is merely a periphrase — only the question expressed in other words !

What is the cause of historical events ? Power.

What is power ?

Power is the accumulated wills of the masses transferred to a given personage.

Under what conditions are the wills of the masses transferred to a given personage ?

On condition that the personage expresses the will of the masses.

That is, Power is Power. That is, Power is a word, the meaning of which is incomprehensible to us.

If all human knowledge were comprehended within the domain of abstract reasoning, then humanity, having subjected to criticism the idea of Power which *science* gives, would come

to the conclusion that Power is only a word, and does not exist, in reality, at all.

For the knowledge of phenomena, however, man has besides abstract reasoning the tool of experience, by which he tests the results of reasoning. And experience declares that Power is not a mere word, but a thing actually existing.

Aside from the fact that without the concept of Power it is impossible to describe the united action of men, the existence of Power is proven, not only by history, but by the observation of contemporary events.

Always, when an historical event takes place, there appears one man or several men, in accordance with whose will the event apparently took place.

Napoleon III. gives his orders, and the French go to Mexico.

The King of Prussia and Bismarck give their orders, and the troops enter Bohemia.

Napoleon I. gives his orders, and the troops march into Russia.

Alexander I. gives his orders, and the French submit to the Bourbons.

Experience shows us that whatever event has come to pass is always connected with the will of one man or several men, who gave the commands.

Historians who, according to the old custom, recognize the participation of the Divinity in the affairs of humanity, try to find the cause of an event in the expression of the will of the individual who is clothed with the Power, but this conclusion is confirmed neither by reason nor by experience.

On the one hand, reason shows us that the expression of the will of a man—his words—is but a part of the general activity expressed in an event, for example, a war or a revolution; and, therefore, without the acknowledgment of the existence of an incomprehensible, supernatural force—a miracle—it is impossible to grant that mere words can be the proximate cause of the movement of millions of men; on the other hand, if we grant that words can be the cause of an event, then history proves that in many cases the expression of the will of historical personages has been productive of no effect whatever—that is, not only have their decrees been often disobeyed, but sometimes the exact opposite of what they ordered has been brought to pass.

Unless we grant that the Divinity participates in human affairs, we cannot regard Power as the cause of events.

Power, from the standpoint of experience, is merely the

relationship existing between the expressed will of the individual and the accomplishment of that will by other men.

To explain the conditions of this relationship, we must first of all establish the idea of the expression of will by referring it to man and not to the Divinity.

If the Divinity gives commands, expresses his will, as the history written by the ancients would have us believe, then the expression of this will is not dependent upon time, or conditioned by any determining cause, since the Divinity is wholly aloof from the event.

But when we speak of decrees as the expression of the will of men who, in their acts, are subject to time and dependent upon one another, in order to understand the connection between decrees and events, we must establish :—

1. The condition under which everything happens : continuity in time of action, both of the historical movement and the person who gives the command ; and

2. The condition of the inevitable connection between the personage who gives the command and the men who carry out his command.

CHAPTER VI.

ONLY the expression of the will of the Divinity, which is independent of time, can be related to the whole series of events extending over a few years or centuries, and only the Divinity, which is unconditioned by anything, can by its own will alone determine the direction of the movements of humanity ; man, however, acts in time, and himself participates in events.

Having established the first neglected condition—the condition of Time—we shall see that no command can be executed without the existence of some previous command, making the fulfilment of the latter possible.

A command is never a spontaneous utterance, and it never includes in itself a whole series of events ; but each command has its source in another, and is never related to a whole series of events, but only to the one moment of the event.

When we say, for instance, that Napoleon commanded his armies to go to war, we combine in one simultaneous expression, “command,” a series of consecutive orders, dependent one upon another.

Napoleon could never have decreed the campaign to Russia, and he never did decree it.

He gave orders one day to write such and such letters to Vienna, to Berlin, and to Petersburg; the next day certain decrees and "orders" to the army, the navy, and the commissariat department, and so on and so on,—millions of commands, forming a series of commands corresponding to a series of events, which brought the French army into Russia.

If Napoleon throughout the whole course of his reign continues to issue commands concerning the expedition against England, and if on no single one of his designs he wastes so much time and energy, and yet during the whole course of his reign not once attempts to carry out his intention, but makes the expedition to Russia, with which, as he expressed himself repeatedly, he considered it advantageous to be in alliance, then this results from the fact that the first orders do not correspond to any series of events, whereas the second do.

In order that a command should be genuinely carried out, it is necessary that a man should express an order that can be carried out. To know what can and what cannot be carried out is impossible, not merely in case of a Napoleonic expedition against Russia in which millions participate, but even in the simplest event: since for the accomplishment of the one or the other, millions of obstacles may be encountered.

For every command that is carried out, there are always enormous numbers that are not carried out.

All infeasible commands have no connection with the event, and are not carried out. Only those which are feasible become connected with consecutive series of commands accompanying whole series of events, and are carried out.

Our false conception that the command preceding the event is the cause of the event, arises from the fact that when an event has taken place, and only those out of a thousand commands which are connected with the event are carried out, we forget those which were not carried out because they could not be carried out.

Moreover, the chief source of our error in this way of thinking arises from the fact that in historical narratives a whole series of numberless, various, petty events, as, for example, what brought the French armies into Russia, are generalized into one event according to the result which proceeded from this series of events, and, corresponding with this generalization, the whole series of commands is also generalized into one expression of will.

We say: Napoleon wished and made an expedition against Russia.

In reality, we never find in all Napoleon's career anything like the expression of this will, but we find a series of commands or expressions of his will in the most varied and indeterminate sort of direction.

Out of the numberless series of Napoleonic decrees that were never executed proceeded a series of commands concerning the campaign of '12 that were executed, not because these commands were in any respect different from the other commands that were not executed, but because the series of these commands coincided with a series of events which brought the French army into Russia, — just as by a stencil this or that figure is designed, not because it makes any difference on what side or how the color is applied, but because the color was smeared over the whole side, including the figure that had been cut out of the stencil plate.

So that, by considering the relation of the commands to the events in time, we shall find that in no case can the command be the cause of the event, but that between the two exists a certain definite connection.

In order to comprehend what this connection is, it is necessary to establish a second neglected condition of every command that proceeds, not from the Divinity, but from a man; and this is the fact that the man who gives the command must himself be a participant in the event.

This relationship between the person giving the command and the one to whom the command is given is precisely that which is called Power.

This relationship consists in the following: —

In order to undertake action in common, men always form themselves into certain groups in which, notwithstanding the variety of the objects which impel them to united action, the relation between the men who participate in the action is always the same.

Having united into these groups, men always establish among themselves such a relationship that the greater number of the men take the greatest direct part, and the smaller number take the smallest direct part, in the mutual action for which they have united their forces.

Of all such groups into which men have ever joined themselves for the accomplishment of a common activity, the most definite and clearly defined is the army.

Every army is composed of the lower members, "the rank and file" in military parlance, the privates, who always form the majority; then of those who in military parlance hold higher

rank — corporals, non-commissioned officers, less in number than the first; then those still higher, the number of whom is still less, and so on up to the highest power of all, which is concentrated in a single individual.

The organization of an army may be expressed with perfect accuracy under the figure of a cone, in which the base, having the greatest diameter, is represented by the privates, the higher and smaller plane sections representing the higher ranks of the army, and so on up to the very top of the cone, the apex of which will be represented by the commander-in-chief.

The soldiers forming the majority constitute the lowest portion of the cone and its base. The soldier himself directly does the killing, burning, pillaging, and always receives commands from those who stand above him; he himself never gives commands.

The non-commissioned officer — the number of non-commissioned officers is still less — more seldom than the soldier takes part in these acts, but he gives commands.

The officer still more rarely takes part in the action himself, and gives orders still more frequently.

The general only commands the troops to march, and tells them where they are to go, but he almost never uses weapons.

The commander-in-chief never can take a direct part in the action itself, but merely issues general dispositions concerning the movements of the masses.

The same mutual relationship of individuals is to be noted in every union of men for common activity — in agriculture, trade, and in every other enterprise.

Thus, without elaborately carrying out all the complicated divisions of the cone and the grades of the army or of any calling and establishment of any kind whatever, or of any mutual business, from highest to lowest, the law everywhere holds by which men, for the accomplishment of mutual activities, join together in such a relationship that in proportion as they take a greater direct share in the actual work, and the more they are in numbers, the less they give orders, and in proportion as they take a less direct part in the work itself, the more they give orders, and the fewer they are; thus passing up from the lowest strata to the one man standing alone, taking the smallest possible part in the work, and more than all the others directing his activity to the giving of commands.

This relationship of the individuals who command to those who are commanded is the very essence of the concept which we call Power.

Having established the conditions in time under which all events are accomplished, we have found that the command is executed only when it bears some relation to the corresponding series of events.

Having established the inevitable condition of the connection between the commander and the commanded, we have found that by its very nature those who most issue the commands take the least part in the event itself, and that their activity is exclusively directed toward commanding.

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN any event whatever is taking place, men express their various opinions and wishes concerning the event, and, as the event proceeds from the united action of many men, some one of the expressed opinions or wishes is sure to be executed, even though it may be approximately.

When one of the opinions expressed is fulfilled, this opinion seems to be connected with the event as a command preceding it.

Men are dragging along a beam. Each expresses his opinions as to how and where it should be dragged. They drag the beam to its destination, and it is shown that it has been done in accordance with what one of them said.

He gave the command.

Here the command and the power are seen in their primitive form.

The man who labored hardest with his arms could not so well think what he was doing, or be able to consider what would be the result of the common activity, or to command.

The one who gave the most commands could, by reason of his activity with his words, evidently do less with his arms.

In a large concourse of men who are directing their activity to one end, still more sharply defined is the class of those who, in proportion as they take a less active part in the general business, direct their activity all the more toward giving commands.

A man, when he acts alone, always carries with him a certain series of considerations which seem to him to have guided his past activity, and serve to facilitate his activity at the moment, and to assist him in his plans for his future enterprises.

In exactly the same way assemblages of men act, leaving those who take no part in the actual work to do their thinking

for them, and to justify their operations, and to make their plans for their future activity.

For reasons known or unknown to us, the French suddenly begin to ruin and murder each other, and the justification of it is found in the expressed will of the people, who declare that this was essential for the well-being of France, for liberty, for equality!

The French cease to murder each other, and the justification of it is found in the necessity for the unity of Power, for resistance to Europe and the like.

Men march from the west to the east, killing their fellow-men, and this event is accompanied by the words: "the glory of France," "the humiliation of England," and the like.

History shows us that these justifications of events have no common sense, are mutually contradictory, like the murder of a man in consequence of the acknowledgment of his rights, and the massacre of millions in Russia for the humiliation of England. But these justifications have a necessary significance at the time they are made.

These justifications release the men who brought these events about from moral responsibility. These temporary objects are like the cow-catchers, which serve to clear the road along the rails in front of the train: they clear the road of the moral responsibility of men.

Without these justifications we could not answer the simplest questions which stand in the way of the examination of every event: "How did millions of men commit wholesale crimes — wars, massacres, and the like?"

Would it be possible in the present complicated forms of political and social life in Europe to find any event whatever that would not have been predicted, prescribed, ordained, by sovereigns, ministers, parliaments, newspapers? Could there be any united action which would not find justification for itself in National Unity, in the Balance of Europe, in Civilization?

So that every accomplished event inevitably corresponds to some expressed wish, and, having found justification for itself, appears as the fulfilment of the will of one or several men.

When a ship moves, whatever may be her course, there will always be visible, in front of the prow, a ripple of the sun-dered waves. For the men who are on board of the ship the movement of this ripple would be the only observable motion.

Only by observing closely, moment by moment, the movement of this ripple, and comparing this movement with the

motion of the ship, can we persuade ourselves that each moment of the movement of the ripple is determined by the motion of the ship, and that we were led into error by the very fact that we ourselves were imperceptibly moving.

We see the same thing in following, moment by moment, the motion of historical personages (that is, by establishing the necessary condition of everything that is accomplished—the condition of uninterrupted motion in time)—and by not losing from sight the inevitable connection of historical personages with the masses.

Whatever has happened, it always seems that this very thing has been predicted and pre-ordained. In whatever direction the ship moves, the ripple, which does not guide or even condition its movement, boils in front of her, and will seem, to an observer at a distance, not only to be spontaneously moving, but even directing the movement of the ship.

Historians, regarding only those expressions of the will of historical personages which bore to events the relation of commands, have supposed that events are dependent upon commands.

Regarding the events themselves, and that connection with the masses by which historical personages have been bound, we have discovered that historical personages and their commands are dependent on the events.

An undoubted proof of this deduction is given by the fact that, no matter how many commands are uttered, the event will not take place if there be no other causes for it; but so soon as any event—no matter what it is—is accomplished, then out of the number of all the continuously expressed wills of the various individuals, there will be found some which in meaning and time will bear to the event the relation of commands.

In coming to this conclusion, we are able to give a direct and circumstantial reply to the two essential questions of history,—

(1) What is Power?

(2) What force causes the movement of the nations?

(1) Power is a relationship established between a certain person and other persons, in virtue of which this person, in inverse proportion to the part which he takes in action, expresses opinions, suppositions, and justifications concerning the common action to be accomplished.

(2) The movement of the nations is due, not to Power nor

to intellectual activity, nor even to a union of the two, as some of the historians have thought, but to the activity of *all* the men who took part in the event, and who always group themselves together in such a way that those who take the greatest direct share in the event assume the least responsibility, and *vice versa*.

In the moral relation Power is the cause of the event; in the physical relation it is those who submit to the Power. But since moral activity is meaningless without physical activity, therefore the cause of an event is found neither in the one nor in the other, but in a combination of the two.

Or, in other words, the concept of a cause is inapplicable to the phenomenon which we are regarding.

In last analysis we reach the circle of Eternity, to that ultimate limit to which in every domain of thought the human intellect must come, unless it is playing with its subject.

Electricity produces heat; heat produces electricity. Atoms attract each other; atoms repel each other.

Speaking of the reciprocal action of heat and electricity and about the atoms, we cannot say why this is so, but we say that it is, because it is unthinkable in any other way, because it must be so, because it is a law.

The same holds true about historical phenomena.

Why are there wars or revolutions? We know not; we only know that for the accomplishment of this or that action men band together into a certain group in which all take a share, and we say that this is so because it is unthinkable otherwise, that it is a law.

CHAPTER VIII.

If history had to do with external phenomena, the establishment of this simple and evident law would be sufficient, and we might end our discussion.

But the law of history relates to man. A particle of matter cannot tell us at all that it is unconscious of the attraction or repulsion of force, and that it is not true.

Man, however, who is the object of history, declares stoutly, "I am free, and therefore I am not subjected to laws."

The presence of the question of the freedom of the will, though not acknowledged, is felt at every step in history.

All serious-minded historians have had, in spite of themselves, to face this question. All the contradictions, the ob-

securities of history, that false route by which this science has travelled, are based upon the impossibility of solving this question.

If the will of every man were free, that is, if every one could do as he pleased, then history would be a series of disconnected chances.

If even one man out of millions, during a period of thousands of years, had the power of acting freely, that is, in conformity with his own wishes, then evidently the free action of that man, being an exception to the laws, would destroy the possibility of the existence of any laws whatever for all humanity.

If there were one single law which directed the activities of men, then there could be no free will, since the will of men must be subjected to this law.

In this contrariety is included the whole question of the freedom of the will, a question which from the most ancient times has attracted the best intellects of the human race, and which from the most ancient times has loomed up in all its colossal significance.

The question, at bottom, is this: —

Looking at man as upon the object of observation from any standpoint that we please, — theological, historical, ethnical, philosophical — we find the general law of Fate or necessity to which he, like everything else in existence, is subjected. Yet, looking upon him subjectively, as upon something of which we have a consciousness, we feel ourselves to be free.

This knowledge is a perfectly distinct source of self-consciousness, and independent of reason. By means of reason man observes himself; but he knows himself only through consciousness.

Without consciousness there could be no such thing as observation or application of the reason.

In order to understand, to observe, to reason, man must first recognize that he is existent.

As a living being, man cannot recognize himself other than as a wishing one; that is, he recognizes his own will.

His will, which constitutes the essence of his life, man conceives and cannot conceive otherwise than as free.

If, on subjecting himself to study, man sees that his will is always directed in accordance with one and the same law (whether he observe the necessity of taking food or the activity of the brain, or anything else), he cannot understand this invariable direction of his will otherwise than as a limitation of it.

Whatever should be free could not be also limited. The will of man appears to him limited for the very reason that he can conceive of it in no other way than as free.

You say, "I am not free, yet I raised and dropped my hand." Every one understands that this illogical answer is an irrefutable proof of freedom.

This answer is the expression of consciousness, which is not subordinate to reason.

If the consciousness of freedom were not a separate source of self-consciousness independent of reason, it would be subjected to reason and experience, but in reality such subordination never exists and is unthinkable.

A series of experiments and judgments shows every man that he, as an object of observation, is subordinate to certain laws, and man submits to them and never quarrels with the laws of gravity or impenetrability when once he has learned them.

But this series of experiments and argument proves to him that the perfect freedom of which he is conscious within himself is an impossibility, that his every act is dependent upon his organization, his character, and the motives that act upon him, but man will never submit himself to the deduction from these experiments and arguments.

Knowing from experiment and argument that a stone always falls, man infallibly believes in this, and in all circumstances he expects to see the fulfilment of this law which he has learned.

But, though he has learned just as indubitably that his will is subject to laws, he does not believe it and cannot believe it.

However many times experience and reason have shown a man that in the same circumstances, with the same character, he will always act in the same way as before, he for the thousandth time coming, under the same conditions with the same character, to a deed which always ends in the same way, nevertheless indubitably feels himself just as firmly convinced that he can act as he pleases, as he did before the experiment.

Every man, whether savage or cultivated, however irrefragably reason and experiment have taught him that it is impossible to imagine two different courses of action in the same circumstances, feels that without his unreasoning idea (which constitutes the essence of freedom) he could not imagine life possible.

He feels that, however impossible it is, still it is true, since

without this notion of freedom he would not only not understand life, but could not live a single instant.

He could not live, because all the aspirations of men, all the incitements to living, are only the aspirations towards enhancement of freedom.

Riches, poverty; fame, obscurity; power, subjection; strength, weakness; health, sickness; knowledge, ignorance; labor, leisure; feasting, hunger; virtue, vice, — are only the greater or less degrees of freedom.

To imagine a man not having freedom is impossible except he be deprived of life.

If the concept of freedom seem to reason as a senseless contradiction, like the possibility of accomplishing two courses of action at one and the same time, or an effect without a cause, then this only goes to prove that consciousness does not belong to reason.

This immovable, incontestable consciousness of freedom, which is not subject to experiment and reason, recognized by all thinkers and admitted by all men without exception, a consciousness without which any conception of man is nonsense, constitutes another side of the question.

Man is the work of an omnipotent, omniscient, and infinitely good God. What is the sin the notion of which takes its origin from the consciousness of the freedom of man?

Such is the question of theology.

The actions of men are subject to invariable general laws expressed by statistics. What constitutes man's responsibility to society, the notion of which takes its origin from the consciousness of free will?

Such is the question of Law.

The actions of man flow from his natural temperament and the motives acting upon him. What is conscience and the consciousness of the good and evil of the acts that take their origin from the consciousness of free will?

Such is the question of ethics.

Man, relatively to the general life of humanity, seems to be subject to the laws that determine this life. But this same man, independently of this relation, seems to be free. Must the past life of nations and of humanity be regarded as the product of the free or of the unfree acts of men? Such is the question of history.

But in these self-confident days of the popularization of knowledge by that great instrument of ignorance, the diffusion of literature, the question of the freedom of the will

has been taken into a field where it cannot be a question at all.

In our time, most of the men who call themselves advanced—that is, a mob of ignoramuses—accept the works of the naturalists, who look at only one side of the question, as the solution of the question.

"There is no soul, no free will, because the life of man is expressed by muscular movements, but these muscular movements are conditioned by nervous action; there is no soul, no free will, because, in some unknown period of time, we came from monkeys."

This is spoken, written, and printed by men who do not even suspect that for thousands of years all religions, all thinkers have not only recognized, but have never denied, this same law of necessity which they have been striving so eagerly to prove, with the aid of physiology and comparative zoölogy.

They do not see that in regard to this question the natural sciences are only to serve as a means of throwing light upon one side of it.

Since from the standpoint of observation, reason and will are only secretions (*sécrétions*) of the brain, and man, following the general law, may have developed from lower animals in an indeterminate period of time, it only explains from a new side the truth which has been recognized for thousands of years by all religions and all philosophical theories, that from the standpoint of reason man is subject to the laws of necessity, but it does not advance by a single hair's-breadth the solution of the question which has another and contradictory side, based upon the consciousness of liberty.

If men could have come from monkeys in an indeterminate period of time, it is just as comprehensible that they could have been formed from a handful of clay during a determined period of time (in the first place, x is the time; in the second, it is descent); and the question as to how far man's consciousness of freedom can be reconciled with the law of necessity to which man is subject, cannot be solved by physiology and zoölogy, for we can observe only the muscular activity of the frog, the rabbit, or the monkey, while in man we can observe neuro-muscular activity and consciousness.

The naturalists and their disciples, who think they have solved the question, are like masons commissioned to stucco one side of the walls of a church, and who, in a fit of zeal, taking advantage of the absence of the overseer, should put a

coat of plaster over the windows, the sacred pictures, the scaffolding, and the walls as yet uncemented, and should be delighted, from their plasterers' standpoint, at having made the whole so even and smooth!

CHAPTER IX.

IN the decision of the question of Free Will and Necessity, History has the advantage over all the other branches of knowledge which have taken this question in hand, that for history this question touches not the very essence of man's will, but the manifestation of the display of this will in the past and under certain conditions.

History, by its decision of this question, stands toward other sciences in the position of an empirical science toward speculative sciences.

History has for its object not the will of man, but our representation of it.

And therefore the impenetrable mystery of the reconciliation of the two contradictories, Free Will and Necessity, cannot exist for History — as it does for theology, ethics, and philosophy.

History examines that manifestation of the life of man, in which the reconciliation of these two contradictions is already effected.

In actual life, every historical event, every act of man, is understood clearly and definitely, without any sense of the slightest inconsistency, although every event appears in part free and in part necessitated.

For deciding the question how freedom and necessity are united, and what constitutes the essence of these two concepts, the philosophy of history can and must pursue a route contrary to that taken by the other sciences. Instead of defining the concepts of Free Will and Necessity, and then subjecting the phenomena of history to the definitions prepared, History, from the enormous collection of phenomena at her service, and which always seem dependent upon Free Will and Necessity, is obliged to deduce her definition from the concepts themselves of Free Will and Necessity.

However we may regard the manifestation of the activities of many men or of one man, we cannot fail to understand it as the product, in part of the freedom of man, in part of the laws of necessity.

When we speak of the transmigrations of nations and the invasions of barbarians, or of the arrangements of Napoleon III., or of a man's act performed an hour ago, and consisting in the fact that from various directions for his walk he chose one, we detect not the slightest contradiction. The measure of Free Will and Necessity involved in the actions of these men is clearly defined for us.

Very often, the manifestation of greater or less freedom varies according to the standpoint from which we regard the phenomenon; but always and invariably every action of man presents itself to us as a reconciliation of Free Will and Necessity.

In every act that we take under consideration we see a certain share of Freedom and a certain share of Necessity. And always the more Freedom we see in any action, the less is there of Necessity, and the more Necessity the less Freedom.

The relation between Freedom and Necessity diminishes and increases according to the standpoint from which the action is viewed; but this relation always remains proportional.

A drowning man, who clutches another and causes him to drown; or a starving mother, exhausted in suckling her baby, who steals food; or a soldier in the ranks, subjected to army discipline, who kills a defenceless man by command of his superior, — all appear less guilty, that is, less free, and more subjected to the law of Necessity, to one who knows the conditions in which these people were brought, and more free to the one who knows not that the man himself was drowning, that the mother was starving, that the soldier was in line, and so on.

In exactly the same way, a man who, twenty years ago, should have committed a murder, and after that should have lived peaceably and harmlessly in society, appears less guilty; his action is more subordinated to the law of Necessity for the one who should consider his crime after the lapse of twenty years, and more free to the one who should consider the same action a day after it had been perpetrated.

And exactly in the same way every action of a lunatic, of a drunken man, or of a person under strong provocation, seems less free and more inevitable to the one who knows the mental condition of the person committing the act, and more free and less inevitable to the one who knows not.

In all these cases the conception of Free Will is increased or diminished, and proportionally the conception of Necessity is

increased or diminished, according to the standpoint from which the action is viewed. The greater appears the Necessity, the less appears the Freedom of the Will.

And *vice versa*.

Religion, the common sense of humanity, the science of law, and history itself, accept in exactly the same way this relationship between Necessity and Free Will.

All cases without exception in which our representation of Free Will and Necessity increases and diminishes may be reduced to three fundamental principles: —

(1) The relation of the man committing the act to the outside world.

(2) To time.

And (3) to the causes which brought about the act.

The first principle is the more or less palpable relation of the man to the outside world, the more or less distinct concept of that definite place which every man occupies toward every other man existing contemporaneously with him.

This is the principle which makes it evident that the drowning man is less free and more subject to Necessity than a man standing on dry land; the principle which makes the acts of a man living in close connection with other men, in densely populated localities, the acts of a man bound by family, by service, by engagements, seem less free and more subjected to Necessity than the acts of a single man living alone.

(1) If we examine an isolated man without any relations to his environment, then his every act seems to us free. But if we detect any relation whatever to what surrounds him, if we detect any connection with anything whatever, — with the man who talks with him, with the book that he reads, with the labor that he undertakes, even with the atmosphere that surrounds him, even with the light that falls upon surrounding objects, we see that each one of these conditions has some influence upon him, and governs at least one phase of his activity.

And so far as we see these influences, so far our representation of his freedom diminishes and our representation of the necessity to which he is subjected increases.

(2) The second principle is the more or less visible relation of man to the outside world in time; the more or less distinct conception of the place which the man's activity occupies in time.

This is the principle whereby the fall of the first man, which had for its consequences the origin of the human race, seems evidently less free than the marriage of a man of our day.

This is the principle in consequence of which the lives and activities of men who lived a century ago and are bound with me in time cannot seem to me so free as the lives of contemporaries, the consequences of which are as yet unknown to me.

The scale of apprehension of the greater or less Freedom or Necessity in this relation depends upon the greater or less interval of time between the accomplishment of the action and my judgment upon it.

If I regard an act which I performed a moment before under approximately the same conditions in which I find myself now, my action seems to me undoubtedly free.

But if I judge an act which I performed a month back, then finding myself in different conditions, I cannot help recognizing that if this act had not been performed, many things advantageous, agreeable, and even indispensable, would not have taken place.

If I go back in memory to some act still further back, — that I did ten years ago and more, — then the consequences of my act present themselves to me as still more evidently necessitated, and it would be hard for me to imagine what would have happened if this act had not taken place.

The further back I go in memory, or, what is the same thing, the longer I refrain from judgment, the more doubtful will be my decision as to the freedom of any act.

In history we find also exactly the same progression of persuasion as to the part that free will plays in the actions of the human race. A contemporary event taking place seems to us undoubtedly the product of all the eminent men; but if the event is further away in time, we begin to see its inevitable consequences, other than which we could not imagine flowing from it. And the further we go back in our investigation of events, the less do they seem to us spontaneous and free.

The Austro-Prussian war seems to us the undoubted consequence of the acts of the astute Bismarck and so on.

The Napoleonic wars, though with some shadow of doubt, still present themselves to us as the results of the will of heroes; but in the crusades we see an event definitely taking its place, an event without which the modern history of

Europe would be meaningless, and yet in exactly the same way this event presented itself to the chroniclers of the crusades as merely the outcome of the will of certain individuals.

In the migration of the nations, even in our time, it never occurs to us that it depended upon the pleasure of Attila to reconstitute the European world.

The further back into history we carry the object of our investigation, the more doubtful appears the freedom of the men who brought events about, and the more evident grows the law of Necessity.

(3) The third principle is the greater or less accessibility to us of that endless chain of causes, inevitably claimed by reason, in which every comprehensible phenomenon, and therefore every act of man, must take its definite place, as the result of what is past, and as the cause of what is to come.

This is the principle which makes our deeds and those of other men seem to us, on the one hand, the more free and the less subjected to Necessity, according as we know the physiological, psychological, and historical laws to which man is subject, and the more faithfully we examine the physiological, psychological, and historical causes of events: and, on the other hand, in proportion as the action under examination is simple and uncomplicated by the character and intellect of the man whose act we are examining.

When we absolutely fail to comprehend the reasons of any act, — in case of crime, an act of virtue, or even an act which has no reference to good and evil, — we are apt to attribute the greatest share of freedom in such a case.

In the case of a crime, we demand especially for such an act the extreme penalty; in case of a good action we especially reward such a virtuous deed.

In the case of something unique, we recognize the greatest individuality, originality, freedom.

But if a single one of the innumerable motives be known to us, we recognize a certain degree of necessity, and are not so eager in our demand for the punishment of the crime; we recognize less service in the virtuous action, less freedom in the apparently original performance.

The fact that a criminal was brought up among evil-doers mitigates his fault. The self-denial of a father or mother — self-denial with the possibility of a reward — is more comprehensible than self-denial without reason, and therefore seems to us deserving of sympathy, — less free.

The founder of a sect or of a party, an inventor, surprises us less when we know how and when his activity was prepared beforehand.

If we have a long series of experiences, if our observation is constantly directed to searching into the correlation between cause and effect in the relations of men, then the acts of men will seem to us proportionally more necessitated and less free, the more accurately we trace causes and effects in events.

If the acts under consideration are simple, and we have for our study an enormous number of such acts, then our notion of their Necessity will be still more complete.

The dishonorable act of a man whose father was dishonorable; the evil conduct of a woman who has fallen in with low associates; the return of the drunkard to his drunkenness, and the like, are cases which will seem to us less free the clearer we comprehend their causes.

If, again, a man whose actions we are examining stands on the lowest plane of mental development, — as a child, a lunatic, an idiot, — we who know the causes of his activity and lack of complexity in his character and intellect, see forthwith a decidedly large proportion of necessity and so little freedom of will that so soon as we know the cause that must have produced the act we can foretell the act.

These three principles alone make possible the theory of irresponsibility for crime that is recognized in all codes, and that of extenuating circumstances.

Responsibility seems greater or less in proportion to our greater or less knowledge of the conditions in which the man found himself whose crime is under judgment, in proportion to the longer or shorter interval of time between the perpetration of the crime and our judgment of it, and in proportion to our more or less complete comprehension of the causes of the act.

CHAPTER X.

THUS our conception of Free Will and Necessity in the phenomenon of the life of man gradually diminishes and increases in proportion as we look at the greater or less connection with the outer world, in proportion to the greater or less interval of time, and the greater or less dependence upon the motives.

So that if we consider the position of a man in whose case

the connection with the external world is best known, when the period of time between our judgment and the act is the very greatest possible, and the causes of the act most accessible, then we shall gain a conception of the most perfect necessity and the least possible freedom.

Whereas if we consider a man who shows the least dependence upon external conditions; if his act is consummated at the nearest possible moment to the present time, and the motives of his act are inaccessible to us, then we shall gain a conception of the least possible necessity and the greatest possible freedom.

But neither in the one case nor the other, however we might change our standpoint, however clear we might make the connection between the man and the outer world, or however inaccessible it might appear to us, however remote or however near might be the period of time, however comprehensible or incomprehensible for us the motives, we could never formulate to ourselves the idea of perfect Freedom or of complete Necessity.

(1) However hard we might endeavor to imagine a man freed from all influence of the external world, we could never conceive of such a thing as Freedom in space.

Every act of a man is inexorably conditioned also by the fact that he is bounded by the very nature of his body.

I raise my arm and drop it again. My action seems free, but, on asking myself, "Can I raise my arm in every direction?" I see that I have raised my arm in that direction where there would be the least resistance to such an action — either the human bodies around me or the organization of my own body.

If among all possible directions I choose one, then I choose it because there were less obstacles in that direction.

In order that my action should be free, it would be indispensable that it should meet no obstacles at all. In order to conceive of a man as being free, we should imagine him outside of space, which is evidently impossible.

(2) However close we may approximate the time of an event to the present, we can never gain the notion of Freedom in time.

For if I witness an act which was accomplished a second ago, I am nevertheless obliged to recognize that the act was not free, since the act is conditioned by that very moment of time in which it took place.

Can I raise my arm?

I raise it, but I ask myself, Could I have helped raising my arm at that moment of time already past?

In order to convince myself, at the next moment I do not raise my arm. But I did not refrain from raising my arm at that former moment when I asked the question about freedom.

The time has passed, and to retain it was not in my power; and the arm which I then raised, and the atmosphere in which I made the gesture, are no longer the atmosphere which now surrounds me, or the arm with which I now refrain from making the motion.

That moment in which the first gesture was made is irrevocable, and at that moment I could make only one gesture, and, whatever gesture I made, that gesture could have been only one.

The fact that in the subsequent moment of time I did not raise my arm is no proof that I might have refrained from raising it then. And since my motion could have been only one, at one moment of time, then it could not have been any other. In order to represent it as free, it is necessary to represent it at the present time, at the meeting point of the past and the future, that is to say, outside of time, which is impossible; and

(3) However much we may magnify the difficulty of comprehending motives, we can never arrive at a representation of absolute freedom, that is, to an absence of motive.

However unattainable for us may be the motive for the expression of will as manifested in an action performed by ourselves or others, the intellect first demands an assumption and search for the motive without which any phenomenon is unthinkable.

I raise my arm for the purpose of accomplishing an act independent of any motive, but the fact that I wish to perform the act that has no motive is the cause of my act.

But even if, representing to ourselves a man absolutely freed from all influences, regarding merely his momentary action as of the present, and not called forth by any motive, if we grant that the infinitely small residuum of Necessity is equal to zero, even then we should not arrive at the notion of the absolute freedom of man; since a being that does not respond to any influences from the outside world, exists outside of time, and is independent of motives, is no longer man.

In exactly the same way we can never conceive of the acts of a man without a share of freedom, and subjected only to the law of Necessity.

(1) However great may be our knowledge of the conditions of space in which man finds himself, this knowledge can never be perfect, since the number of these conditions is infinitely great, in the same way as space is limitless. And consequently, so long as all the conditions that influence man are not known, there can be no absolute Necessity, but there is a certain measure of Freedom.

(2) However much we may lengthen out the period of time between the act which we are examining, and the time when our judgment is passed, this period will be finite; but time is endless, and therefore in this relation there can never be absolute Necessity.

(3) However accessible may be the chain of motives for any act whatever, we should never know the whole chain, since it is endless, and again we should never have absolute Necessity.

But, moreover, even if, granting a residuum of the least possible Freedom, equal to zero, we were to recognize, in any possible case, as for example a dying man, an unborn child, an idiot, absolute lack of freedom, then by that very act we should destroy our concept of man which we were examining: for without freedom of the will man is not man.

And therefore our perception of the activity of man, subordinated only to the law of Necessity, without the slightest trace of Free Will, is just as impossible as the conception of the absolute Freedom of the acts of man.

Thus, in order to represent to ourselves the act of a man subjected only to the law of Necessity without any Freedom of the will, we must have knowledge of an *infinite* number of the conditions in space, an *infinitely* long period of time, and an *infinite* series of motives.

In order to represent a man absolutely free and unsubordinated to the law of Necessity, we must represent him as one *outside of space, outside of time, and outside of all dependence upon motives.*

In the first case, if Necessity were possible without Freedom, we should be brought to define the laws of Necessity by Necessity itself; that is, a mere form without substance.

In the second case, if Freedom without Necessity were possible, we should arrive at absolute Freedom outside of space, time, and cause, which, for the very reason that it would be unconditional and illimitable, would be nothing, or substance without form.

We should have arrived in general terms at those two fundamental principles on which man's whole conception of the world depends, the searchless essence of life, and the laws which condition this essence.

Reason says, —

(1) Space, with all its forms, which are given to it by its quality of *visibleness*, — matter, — is infinite, and cannot be conceived otherwise.

(2) Time is endless motion without a moment of rest, and it cannot be conceived otherwise.

(3) The chain of cause and effect can have no beginning and can have no end.

Consciousness says, —

(1) I am one, and all that happens is only I; consequently I include space;

(2) I measure fleeting time by the motionless moment of the present, at which alone I recognize that I am alive; consequently I am outside of time, and

(3) I am outside of motives, since I feel conscious that I myself am the motive of every manifestation of my life.

Reason expresses the laws of Necessity. Consciousness expresses the essence of Free Will.

Freedom, unconditioned by anything, is the essence of life in the consciousness of man.

Necessity without substance is the reason of man in its three forms.

Freedom is that which is examined. Necessity is that which examines.

Freedom is substance. Necessity is form.

Only by sundering the two sources of knowledge which are related to each other, as form and substance, do we arrive at the separate, mutually excluding and inscrutable concepts of Free Will and Necessity.

Only by uniting them is a clear presentation of the life of man obtained.

Outside of these two concepts, mutually by their union defining one another, — form and substance, — any representation of man's life is impossible.

All that we know of the life of man is merely the relation of Freedom to Necessity; that is, an avowal of the laws of Reason.

All that we know of the outer world of Nature is only a certain relationship of the forces of Nature to Necessity; that is, the essence of life related to the laws of reason.

The life forces of Nature lie outside of us, and are unknown to us, and we call these forces gravity, inertia, electricity, vital force, and so on; but the life forces of man are recognized by us, and we call them Freedom of the Will.

But just as the force of gravitation, in itself unattainable, inscrutable, though felt by every man, is only comprehensible to us so far as we know the laws of Necessity to which it is subject (from the first consciousness that all bodies are heavy up to the laws of Newton), in exactly the same way incomprehensible, inscrutable in itself, is the force of Free Will, though recognized by every one, and is only understood by us so far as we know the laws of Necessity to which it is subject (beginning with the fact that every man must die, up to the knowledge of the most complicated laws of political economy and history).

All knowledge is but the bringing of the essence of life under the laws of Reason.

Man's Free Will is differentiated from every other force by the fact that man is conscious of this force; but Reason regards it as in no respect different from any other force.

The forces of gravitation, electricity, chemical affinity, are only in this respect differentiated from one another that these forces are differently defined by Reason. Just so the force of man's Freedom in the eyes of Reason differs from other forces of nature merely by the definition which this very Reason gives it.

Freedom without Necessity, that is, without the laws of Reason which define it, is in no respect different from gravity, or heat, or the forces of vegetation; for Reason it is a transitory, undefined sensation of life.

And as the undefined essence of force moving the heavenly bodies, the undefined essence of the force of electricity and the force of chemical affinity and vital force, constitute the substance of astronomy, physics, chemistry, botany, zoölogy, and so on, in exactly the same way the essence of the force of Freedom constitutes the substance of History.

But just as the object of every science is the manifestation of this indeterminate essence of life, while this same essence may be only a subject for metaphysics, so the manifestation of the force of the Free Will of men in space, time, and causality constitutes the object of history, while Free Will itself is the subject of metaphysics.

In the empirical sciences that which we know we call the laws of Necessity; that which we do not know we call vital force.

Vital force is only the expression of the unknown reserve of what we know of the essence of life.

Just so in History: that which is known to us we call the laws of Necessity, that which is unknown we call Free Will.

Free Will or History is only the expression of the unknown reserve of what we know about the laws of the life of man.

CHAPTER XI.

HISTORY observes the manifestations of the Free Will of man in their relations with the external world, with time, and with causality; that is, it determines this freedom by the laws of Reason, and therefore History is a science only in so far as it determines Freedom by these laws.

For History to regard the Free Will of men as a force able to exert influence upon historical events, that is, as not subject to law, is the same thing as for astronomy to recognize freedom in the movement in the heavenly forces.

This admission would destroy the possibility of the existence of laws, that is, of any knowledge whatever.

If a single body existed endowed with freedom of movement, then the laws of Kepler and Newton would no longer exist, and we could have no conception of the movements of the heavenly bodies.

If a single human action were free, there would be no historical laws, no conception of historical events.

History is concerned only with the lines of the movement of human wills; one end of which disappears in the unseen; while at the other end appears consciousness of the Free Will of man in the present, moving in space, time, and causality.

The more the field of movement opens out before our eyes, the more evident become the laws of this movement.

To grasp and define these laws is the object of History.

From the standpoint from which science now looks at the object of its investigations, along that route which it traverses in seeking the causes of events in the Free Will of men, the formulation of laws is impossible, for, however carefully we limit the Free Will of men, as soon as we recognize it as a force the existence of the law is impossible.

Only by reducing Will to an infinitesimal, that is, regarding it as an infinitely small quantity, do we believe in the absolute accessibility of causes, and only then, instead of seeking for causes, History takes as its problem the search for laws.

The search for these laws has been undertaken in times past, and the new methods of thought which History must appropriate must be elaborated simultaneously with the self-destruction toward which the "old History" moves with its constant differentiation of the causes of phenomena.

Along this route all the human sciences have travelled.

Mathematics, the most exact of sciences, having reached the infinitely small, abandons the process of differentiation and makes use of a new process, that of summing up the unknown — the differential or infinitesimal calculus.

Mathematics, giving up the concept of causes, seeks for laws; that is, the qualities common to all of unknown, infinitesimal elements.

Though by another form, the other sciences have followed in the same route of thought.

When Newton formulated the law of gravitation, he did not say that the sun or the earth had the property of attracting; he said that all bodies, from the largest to the smallest, possessed the property of attracting one another; that is, putting aside the question of the cause of the movement of bodies, he simply formulated a quality common to all bodies, from the infinitely great to the infinitely small.

The natural sciences do the same; putting aside the question of causation, they seek for laws.

History also stands on the same path, and if history has for its object the study of the movements of peoples and of humanity, and not a description of episodes in the lives of men, it must put aside the notion of cause, and search for the laws common to all the closely united, infinitesimal elements of Freedom.

CHAPTER XII.

FROM the time that the law of Copernicus was discovered and demonstrated, the mere recognition of the fact that the sun does not move, but the earth, has overturned the entire cosmography of the ancients.

It was possible, by rejecting the law, to hold fast to the old view of the motion of bodies; but unless the law was rejected, it became impossible, apparently, to continue in the teaching of the Ptolemaic worlds. And yet, even after the discovery of the law of Copernicus, the Ptolemaic worlds were still taught.

From the time when man first said and proved that the number of births or crimes was subject to mathematical laws, and that certain geographical and politico-economical conditions determined this or that form of government, that certain relations of the population to the soil produce the movements of the nation, from that time the fundamental principles whereon history was based were entirely subverted.

It was possible, by rejecting the new laws, to hold to the former views of history ; but, unless they were rejected, it was impossible, apparently, to continue to teach that historical events were the product of the free will of men.

For if any particular form of government were established, or any movement of a nation took place, as a consequence of certain geographical, ethnographical, or economical conditions, the wills of those men who appeared to us to have established the form of government can no longer be regarded as the cause.

But still the old style of history continues to be taught side by side with the laws of statistics, of geography, of political economy, comparative philology, and geology, which directly contradict its tenets.

Long and stubbornly the struggle between the old view and the new went on in the domain of physical philosophy.

Theology stood on guard in behalf of the old view, and denounced the new for its destruction of Revelation. But when truth won the day, Theology intrenched herself just as solidly in the new ground.

Just as long and stubbornly at the present time rages the struggle between the old and the new view of history, and, just as before, Theology stands on guard in behalf of the old view, and denounces the new for its subversion of Revelation.

In the one case, just as in the other, passions have been called into play on both sides, and the truth has been obscured. On the one hand, fear and sorrow for all the knowledge elaborately built up through the centuries : on the other, the passion for destruction.

For the men who opposed the rising truth of physics, it seemed as if by their acknowledgment of this truth, their faith in God, in the creation of the universe, in the miracle of Joshua the son of Nun, would be destroyed.

To the defenders of the laws of Copernicus and Newton, to Voltaire, for instance, it seemed that the laws of astronomy were subversive of religion, and he made the laws of gravitation a weapon against religion.

In exactly the same way now it is only necessary to recog-

nize the law of necessity and the idea of the soul, of good and evil, and all state and church institutions that revolve around these concepts would be subverted.

Now, just as Voltaire in his time, the uninvited defenders of the law of Necessity employ this law against religion; and exactly the same way as the law of Copernicus in astronomy, so now the law of Necessity in history not only does not subvert, but even strengthens, the foundation upon which are erected state and ecclesiastical institutions.

As at that time in the question of astronomy, so now in the question of history, every variety of view is based upon the recognition or non-recognition of the absolute unit which serves as the standard measure of all visible phenomena. In astronomy this standard was the immovability of the earth; in history it was the independence of the individual — Freedom of the Will.

As for astronomy, the difficulty in the way of recognizing the immovability of the earth consisted in having to rid one's self of the immediate sensation that the earth was immovable, and of a similar sense as to the motion of the planets; so also in history the difficulty in the way of recognizing the subjection of personality to the laws of space, time, and causality consisted in being obliged to rid one's self of the sense of the independence of one's personality.

But, as in astronomy, the new theory says, —

"It is true we are not conscious of the motion of the earth, but if we grant its immobility, we arrive at an absurdity; whereas, if we admit the motion of which we are not conscious, we arrive at laws," in the same way, in history the new view says, —

"It is true we are not conscious of our dependence, but, by admitting the Freedom of the Will, we arrive at an absurdity; whereas, by admitting our dependence upon the external world, time, and causality, we arrive at laws."

In the first case it was necessary to get rid of the consciousness of non-existent immobility in space, and to recognize a motion that was not present to our consciousness; in the present case, in exactly the same way, it is essential to get rid of a Freedom of the Will that does not exist, and to recognize a dependence that is not present to our consciousness.

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- Bezukhói: Count Kírrill Vladimírovitch.
Count Piótr (Pierre) Kírrillovitch (Kírrilnitch).
- Bolkonsky: Prince Nikolái Andréyevitch.
Prince Andréi (André, Andréyusha) Nikoláyevitch (Nikoláitch).
Prince Nikolái (Nikolusha, Nikólenka).
- Bolkónskaya: Princess Yelizaviéta (Liza, Lise) Kárllovna (*née* Meinen).
Princess Mariya (Marie, Másha, Máshenka) Nikoláyevna, afterwards Countess Rostóva.
- Kurágin: Prince Vasíli (Basil) Sergéyevitch (Sergéyitch).
Prince Ippolit Vasílyevitch.
Prince Anatol Vasílyevitch.
- Kurágina: Princess Yeléna (Eléna, Ellen, Lyólina, Lyólya) Vasílyevna, afterwards Countess Bezúkhaya.
- Rostóf: Count Ílya Andréyevitch (Andreyitch).
Count Nikolái (Nikólenka, Nikólushka, Kólya, Koko) Ílyitch.
Count Piótr (Pétya, Petrúshka, Pétenka) Ílyitch.
- Rostóva: Countess Natálya, *née* Shínshina.
Countess Viéra (Vierushka, Vierotchka) Ílyinitchna, afterwards Mrs. Berg.
Countess Natálya (Nathalie, Natásha) Ílyinitchna, afterwards Countess Bezúkhaya.
Sófya (Sophie, Sónya, Sónyushka) Aleksándrovna, the niece of the Rostófs.
Dmitri (Mitenka) Vasílyevitch, the adopted son and manager of the Rostófs.
- Berg: Alphonse Kárlnitch.
- Drubétskói: Prince Boris (Bórenka).
- Drubétskaya: Princess Anna Mikháilovna.
- Karágina: Márya Lvóvna and her daughter.
Julie, afterwards Princess Drubétskaya.
- Mamóntova: Princess Yekatyerína (Ekaterína, Catherine, Katish, Katiche) Semyónovna.
Princess Sófya Semyónovna.
Princess Olga Semyónovna. Pierre's cousins.
- Denísóf: Vasíli (Vaska) Feódorovitch.
- Dolókhof: Feódor (Fédya) Ivanovitch, son of
- Dolókhova: Márya Ivánovna.
- Akhrasímov: Márya Dmítrievna.
- Shínshín: Piótr Nikoláyevitch.
- Timókhin: Prókhor Ignátyevitch.

Bazdéyef: Ósip (Iósiph) Alekseyevitch (vol. ii. p. 68).
 Schubert: General Karl Bogdánovitch (Bogdanuitch).
 Perónskaya: Mária Ignátyevna (vol. ii. p. 198).
 Karatáyef: Platon (Platasha, Platoche), vol. iv. p. 45.
 Smolyáninof, Lieutenant Telyánin.
 Melyukova: Pelagáya Danílovna (vol. ii. p. 295).
 Schéerer: Anna Pávlovna (Annette).
 Bourienne (Búrienka): Mlle. Amélie.
 Mikháil Nikanorovitch ("The Little Uncle").
 Semýón Chekmár, Danílo (Daníla) Terényitch, Éduard Karluitch Dimmler,
 Zakhár, Luíza Ivánovna Schoss, Tíkhon, Gerásim, Máksimka, Mária
 Bogdánovna the midwife, Féoktist the cook, Praskóvya Sávisna the
 old nyanya, Ivánushka the old pilgrim, Fedósyushka, Father Amflokhi,
 Mávrushka the maid, Gerásim the servant, Ilyushka the gypsy, Yákoí
 Alpátuitch, Lavrúshka, etc.

The Emperor Alexander Pavlovitch (Románof).
 The Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte.
 Mikháil Iliáronovitch Kutúzof.
 Pável Ivánovitch Kutúzof (vol. iii. p. 178).
 Feódor Vasilyevitch Rostópchin (*Ras-tóp-tchin*), vol. ii. p. 318.
 Prince Adam Czartoruísky (*Char-to-ris-ky*).
 Count Ostermann-Tolstói.
 General Prschebiszewsky (*Presh-év-sky*).
 Mikháil Mikháilovitch Speránsky (vol. ii. p. 318).
 Alekséi Andréyevitch Arakchéyef (vol. ii. p. 163).
 General Milorádovitch.
 Yúri Vladimírovitch Dolgorúkof or Dolgorúki.
 Count Víazemsky.
 Prince Aleksandr Naruúshkin.
 Feódor Petróvitch Uvárof.
 General Benigsen (or Benningsen).
 Countess Potocka (*Pototska*).
 Count Máikof.
 Prince Soltuikóí (Saltykoff).
 Generals Winzengeróde, Barclay de Tolly (vol. iii. p. 38), Yermólof, Count
 Orlof-Denisóf (vol. iv. p. 82), Poniátowsky (vol. iii. p. 202), Novosíltrof,
 Weirother, Baláshof, Murat (vol. iii. p. 16, 378), Davoust (vol. iii. p. 18;
 iv. 137), Pfuhl (Pfühl) (vol. iii. p. 40), Rumyantsov, Stoluipin, Grand Duke
 Konstantin Pávlovitch (vol. iii. p. 39), Potemkin (Pat-yóm-kin), Súvárof
 (Suvarof, Suwarrow), etc.

PLACES MENTIONED.

Arbátskaya Square.

Bezzúbovo, Bólshaya-Órduinka, Bólshiya Muítishchi.
Boguchárovo, Bolotnaya Plóshchad, Borodinó, Bukarést.

Dievítchye Pole.
Dorogomil(y)évskaya Barrier, Dorogobúzh, Dríssa.

Fili, Fomínskoye.

Górki, Gostínnui Dvor, Gridn(y)éva, Gréchensky.

Ilyinka Street.
Iván Velíki.

Kalótcha (R.), Kalúga, Kalázhs kaya (barrier), Kámennui Óstrof (Stone Island), Kammerkolezhsky (rampart), Kamiénsko.
Kíef (*Kíef*), Kítái-górod, Kremenchúg, Khamóvniki, Kolyazin, Korchévo (*Kor-tchyó-va*), Kórniki, Kostróma, Kudrina (St.).
Kutafya gate, Kruimsky Brod (a pool or pond, now filled up), Konyushen-naya (St.), Krásnaya Pakhrá, Kniázkovo.

Letáshevko, Lubyánka, Lóbnoye Myesto, Lyádovskaya, Luísiya Góruí.

Malo-Yaróslavets, Málviya Muítishchi, Míduin, Moskvá (Moscow) River.

Nikóla Yávlennoi Nóvoye, Novo-Dievítchy (Monastery).

Oká (R.), Ostróvno, Ostrólenko, Otrádnoye.

Paklónnaya (Salutation) Góruí, Pa(o)váarskaya (St.), Preobrazhénskoí (*zhyón*),
Prichístensky (Boulevard).
Perkhushkóvo, Podnovénsky (St.).

Radzivílof, Rykónty.

Saltánovo, Shevardinó, Samárof.
Sokólniki, Semyonóvskoye, Swienciány, Sukháref (Tower).
Sókolnitchye Pole, Shámshevo.

Tsárevo-Zaímishchi, Tatárinovo, Tvérskaya (barrier), Tarutinó.
Tri Góruí.

Ukráína, Útitsa, Uvárovo.

Vilno (Wilna), Valákhia (Wallachia), Vozdvízhenka (St.).
Vorontsóvo, Valúyevo, Vasilí Blázhenmui, Vorólyevin Góruí (Sparrows Hills), Voron(y)ézh.

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